GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY

3 1833 02510 6524

Gc 977.1 St49m
Stewart, Eliza Daniel, 1816-
1908.
Memories of the crusade

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Allen County Public Library Genealogy Center

http://www.archive.org/details/memoriesofcrusad00instew

Very Truly
Your Mother Stewart

MEMORIES

OF THE CRUSADE

A

THRILLING ACCOUNT

OF THE

GREAT UPRISING OF THE WOMEN OF OHIO IN 1873, AGAINST THE LIQUOR CRIME.

BY

MOTHER STEWART,

THE LEADER.

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."
—MILTON.

---

r178.06
St 4m

(SECOND EDITION.)

COLUMBUS, OHIO:
WILLIAM G. HUBBARD & CO.
1889.

Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

1230997

To my ever dear sisters of the Crusade who still remain in the field, and to the memory of those who have received their discharge and gone home, are these Memories of the Crusade lovingly dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1888,

By MISS MATTIE CAMPBELL,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

First Steps in the Temperance Work.—Modest Beginnings.—Notes of the War.—The Ever Present Saloon.—Influence on the Students of the University.—An Appeal to Ministers and Professors.—Resolution carried into Ministerial Meeting..... 17

CHAPTER II.

War Closed.—Disastrous Effects of the Drink upon Soldiers.—My first Work in the Temperance Cause in Springfield, Address at Allen's Hall.—Visiting the Court-room, Address the Jury and Win the Case.—Appeals for Help from Drunkards' Wives.—Received first Baptism in my Peculiar Field of Labor.—Second Case in Court.—Letter from a Drunkards' Wife.—A Drunkards' Reply..... 27

CHAPTER III.

In Court, Presence of Ladies, Exciting and Affecting Scenes.—Verdict of Jury for Plaintiff.—Case Appealed..... 53

CHAPTER IV.

Committee of Ladies Visit Council with Petitions.—First Mass-meeting at Lutheran Church.—Call to Osborn, Organization of the First Woman's Union.—Visit a Saloon on the Sabbath.—Second Mass-meeting.—Crusade opens in Fredonia and Jamestown, N. Y.—God's Answer to the Scoffing Philistine..... 60

CHAPTER V.

The Uprising at Hillsboro and Washington C. H.—Scenes and Events as Narrated by the Press..... 92

CHAPTER VI.

Progress of Work in Springfield.—Fermented Wine.—Springfield Organization.—Presentation of Plan of Work.—Pledge Presented in Church and Sunday-school.—A Strong Demand that Men Shall Vote for only such as will Enforce the Laws..... 105

CHAPTER VII.

Glad News Pouring in.—Uncertainty of its Success in Large Places.—Discouraging Advice.—First Visit to a Saloon-keeper.—Visit from Reporter of Cincinnati *Commercial*.—Letting out of Troubled Waters.—Views of Mr. Brown, Cincinnati *Gazette* Reporter, on the Springfield Situation.—Further Report of Hillsboro..... 119

CHAPTER VIII.

Further Reports of Washington C. H.—Wilmington takes up the Work.—New Vienna.—Waynesville.—Franklin 140

CHAPTER IX.

Organizing a Band and Moving out.—Visiting the Lagonda House, Addressing the Throng on the Street.—Report and Sketches by J. R. Chapin, of *Frank Leslie's*.—Mass-meeting.—Reports of the Crusade.—Scene at Spangs.—Incident.—Arrival of Dr. Lewis and Van Pelt 160

CHAPTER X.

Second Visit to Osborn, Leading out the Band.—Spread of the Work..... 186

CHAPTER XI.

Morrow.—Trial of the Crusaders.—Greenfield.—Xenia.—First Surrender and Exciting Scenes.—South Charleston.—London.—Athens..... 205

CHAPTER XII.

Enlisting the Children.—Marysville.—Columbus Convention, Resolutions and Plan of Work.—Sprinkle of Politics 226

CHAPTER XIII.

Moving into New Headquarters.—Liquor Men's Petition to Council.—Westville Organized.—Middletown.—Bellefontaine.—Kenton; Children's Meeting.—Sidney.—Marion.—Ashland.—Letter from the Sick-room.—Letter from the Penitentiary 246

CHAPTER XIV.

Chillicothe.—Visit to Emmet House.—Liquor Men's Meeting.—McArthur.—Marietta.—Children's Home.—Women on Picket Duty.—Gallipolis..... 270

CHAPTER XV.

Working Men's Mass-meeting.—Called to a Serious Experience.—Somerset.—Story of Major B.—Clark County Organization.—Exciting Election.—Called to Pomeroy.—Middleport.—Ironton.—Dayton.—Story of the White Hyacinth..... 293

CHAPTER XVI.

Constitutional Convention at Cincinnati.—Call to Bucyrus.—Visit the Convention.—Pittsburgh.—Fairmont, W. Va.—Return to Pittsburgh.—A Thousand Women on the Street.—Crusaders Watching the Legislators.—Smuggling Liquor.—Crusading a Beer Wagon..... 315

CHAPTER XVII.

Mt. Vernon.—Troy.—Eaton.—Delaware.—Cedarville.—Incident at Newark, Prophecy. Urbana.—Lagonda House.—Bucyrus; Second Visit.—Outrages upon the Crusaders.—Whiteley's Speech 334

CHAPTER XVIII.

Cleveland, Another Sore Trial.—Cincinnati Crusaders Arrested.—Pittsburgh Crusaders Imprisoned; Riot Averted. — Chicago Mob.— Portland, Oregon.—Cleveland Mob.— California Outrages.—Political Aspects of the War..... 361

CHAPTER XIX.

First State Convention at Springfield.—Work in the State.—Defeat of License.—At Perrysburg.—Tiffin.—Franklin.—London..... 387

CHAPTER XX.

Meeting of Committee at Delaware.—Mixing up in Politics.—Call to Chicago.—Reports of Meetings.—Big Rapids, Michigan.—Jackson, Michigan.—First National W. C. T. U.— Appeal and Plan of Work.—Benefits of the Crusade.—Reports of the First Six Months Work in Springfield.—Enumeration of Benefits of the Crusade..... 407

CHAPTER XXI.

Tales of the War.—Incidents and Anecdotes, Amusing and Pathetic..... 438

CHAPTER XXII.

Work in Virginia. — Waterford. — Lincoln.— Hamilton.—Leesburg.—Blue Ribbon Movement.—Col. Realf —Franklin, Ind.—Louisville.—Chattanooga, Tenn..... 484

CHAPTER XXIII.

Atlanta, Ga. — Cold Water Templars. — First Public Meeting in Dr. Height's Church, Organize First Union.—Dr. Norcross' Church. —First Colored Union at Storrs' Institute.— Griffith.—Macon.—Forsyth —Chattanooga.— Reports from Members of Committee.—Bloody Copiah.—Retrospection and Summing up..... 510

PUBLISHERS' STATEMENT

In presenting this book to the public, the publishers desire to say:—

1st. As to its merit: It is thrillingly interesting in its matter, and deeply instructive in its lessons. Its style is easy and natural—good English, enriched by vigorous Anglo-Saxon. It contains some imperfections—the perfect book has not yet been published. But the manner and matter of this book are such as to make it worthy of a place in every public or private library.

2nd. As to the subject "The Crusade:" There has perhaps not occurred during the *present* century, if during *any* century since the first of the Christian era, any movement that has been more wonderful in its phenomena and its operations, and extensive in its general results, than the "Woman's Temperance Crusade." It was the cradle of new views of Home and its relations to Government, and a thousand statutes have been modified, or repealed, or made new, as the result of the influences started in the Crusade. Millions of people have changed their views on the position of woman. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been organized, with 200,000 members and more than thirty departments of work for women. Hundreds of avenues for the employment of women have been opened, largely as the result of discussions which grew out of the Crusade. So that in stores and business establishments alone, we presume there are a million places occupied by women and girls now that were occupied by men before the Crusade. We can only hint at the results of the Crusade in this statement. To write a complete history of such a warfare in all its ramifications cannot be done. Many have attempted to "write up the Crusade." Some have done it poorly and some well, but we claim that for

two reasons—viz.: her extensive personal experience in the work and knowledge of the subject, and her ability to present the facts, no one is better fitted to write a good account of the "Crusade" than Mother Stewart. It is sufficient to add, we think, she has done her work well.

3d. The "Leader." Why do we call Mother Stewart the "Leader?" There were many leaders—every town had its leader—and there were those who went from town to town to speak and pray and organize and *lead* the women. Yes, we admit it; God quickly made Captains and Colonels and Commanders out of timid women, who had never known their powers till God called them out. But in Ohio there was an old pioneer school teacher, with great faith, large brain and invincible purpose and wonderful endurance, who was already in the field and had been for years, doing what she could, who by natural endowments and divine call took her place as a Deborah to lead the hosts. And while other leaders visited a few towns and did a good work, our author dashed along the lines of forces through Ohio from the lake to the river, and from the East to the West, everywhere, Sheridan-like, inspiring the forces by her presence, and firing the multitude with her speeches. When the liquor men telegraphed from Pittsburgh through the Associated Press to all the papers: "The Crusade is dead"—quickly a fast train took Mother Stewart from Ohio more rapidly than Sheridan's black horse bore him to meet his defeated troops; and quicker than Sheridan's troops rallied to victory, did the praying women of Pittsburgh and Allegheny follow Mother Stewart down the street to the public park, and while she addressed them the wires flashed the message to all the dailies: "A thousand women are on the march with Mother Stewart." Her silvery hair and clarion voice stirred the multitudes in other States and in Scotland and England. Hence the public press called her "the leader." Frances E. Willard called her "the leader." Hence *we* called her the leader because she *was* the leader.

4th. *Our duty.* The temperance people owe a debt of gratitude to all the old leaders that have

stood the exposure and abuse that comes to those who do the pioneer work. Very few of the temperance workers ever got adequate pay for their services. Mother Stewart was among the poorly compensated and was a liberal giver. Now she is the old soldier, broken down in the long struggle. The government pensions its veterans. No hero of bloody carnage ever so well deserved a pension or a monument, as she who has stood in the van, and by her ability, her intelligence, courage and life, helped to remove the enemies of home and of women. Mother Stewart has been a prohibitionist from the start, and has suffered much for the cause. At one time, when Mother Stewart had every power of body and mind and heart absorbed in this mighty struggle with the enemy of our homes, financial disaster was added to the already over-burdened soul. One with less courage and faith than she would have forsaken the public duty and attended to personal interests. But she heeded it not. Even the venomous tongue of slander assailed her, but, while it almost crushed her tender, sensitive heart, she hid her great agony from the world and hasted on, crying piteously to her Savior to shield her while she continued the temperance battle, saying but little in defense of self and much in defense of Temperance, but little in defense of *her* home, and *everything* in defense of your home and mine. A more self-sacrificing heroism the world seldom sees.

Reader, you and I owe to Mother Stewart a debt of gratitude. This generation owes Mother Stewart more than it can pay. The next generation will hardly be able to pay the debt they will owe for the vantage ground held by them because of the battles fought by Mother Stewart and her compeers. Will temperance people show their gratitude by purchasing her book? The profits go to her, and it is hoped the sales will support her declining years. Let all who feel an interest in the matter send for an agency for it, to Mother Stewart, Springfield, Ohio, or to

THE PUBLISHERS.

SKETCH OF MOTHER STEWART,

*By the Editor of the Daily Republic of Springfield, O.**

OTHER STEWART is a remarkable woman and she has had a remarkable career. She is one of those individuals who seem to have been born to meet the demands of special emergencies. Mother Stewart was possessed of qualities which enabled her to become eminent in two great public crises—first, during the war, when she became prominent in her earnest and very effective work in the line of relieving the needs of Union soldiers in hospital and in the field. She was a mother, indeed, to thousands of soldiers, who gave her the title which she has honorably borne ever since. It was, however, in the great and spontaneous uprising and crying appeals against the wrongs and hurt inflicted by the liquor saloons, which moral revolt was known as "the Crusade," that Mother Stewart performed a work which gave her a personal fame on both continents. She was one of the first of the world's women to raise the banner of revolt, and so great was her zeal, and so robust and boundless her courage, that she accompanied her prayers and her marchings upon the streets with an attack—with the gospel in one hand and the law in the other—upon the saloon-keepers themselves.

Mother Stewart, with her keen, flashing eyes, and her glistening white hair, was always a striking figure on the platform, and her clear, ringing tones reached the remotest person in her immense audiences. She

---

* Knowing that there were few persons who knew Mother Stewart better than the proprietor of the Springfield *Republic*, we suggested to him the propriety of his giving us a little sketch of her. He cordially responded with this striking and worthy tribute.—PUBLISHERS.

had the capacity to so put the enormity of the liquor traffic and the harm and suffering it causes, before audiences as to fire the hearts of the people. The writer had the honor to call Mother Stewart a "Wendell Phillips in Petticoats," and the phrase followed her around the world, for Mother Stewart was called from America to Europe, and aroused public sentiment in various parts of England, Scotland and Ireland. While on a tour in Europe—which I made afterwards—I found her well spoken of by leading philanthropists and reformers, as a woman who had increased popular sentiment in behalf of the great cause of total abstinence. For whatever partisan political sentiments my honored friend utters, she alone is responsible. I did my best to keep her in the Republican ranks!

Mother Stewart is a Western woman, of Revolutionary stock. Colonel Guthery, one of the old Revolutionary heroes, and among the earliest settlers of the Northwest Territory, and founder of Piketon, Ohio, was her grandfather. She was early left an orphan and is emphatically a self-made woman as the term goes, but more truthfully, as I have intimated in the foregoing, a woman endowed for a special work. In the very adverse circumstances of those early days, she acquired a good education, and a good part of it was acquired at home by the blazing wood fire, enlivened by frequent application of the "shell bark" or "pine knot," and as advantages improved, by the "tallow dip." She acquired quite a reputation as one of the first educators of early times. It was said to be enough for her students applying for a county certificate, to bring an indorsement from Mrs. Stewart, to secure success. From her maternal ancestry she inherited her fearlessness and hatred of wrong, and from her father, who was a Southern gentleman, in the sense used sixty and seventy years ago, she inherited her high sense of honor. From both parents she obtained a mixture of Scotch-Irish that gives her the sturdy traits of the one and the humor of the other.

CLIFTON M. NICHOLS.

Springfield, O., April 20, 1888.

PREFACE.

IT WAS to me a very pleasant coincidence that, on my sixty-fifth birthday, April 25th, 1881, I received a very kind note from Mr. C. M. Nichols, editor of the *Springfield* (O.) *Republic*, saying that in the issue of that day he would ask me editorially, in behalf of the public, to write my biography, mentioning my work during the war, the Crusade, and my work in Great Britain. In his editorial he said:

"In behalf of our citizens we hereby ask our distinguished townswoman, Mother Stewart, that she give to the public her autobiography, with a full history of her career during the war; of the birth, progress and culmination of the Crusade, with an accurate and detailed account of the part she took in it; and a detailed history of her reception and work in England, Scotland and Ireland, and of her work after her return to this country.

"Mrs. Stewart should undertake this work now, while she is in full possession of all her faculties, and is able to do the matter full justice.

"It should be made into a book of good size, should be illustrated and then sold by subscription.

"We have no doubt a list of people who would want the book could be made up in a short time, in this city and in the State, sufficiently large to justify its publication. The work could be written, illustrated, printed, bound and put on the market in this city, and go forth as a Springfield book.

"Mrs. Stewart has done good service in the Total Abstinence cause on both continents, and a record of her work should be made up and preserved."

I felt very grateful to Mr. Nichols and the citizens on whose behalf he made the request, and fully intended to respond by preparing such an account as he indicated. I felt especially flattered at the suggestion that it be made a "Springfield book." Nothing could have given me greater pleasure. It was with this thought, when I did begin the work, that I gave more space and a more minute account of the temperance work in my own city than I otherwise might have done; and more than may seem necessary or just to the general reader.

But besides this, we of Springfield do claim priority in the great woman's temperance uprising, though not originally in the form recommended by Dio Lewis. Our work had opened with sufficient sensation and enthusiasm to attract the public attention and that of the press over the country; and Dio Lewis, always eager for an opening to present his theory of dealing with the saloon, said, when on his way to Ohio, that he was going to learn what we of Springfield were doing.

Some two years later, Prof. D. W. DeLay, now of Kansas, made a similar request, backed by many others, as he said, very generously offering to take charge of the publishing, and relieve me of any care or solicitude in the matter.

There has also been a general wish expressed by the temperance friends that I would write the story of the Crusade, knowing my position in it would enable me to give it from personal observation and participation.

But the calls for help in the field continued to come, and the need seemed so great that I could not see my way clearly as yet to entirely abandon the

field. The time came, however, that failing strength admonished me that my day for active work was well-nigh past; and then I discovered, too, that I had made a mistake in not heeding Mr. Nichols' suggestion to undertake and prosecute the work while in full possession of all my faculties. The overstrain of years of hard work had been a severe tax on the nerves, and the mind was growing weary. The task has consequently been one of a good deal of labor; and the result comes far short of the standard in literary merit that I could wish, and that I am vain enough to believe I could have more nearly attained, if I had not delayed so long. The delay also so changed the circumstances as to make it impossible to carry out the original plan of publication.

Then, when I entered upon my experience in the Crusade, spite of my effort to keep it in reasonable limits, omitting so much that I desired to give (the fact is, of that wonderful story "the half can never be told"), I was obliged to leave all other matter for a future day. If this volume, which I submit to my friends with a great deal of modesty, shall find favor in their eyes, I shall feel encouraged to follow it with "The Crusader in Great Britain."

CHAPTER I.

First Steps in the Temperance Work.

I CANNOT remember when I was not an abstainer. Having in my young girlhood made a profession of religion, and united with a church that by its Discipline forbade the use of all intoxicants, and living in a community where the use was a rare exception, I had neither inclination nor temptation for their use. In my own home we have never used or kept them, except in the camphor bottle, and when this was to be filled, my husband would take the bottle to the druggist and have the gum put in with the alcohol, to avoid the appearance of evil in carrying a bottle of unmedicated liquor home.

We have long since learned that even the bottle of camphor is not an absolute necessity in a well regulated household, or at least that it is called into requisition scarcely once in a twelve-month.

But, in whatever direction my mind and heart were turned in Christian work, I found the liquor question continually thrusting itself forward as a serious and continual hindrance in all Christian effort. The results of the traffic were everywhere apparent and the evil was rapidly growing.

In our pleasant little town, nestled down in a curve of the Hocking river, and surrounded by a low range of hills, was located the Ohio State University, the oldest of our many educational institutions in the State. It had, in bygone years, had a fine patronage, and had sent forth many a young Samson and David to valiant service in the world's great battle-fields, and we were still proclaiming the merits and advantages of the O. U., inviting parents to bring their sons to our University. "Place healthful." "Community intelligent, moral, temperate." "Moral and spiritual welfare of your sons jealously guarded," etc., etc.

And the good, confiding parents did send their sons, not a few of them, and we manufactured them into drunkards; or what was equivalent, we tolerated the liquor saloon among us, which did the work in a more finished style than we would have been likely to, and sent them back to the parents with the blighting appetite fastened upon them, entailing a lifelong battle, or an early conquest of the remorseless foe.

Why, I wonder, in the name of common sense, do not college and university towns see to it that liquor is kept out of their limits for selfish interest, if for no more exalted reason? Such towns generally receive their main support from the institution of learning. Why cannot the people see that whatever contributes to the prosperity of the college, bringing students, must result in their own advantage, and that nothing

can so commend an educational place to parents as a sober, temperate community, a Prohibition town? Is it not liquor blindness that afflicts the people?

It was not supposed to be the duty of the Faculty, nor of the Trustees, nor the merchant, nor the doctor, certainly not the lawyer, nor even the minister, to raise a voice or to interfere with the liquor seller; it might create enemies and injure popularity.

We did, indeed, make some little show occasionally of stirring up the question, by way, possibly, of quieting a too vigilant conscience.

I remember one such occasion, when some of the more thoughtful citizens called a meeting and discussed the subject in somewhat serious, if not practical fashion. But to the close observer it was noticeable (and an assurance that no practical results could follow) that certain gentlemen made themselves very prominent, showing with much legal lore what was and what was not law, advising "moderation," "not too hasty," "not too rash," and when a resolution was offered looking like business, they always managed to negative or table it

At length, however, a very nice petition was drawn up and circulated for signatures, addressed to the gentlemanly and considerate saloon-keepers, setting forth that the public sentiment was not in favor of their business, and would they not be so obliging as to give it up?

But upon its being presented to one of these

gentlemen, he ran his eye carefully down the column of names, then remarked in a rather puzzled manner, "Well, yes, but how is this? many of these names are among my best customers." Another coolly replied, as he set his hat back at an independent angle, "You talk about public sentiment. I tell you I have public sentiment on my side. It is the almighty dollar that wins, and I am going to have it."

Poor fellow! he thought he was on the winning side, but he did not win the almighty dollar, though he did make drunkards of his boys, one of whom was miserably crushed on the railroad, while in his pocket was the bottle which he had learned to love in his father's saloon.

But nothing came of our little temperance spasm; the business went on and flourished, doing its part of the preparation of our own young men, as well as those of the University, for their final ruin. Somewhere about 1858, I think, we organized a Good Templar's Lodge, which, however, did not continue long. And it was about this time that I gave my first temperance lecture to a Band of Hope, in Pomeroy. I had forgotten it till reminded of it some time since, by the Superintendent, Rev. S. Stivers.

Then the dark pall of war overspread our land, and our brave men from hills and valleys, from city and hamlet, hastened to respond to their country's call. Everywhere recruits were coming in and being sent to the front, or to the drill camp, and everywhere was the soul-destroying drink,

and the more heartless foe than those they were hastening to meet on southern fields, ready to deal it out, for the sake of getting the soldier's meagre pittance. Often the stars and stripes floated high over the man-traps, ostensibly to proclaim the keepers' patriotism, but in reality to advertise their business.

In our town the commander, seeing the consequences of the too liberal patronage of these dens by his men, ordered a search and confiscation of any liquors found. The captain led his men through the town to a nest of Irish shanties on the outskirts, where they discovered an old woman with a little belivered liquor with a due admixture of burnt sugar, dead mice, etc., and poured it out. Of course the morals of the soldiers and the peace of the community demanded it.

But returning and following up orders, they were much gratified to report that upon diligent search they found not a drop of intoxicating liquors in these patriotic places. The business, always true to its precedents and traditions, by some means known to the trade, finding favor and immunity according to demand.

Our brave boys marched away to fight the battles of their country, and many laid down their lives for the old flag on southern gory fields or in prison pen. And so these vigilant dealers had to turn again to citizens and college boys for patronage, and the destruction went on. Not only were reports of frequent excesses among

the students rife, but of church members, and even officials as well, bringing reproach upon the cause of religion by their intemperate indulgence.

I had by agitation, with voice and pen, tried to call the public attention to the subject, till it had come to be understood that Mrs. S. was a very proper person to look after this department of the public welfare. I remember on one occasion, being at tea at Prof. A.'s with Prof. B. and others. The subject of the growing evil was being discussed, all declaring something ought to be done; the reputation of the University and the town was suffering. At length I said I would go home and draw up a paper for them to sign as Professors of the University. "All right," said Prof. B. "I will sign any paper you will prepare, but get Pres. H.'s name first." Prof. A. said, "Yes, I will sign any paper you may write, but get Dr. P.'s name (the Presbyterian minister) first." We will be very brave for the right if only some one else will take the responsibility and draw the fire. I have had a long experience with this kind of bravery, and I really believe I have been very patient with it.

I hastened to draw up my paper for the professors and ministers to sign, the purport of which was, that the increase of intemperance in the place demanded more earnest and fearless denunciation of the evil and warning against it from pulpit, platform and professor's chair, and that they would henceforth preach more fearlessly and pointedly on the subject. I took my paper

and sought Pres. H., but he was out of town. I may say here, that when I did see him, he seemed really very glad that I had taken the matter in hand. "It is absolutely necessary that something should be done; hope you will be able to accomplish something; you are the one to do it. But situated as I am, of course it would not do for me to take any extreme step." No power on earth or above the bottomless pit has such influence to terrorize and make cowards of men as the liquor power. Satan could not have fallen on a more potent instrument with which to thrall the world. Alcohol is king!

I must, I suppose, have been all these years in my legitimate line of duty, for it has been the decision uniformly, when a disagreeable thing was to be done, a risk to be taken, or sacrifice to be made, "Oh, you are the very one for the place," and if at any time I should drop a word about enemies, abuse, slander, misrepresentations, "Oh," the answer was, "you don't mind," "that don't hurt you," "you don't care for such things." Ah, the Lord and I have had many an awful time together over just this. But we will come to that subject further on.

Failing to find Pres. H. I hurried away to the Presbyterian minister, but oh, how I was startled at my presumption and realized my insignificance as I entered his presence. Why, I was nothing but a woman, and I had had the temerity to approach a minister with the seeming, at least, of dictating his duty to him, and as he scanned my

paper, I could see that something of the same thought was in his own mind. I hastened to explain that I knew, of course, that he preached against intemperance as against all other sins, but it really seemed that the evil was increasing so fearfully that it was coming to demand more special attention. "Well, yes, he did certainly preach against all sin. He would keep my paper, and confer with Brother F.," the Methodist minister. That was fully as much as I had hoped for. That evening he called to return my paper and say he had not been able to see Brother F. But while he was in, Mr. F. came to the door and I invited him in, and till nine o'clock I labored with those good ministers, to induce them to say they would preach special sermons, or in some special manner handle the subject in their pulpits. I gave them case after case of church members who had been charged with drinking and who were bringing reproach on the cause of Christ. One, even, had been made a member of the official board of the church while on a regular spree. "Oh, they could not believe it; of course I had heard it, but then we could not believe all we heard." At length the Methodist minister suggested that they each preach a temperance sermon the next Sabbath, but the other could not see the necessity; he had no one, he said, in his congregation that he knew needed preaching to on the subject. Oh, I thought, what a confession for a minister to make! He would have known if his mind had been turned in that direc-

tion, and certainly there were enough in the town that needed admonishing. It was not long till my good brethren discovered that it was not all a piece of excited imagination on my part, and that even while we talked the deadly curse was doing its work. Shall not the minister "watch as they that must give account"?

Some time after this, there was a District Meeting of the ministers of the Methodist Church in our town. Now, I thought, this would be a good time to bring the subject before this body of Reverends; but how? I was not a minister, not even a layman, but it ought to be done.

After serious reflection, I wrote a very harmless looking resolution, so I thought, carried it to the meeting, and, taking my seat behind one of the brethren who looked as though he might be relied on, (do not know who he was), dropped my resolution into his hat. He noticed my movement, and picking it up, read it and nodded approval. As I recollect. it amounted to about this:

"*Resolved*, That in view of the fact that intemperance is greatly on the increase among us, we will preach more frequently and pointedly than we have ever done before, and that we will handle the subject with ungloved hands."

When opportunity offered, my friend read his resolution, very kindly concealing the fact that it emanated from a woman. It elicited a lively discussion. Brother B., known and noted for his staunch principles then and ever since, rolled

back his sleeves and fought bravely for the resolution. He sought to point out to the brethren what fearful strides the evil was making, and how it was, everywhere, a snare to souls and a great hindrance to the success of their work of soul-saving.

Rev. S., the chairman, could not endorse that resolution, or give his sanction to anything of the kind; he was a "conservative man." "The language of that resolution was too strong." "Handle with ungloved hands," savored of mob law, which he could not give countenance to. (I noticed a report recently of a Temperance convention where this same Rev. brother spoke, and was still on the conservative list. He "did not think he had ever been quite as radical as many others." I did not think he had either.)

But the brethren disposed of my little firebrand, by resolving that they would each preach one sermon to each of his several charges, in the year, on the Temperance question.

This was during the war, a quarter of a century ago, and in comparison with what has been done in these later years, looks so insignificant that it would almost seem that an apology was due the reader for taking so much of his time; "little drops of water," as compared to the great down-pouring torrents that have since flooded our land.

But no one can understand after these years of effective labor, and when it has become the popular thing for woman to do, what even these timid efforts to awaken ministers and people cost a woman.

CHAPTER II.

War Closed—Disastrous Effects of the Drink upon Soldiers.

WAR—terrible war—who can ever recount the long list of evils that accompany and follow in its wake? The long four years' agony was past. The bloody strife was ended, and our boys came home—those of them who had not given their lives and shed their blood to wash the black stains of human slavery off the pages of their country's history. Not the least of the long list of evils accompanying army life is that of intemperance, and many of our soldiers returned with the appetite, acquired in the army, fastened upon them. And so the curse, more fearful than southern slavery, has ever since been steadily gaining upon us.

The great influx of Europeans, with their habits of drink, their ignorance of what "liberty" means, their disregard for the laws and institutions of the land in which they have found homes, their unscrupulous eagerness for gain, their shrewdness in manipulating politicians, caucuses and elections, intimidating business men, bribing legislatures and courts of justice—these influences, with the indifference and timidity—may I say cowardice?—of Christians, have

done their work, and to-day, notwithstanding all that has been done, we are in the hands of the enemy and at his mercy. If it had not been for the labors and trumpet voice of such men as Lyman Beecher, Father Hunt, Dr. Jewett, and a few others along the line, and the occasional waves of temperance reform that have from time to time been set in motion, we would indeed now have been without hope. As it is, the ship is well-nigh stranded, and it will require a mightier struggle, more united effort than Christians have yet dreamed of, to bring her safely to port.

In the year 1870, the law of 1854, known as the Adair law, or a section of it, was so amended as to give the wife or mother of the drunkard the right to bring suit in her own name against the saloon-keeper or liquor-seller, for damages for selling to husband or son. In Springfield, where was now our home, having moved from Athens here in 1866, we had our seasons of spasmodic agitation in a very mild form, not calculated to hurt anybody's business or feelings.

In the winter of 1871, a few meetings were held in Black's Opera House, with large attendance and considerable display of fireworks over "the great evil." But it was deemed advisable to deal very cautiously and prudently with the rum-seller. Moral suasion was recommended, but I believe no one was named, or offered to put the theory into practice.

I remember, we were about this time greatly terrorized by an organized gang of burglars, who nightly plied their business with little molestation till some citizens actually sought homes elsewhere in consequence. A reporter for the *Cincinnati Commercial*, reporting our temperance meetings and methods recommended, announced that when we got the liquor dealers all moralsuaded into decent, law-abiding men, we were going to try our hands on the burglars. But the burglars received the first attention, however. They were, with their bold fetes of robbery, making things so lively for us that a detective was at length employed. Some were caught, and a few sent to the penitentiary, and the burglar business was, for the time at least, effectually closed out. But the liquor business remains to this present. Why?

Anticipating the usual winter's spasm, and concluding I, as well as any one, might put the ball in motion, I prepared a lecture which I delivered on January 22, 1872, in Allen's Hall, to a large and intelligent audience. As far as I know, this was the first lecture on the subject of temperance delivered by a lady in our city. Here I date my first important movement in my temperance warfare, though I had, as opportunity offered, lectured elsewhere on the subject. It may, indeed, because of results that grew out of it, be called my first step in the Crusade. And I find it necessary, in the interest of historic truth, to give a large share of

credit to my warm friend and advisor in all the years of my labors and trials, C. M. Nichols, Editor of the *Springfield Republic*, as the originator of the Crusade. He may, very probably, as well as many others, be quite surprised at this statement, but it is one of the small things that throughout all history have brought about results so far beyond what, at the time, could be foreseen from so apparently insignificant a cause. Mr. Nichols was at the meeting and from an extended report in the *Republic* of the next day, January 23d, I copy the following:

"The Liquor Traffic, How to Fight it. Mrs. E. D. Stewart's address at Allen's Hall, on Monday evening, Jan. 22nd. The Law and the Gospel. Allen's Hall was well filled Monday evening on the occasion of an address on the Liquor Traffic by Mrs. E. D. Stewart. The speaker gave an expression of her feeling of unfitness for so important a task as that assigned her, and then proceeded in an interesting and able address to show that she was fitted in an eminent degree for the performance of just such a work."

I had on the day before put on—not my Sabbath attire—and while others were going to the house of worship, I was walking the streets to ascertain from my own observation the status in our city on the Sabbath, while Christians were worshiping in the sanctuary.

I am glad, in turning to the above report, to see the heading, "The Law and the Gospel,"

as it is to me most valuable testimony of my attitude and views of the methods to meet the great crime of the age from the first. The law for the sinner, the Gospel for the penitent, whether dealer or drunkard. And this is my attitude to-day. I have, however, worked hard many times in directions that I knew were not the most effective, simply because people could not see the best way, and I felt that any work was better than nothing. Agitation, if it only saves from dead inaction and indifference, for still, as in the long ago, while good men sleep, the enemy is busy sowing tares. He never sleeps.

At the close of my address, Mr. Nichols came to me and suggested that I ask the ladies of the audience to pledge themselves to hunt up the drunkards' wives and encourage them to prosecute the rum-sellers under the Adair law, for selling to their husbands, and to stand by them in doing so. The ladies readily responded by a rising vote. But, while I knew that they then meant it, I felt quite sure that most of them would falter if a test should come. It was years ago, and before the Crusade and custom had made it comparatively easy to do such work.

Those ladies would to-day cheerfully pledge themselves, and keep their pledge too. A wonderful growth has occurred through the education and courage received in the Crusade, as well as the spiritual baptism that came down upon the women.

Two days after our meeting, I called at the *Republic* office, when Mr. Nichols exclaimed: "Oh, see here! a case under the Adair law is being tried right now in Justice Miller's court. Get some of your ladies and go in." I had my misgivings about getting the ladies, but did not say so. I knew better than a gentleman could, what the effect upon woman's mind had been of the all-time teaching that they must not seem to know anything about the saloon or men's drinking, it was not lady-like.

I went at once and called on one lady, but she was "busy and could not go." So I went in alone and sat till the court adjourned for dinner. I could not help noticing that the good old justice, who was a Christian man, was gratified at my presence, as was also the prosecuting attorney, my young friend, G. C. Rawlins, and of course the defense was not.

When the court adjourned, I hastened off to the eastern part of the city, where I felt quite sure I should find some ladies upon whom I could rely. But "they all," with one exception, began "to make excuses." The exception was Mrs. S. M. Foos, a lady whose heart always goes out to the sorrowing, the needy, and the friendless. Where a friend is needed, there is she, walking in the footsteps of the lowly One. And though wealth, brilliant talents, social position, all give her open sesame into the most fashionable circles, she chooses to walk in the path the Master hath trod, giving her life to good

works and alms deeds. Yes, she would come as soon as she could dispose of some home duties. Upon my return to the court room, the attorney for the prosecution asked me if I would not make the opening plea to the jury. I answered that I could not think of such a thing. He insisted that I could do it. I protested that the thing was impossible. But he, intent upon winning his case, this being the first and a test case under the Adair law in our city, was disposed to avail himself of all the means he could bring to bear, and still urged me to it. I began to think right fast, and asked if he thought I could do any good by it, adding that I came in to give encouragement to the court, himself and that poor woman. "Yes," he responded, "I know you can." Then, I said, I will think of it. "Very well," he replied, "if you decide to do it, let me know, and I will show you the law to read to the jury." Taking my paper and pencil, I took notes of the testimony as the case proceeded. And I do know the Lord helped me, for new as was the work, and strange and novel my situation and surroundings, and weak the testimony, I was enabled to catch the strongest points in clear and concise form. No one, I am sure, could be more surprised at this than myself. The testimony being mainly from the habitues of the saloons, was weak and unreliable. Some of them deliberately and without flinching perjured themselves. One for the prosecution, the justice ordered from the stand.

The strongest witness, with one exception, was the little son of the drunkard, a child some ten years old, having been permitted by the justice to be sworn, because of his intelligence and manly bearing, though legally under age. The court room was crowded with saloon-keepers and their customers, a motley crowd, blear-eyed, bloated, bruised, dirty, unsightly, degraded humanity. The attorney for the defense was one of the ablest lawyers of the bar, always the liquor men's advocate. There sat that pitiful, friendless woman and her two little boys, in their scant and faded garments, alone. The wretched husband and father had by some means been spirited away out of reach.

Towards evening I went to Mr. Rawlins and asked him how near the testimony was in. "It is almost in," said he; "will you address the jury?" I said I would try. He then handed me the book, pointing out the portion to be read to the jury. I took it and familiarized myself with it. By this time the testimony being closed, Mr. Rawlins addressed the court, saying he wished to make a few remarks and also a request. The request was that Mrs. Stewart be permitted to make the opening plea to the jury.

Of course the court had no right to object, as I, or any one else may, in our State, appear in a case before a Justice's or Mayor's court. But none but admitted lawyers may appear before the upper courts. Besides, I saw that the Justice was very willing that I should, and the

opposite counsel had to acquiesce, though I saw by the ill-concealed smile, while he mumbled something that I could not quite catch, that he was saying to himself, "Now we will have fun. This old woman will make a muddle of it, and a fool of herself, and we will have rare fun picking her to pieces."

1220997

I took my law book in hand, and addressing the jury, said I found myself in a novel position, but I made this attempt to plead the case of my sister, because I knew I could speak for her as no man could. I then read the law, adding, they needed no comment on it from me. They understood its meaning. I was glad that now our women might come into the courts and prosecute the rum-seller for the destruction of their husbands and homes. I was glad, too, that in my State were men, good and true, before whom these cases might be tried. (I may say here, that while this was the nicest sugar-plum I had, it was well deserved in this case, for they were all good and true men.) I then took up the points of testimony I had caught and showed that the man, when not under the influence of liquor, was a kind husband and father, providing for the necessities of his family. That even when occasionally giving way to his appetite it had been proven that he was able to earn from $6 to $9 per week. But through the influence of drink furnished by the man now arraigned, he had become so worthless and incompetent that the wife and mother, besides her regular domestic

duties, was obliged to labor to earn the means of support for her family. Yes, it was said the drunkard's wife may come into court and prosecute for the ruin of her husband, but who will stand by her? Who will befriend her? Who will defend her? And you see the array against her. I simply waved my hand towards that motley mass without looking towards them, but saw that the jury did. I proceeded to say, this woman, who I hoped would pardon me, was branded as the drunkard's wife, and must wear the brand forever. And you noticed that as on the witness stand, being strung up to the utmost tension, she detailed her sufferings and wrongs, —a sight to touch and melt the stoutest heart to pity—that crowd stood there leering and jeering in satanic mirth at her misery. And these little boys, as they had noticed, precocious and intelligent beyond their years, were branded, and would carry the brand to the grave,—*The Drunkard's Child.* In closing I charged the jury that they deal with this woman as they would that others should deal with their wife or daughter. And as they dealt with her, might God deal with them. I had not spoken five minutes till I saw that I held the jury in my hand, but did not know the extent of the mischief I had done the dealer in woe till his attorney arose to defend him. If he had prepared any defense for his client, he certainly had forgotten it. He gesticulated vehemently, declared it was "infamous to bring a female in to influ-

ence the court and jury. He should think Mrs. Stewart would be ashamed to thus come into court. She had much better have been at home attending to her legitimate duties."

The jury, after a brief retirement, brought in a verdict of $100 and costs. This, as I have said, was the first case that had came up under the Adair law in our courts, and considering the desperate fight made by the defense, aided by his associates in the business, and the weakness of the testimony for reasons already stated, it was decided to be a very fair verdict. Of course the liquor vender appealed to the upper courts, where the "female" was not permitted by the law of the State to go into the courts to influence jury, or anyone else. But, after long delay, and staving off, and the liquor men boasting that they had money enough to fight that poor, friendless woman as long as she chose—the lower court was sustained, except the damage was cut down to $40, if I remember correctly. The unheard-of occurrence of a woman pleading a case in court, produced quite a sensation. The papers sent it abroad, far and near, and the lawyers and other gentlemen of the city so chaffed my good friend, Esq. Spence, for letting an old lady beat him, that he became quite unfriendly towards me. And I, having noticed that while he was speaking to some point of law as the case progressed, the foreman laid his head back and slept, could not resist the temptation to tell him that I could keep the jury awake

and he could not. I am most happy to record here, however, that Mr. Spence, who is my near neighbor, is to-day one of the very warmest friends I have, though we differ widely on the temperance question, I am sorry to say. The *Springfield Advertiser* of the next day gives the following report of the case:

"ARGUMENT OF MRS. E. D. STEWART TO A JURY IN THE WHISKY CASE—MOTHER STEWART IN THE ROLE OF A LAWYER.

"Geo. C. Rawlins, Esq., brought suit against Barnet Trickler for Mrs. Mary Hukins before Esquire Miller, laying damages at $300 for the sale of liquor to her husband. Mrs. Stewart was present and heard the evidence in the case. When it was all submitted and the case was closed as far as the evidence was concerned, Mr. Rawlins addressed the court, stating that Mrs. Stewart had been present, and heard all the evidence, and he requested that she be granted permission to address the jury on behalf of the plaintiff. The court granted the request, and Mrs. Stewart, taking a ponderous volume in her hand, proceeded to address the jury. The argument she made on this occasion was one worthy of her sex and of the bar. She was placed in such a position that she could appreciate the situation. It was a woman speaking in behalf of one of her sex, and she could portray to the jury the circumstances of the injustice, cruelty and hardships which Mrs. Hukins suffered from the whisky-seller. Mrs. Stewart spoke for a half an hour, and alluded with telling effect to the sneers which had greeted the poor woman, Mrs Hukins, when on the stand. She also spoke of the moneyed interest which backed up the defense.

'George Spence, Esq., followed Mrs. Stewart, and attributed to women all the rights which they claimed, but stated that this manifestation was for the purpose of working upon the prejudices of the jury.

"Mr Rawlins closed the argument in the case and

paid a high compliment to the speech of Mrs. Stewart. The jury returned a verdict of $100 for the plaintiff."

The notoriety given to this case led the poor women to fancy that I must know a good deal about law, or that I was at least a friend that could sympathize with them, and so they came to me to tell their sorrows and to ask counsel or assistance.

But I do not remember any case of special importance until October, 1873. The fore part of this month a woman came to me, saying friends had sent her with the assurance that I would do something for her. It was the same old, old story repeated—oh, who knoweth how many times!—of wretchedness, woe, misery, privation, neglect, want, pinching poverty, and disgrace for her and her children, and this last not by any means the least in the catalogue of misery. This woman, so broken in spirit, mind and body, by what she had passed through, was of an old, respectable Virginia family, and had never known what want was till brought to it by her husband's drinking. Her brother, since deceased, was at that time Chaplain to the upper house of Congress, a Doctor of Divinity, and had been editor of the *Southern Methodist*. When called to Baltimore in my work sometime afterwards, I made his acquaintance, and found him a Christian gentleman. But the sister had unfortunately married a man who soon developed an appetite for liquor. He had drifted from one

place to another till her family had about lost sight of her. When she came to me, she, with her three very bright children, was living in a poor tenement in one of the poorest quarters in the city. Her neighbors and only associates were the lowest class of foreigners, and like herself, cursed by the drink. With stifling sobs and the tears streaming down her poor, careworn face, she told her story. While my heart melted for her, it seemed to me to be a hopeless case. I said to myself, It is no use, I must send this woman away, we cannot compete with the liquor scourge. But the next thought was, "No, you dare not send her away, she will haunt you in your dying hour. Then came the thought, "*only through prayer.*" And I decided to do what I could to help her." Here I received my full baptism into the work of trying to "rescue the perishing."

Thenceforth everything else was given up, and in the years that have come and gone since, this has been the moving, actuating force of my life; and I have ever since felt hurried with the great overburdening thought that they are dropping into eternity whether we are waking or sleeping. And when I have been speeding over the country as fast as wheels and steam could carry me, or across hill and dale—often in very primitive conveyance—in sunshine or storm —addressing thousands, organizing and leading out bands of my crusade sisters, persuading men to sign the pledge and regain their lost manhood,

urging Christian men to do their duty and wipe out the curse at the ballot-box, I have been supremely happy. This I say, not because I have not loves and longings, hopes and ambitions and aspirations, as others have.

How I could enjoy the sweets of home, sweet home, and how I yearn, and grow homesick, often, as I go up and down the land, for that dearest spot on earth, and the loved who are lonely because I am not there! How I could enjoy the pleasures of cultivated society, the esthetic pleasures that wealth can buy! I can hardly think there is another on earth that could enjoy with such exquisite pleasure the delights of reading, the acquaintance of the great, the learned, the good, through their works. How my heart hungers for the gratification of my taste in art, in music, in communing with nature, the grand old woods, the tiny flowers, the song of birds. Elsewhere I have told of the limited opportunities and struggles of my young life. But I hoped on bravely that a more auspicious time and more favorable opportunities would come. But the burdens, not the pleasures, of this life seem to have been my portion, and I am content, content! Nay, verily, that is not the word. Oh, the blessedness of working for Jesus! There is another feature that is not understood by the world. It is assumed that one stepping out of the sphere prescribed by custom must be possessed of a sort of obtuse nature, devoid of and not understanding the softer, gentler traits

of character; possessing, instead, a coarse, defiant nature which says, "I don't care what people say or think."

A very little reflection would correct this mistake, and save many a tear caused by the unjust and unfeeling criticism of the world. In the first place, the obtuse, the indifferent to the good or bad opinion of others, are also selfish and unfeeling, and hence cannot be interested to any great extent in the weal or woe of humanity, unless through some personal motive.

How often have I heard women say, "*I* have no need to work in the temperance cause, *my* husband, *my* sons, are safe" (and not infrequently, too, when the world knew they were far from it). But what a dwarfed, starved soul that Christian must possess who cannot see any reason above self for stretching out the hand to poor, perishing humanity. It has often been asked of me, "What has caused her to take the stand she has? What is it that so impels her?" And as the world demanded a reason that it could understand, the very plausible one, many would suppose, has been manufactured to meet the case and sent out, that my husband was at some time a very intemperate man and had abused me terribly. This would be a fearful reason, to be sure. But I am happy to say I never saw my husband take a drink of liquor in my life, unless it might have been cider of his own make, in the olden times. He made a profession of religion at the age of sixteen, and united with

the church, and has the reputation of living a consistent life. The fact is, my Heavenly Father gave me a sympathetic nature, a heart easily affected by the sufferings even of the lowliest of the brute creation; but with this, a keenly sensitive nature and a strong love of approbation. You can faintly conjecture what one possessing such traits must suffer from the blind, unjust criticisms, the sneers and slanders of the world. Painfully alive to everything of the kind, going upon the platform, my eyes instantly scan my audience and I take in almost at a glance the feeling and sentiment. If there is prejudice, indifference, curiosity or sympathy with me or my subject, I see or feel it all,—the whispered comment, the exchange of a look. Sometimes, I may say not often, I have found my audiences so lacking in sympathy for my subject that I found the first thing to be done was to break the ice that enveloped them, a more exhausting task than two or three ordinary efforts. But the suffering,—I wonder if it can be possible that any other has suffered as I have? not so much from the liquor vender, for I had reason to expect hard things from him.

Indeed, with a few rare exceptions, I have little to complain of from the fraternity. They knew I was trying to do their business all the harm I could. If that were all, looking at it from their standpoint, what wonder that they would say hard things of me! I was prepared for that. But I must believe that most of them do understand

that I mean no ill-will to them outside of their business; and some of them have so given me to believe. But from sources unexpected, unlooked for, have come the bitterest trials and of consequence, so much the harder to bear. Oh, how I cried to my Father to give me the confidence of the people. I felt I *must* have it to do the work He had put into my hands. But when positive falsehoods were circulated, apparently for no other purpose than to break me down and destroy my influence, and this from the least expected sources, I was staggered, almost blinded with pain. It was all so inscrutable to me. Oh, what tears I shed! If my chamber could testify, what nightly hours of weeping would it reveal!

What did impel me? Simply, I heard my Father call me and I ran gladly to do his bidding, and I am so glad; I can never tell how great an honor I feel it to be, that He hath counted me worthy. Oh, to be counted among the harvesters in the field, if only the humblest gleaner! Oh, to believe I shall come by and by, bringing in my sheaves!

What are worldly pleasures, esteem, renown, the pleasures of sense, gratification of even refined tastes, compared to the blessing of them that are ready to perish, or to the "well done" of my Father in the presence of the angels when the day's work is done.

But I have left my poor woman waiting much longer than I did that day. I thought very fast,

and decided that if I acted at all I must at once and hold her while she was in hand. I knew very well that if the liquor-seller got intimation of any intention to interfere with his little pastime of ruining men and starving their families, he would manage by bribe or threats to induce the woman to change her mind. Or, if her wretched husband should find out that there was danger of his supply being cut off, he would find means to put a stop to proceedings.

Oh, Christian friends, has it ever dawned upon your minds what horror it must be for a poor, helpless woman to find herself in the power and at the mercy of a creature who has drowned out all his manhood, all the loving, tender, husbandly feeling, and, possessed only with a raging thirst for drink, becoming a very demon at the bare thought of his indulgence being interfered with? I told her I would take her to a law firm and see what we could do; and throwing on my wraps, took her to the office of Mower & Rawlins, the junior partner being my young friend who had prosecuted the other case. I stated her case to them, and asked if they would undertake it for her, on contingency of a fee if they gained it, as the woman had not a dime with which to buy a loaf of bread for her children. Mr. Rawlins answered at once that he would take the case if I would join him in it. I said yes, I would do anything in my power to help her. We arranged to take the case before the Mayor's court, and set the time for the next Thursday,

October 16. Now came to me the incipient ideas of dealing with the liquor question that were soon to be developed so wonderfully in the Crusade. Only through prayer, I said. But the Christian women must be awakened and brought to feel that they have an interest in the question, and something to do. I sent notes to, and invited ladies of known piety and respectability, of the various churches, to come to the court room on Thursday, as a liquor case was to be tried at that time.

My friend, Mr. Nichols, had told me when I should have another liquor case, to let him know, and he would have a reporter on hand. I informed him that we had another case on hand and he said he would send in a reporter.

I sent word to nearly all the ministers of the city that we were going to prosecute a liquor-seller for a poor woman, "would they come?" "Oh yes, certainly." I remember I sat in my own church the Sabbath before the trial and heard Bishop Wiley make such an appeal as he, of all men, was able to make, for the Memphis sufferers from yellow fever. But my heart was with my poor client, and the thousands such as she, who were suffering terrors from the liquor scourge—compared to which that of the yellow fever was scarcely to be named. At the close of the service I went to my minister and asked him if he ever went into the court room. He looked quite puzzled, but after catching his breath a little, he answered that he never had,

but if it were necessary he could go. I said while the Bishop was making that grandly eloquent appeal, I, too, had a great burden on my heart, and added that we were going to have a prosecution before the Mayor's court, for a drunkard's wife, "would he come?" Yes, he would. I said, bring Sister —— and come, but as I looked into his face, I saw he was saying, "No, I wont." He had just married a new wife, and of course a court room was no place for his wife. Something also prevented his attendance. But my good brother became a very enthusiastic helper ere long. Before the case came on I sat down and wrote the following appeal. Here again I know the Lord helped me. I carried it to Mr. Nichols, telling him here was a paper on which I had done my best, with prayers and tears; and asked him to give it a place in the *Republic*, with an editorial, maintaining the impression that it was written by and not for a drunkard's wife, for I had abundant material from which I wrote, and he accordingly did:

AN APPEAL TO THE WOMEN OF SPRINGFIELD.

Women of Springfield, My Sisters: — My misery has become greater than I can bear. I know not which way to turn. I have no one to whom I can go for redress, for protection—no one but God. I am a drunkard's wife This, to those who have had the experience, explains all, and tells my pitiful tale, better than any words I can command. Yet these are surrounded with the same difficulties, the same trials, and are lacking the same helps that I am. They have, indeed, their lives and hearts so full of their own miseries, that they have no room for mine.

And if they had, are as helpless as I myself am, to alleviate their own sorrow, without a thought of helping others. My story is a brief one, and so like hundreds and thousands of others that you hear of daily, till they have become such a matter of indifference to you that I fear you will pass it by unheeded. Yet, oh, I pray you for God's sake, listen to me.

I was once young and gay and happy, as any of you are. I was raised respectably and tenderly, and held my place in the best circle of society. When twenty, I married a man whom I loved—intelligent, upright, honorable, sober—as I thought. I had never seen him drink, and did not know he ever tasted anything that would intoxicate. We started in our own happy home, with bright prospects for the future.

So bright and happy were those days, gone forever. But alas! I directly found that my husband, when he met his old associates, would come home with the smell of liquor on his breath. I will not weary you with a repetition of the common story of neglected business, the going down, down, the loss of our little Eden, the gradual change in my husband's nature, from one of the most tender and loving, to a moody, morose, abusive husband and father. So changed, so besotted and imbruted has he been made by this consuming appetite, that he is an object of loathing and terror to those who once were thrilled with delight by the sound of his approaching footsteps.

So low have we sunk, that a miserable hovel in one of the lowest quarters of the city furnish us—not a home, (that word for me and my helpless children has no longer any meaning), but a precarious shelter from the elements.

So destitute have we become, that the poorest fare barely saves us from starvation. Our clothing is so poor and scant that my children are no longer able to attend school, and if they were, the older ones are becoming unable to bear the taunts and jeers of the other more fortunate children, who call their father a drunkard, and them, a drunkard's children.

We hear the sweet music of the Sabbath bells calling the happy, the wealthy, the fortunate to Sabbath School and the sanctuary. But not for us do they chime forth on the still, balmy air of these beautiful

Sabbath mornings. No place there for the drunkard's family. If we should attempt to go in our faded and patched garments, you, my sisters, to whom I make this appeal, extorted by the depths of misery and woe, would be so shocked and horrified as to show it, and add to our mortification and distress; for our condition makes us sensitive and keenly alive to every such manifestation.

No peaceful Sabbath-days for us, though we are in a Christian city, boasting its twenty churches, with their respectable, well-dressed audiences. Oh, do ministers of Christ ever remind you that while you sit there so comfortably, listening to the sweet sounds of the gospel, there are men, women and children who never enter your churches? who, while you are praying and praising in the sanctuary, are living in the midst of scenes of drunken brawls and Sabbath desecration? Oh, do those ministers ever remember us in their prayers?

Do you, oh my happy sisters, ever think to put up a prayer for the drunkard's family? We are told that the law is now on our side, and are exhorted to go into the courts and prosecute those more than murderers, the liquor-sellers. But how little do people know of the difficulties that surround the drunkard's wife. The shame and mortification of a public exposure, a woman's ignorance of law, and the fear of doing something wrong; the difficulty of getting such witnesses as will testify to the facts necessary to a successful prosecution; the shrinking from appearing in a court-room alone, among a low class of drinking men, whom the dignity of the Court cannot restrain from jeering and making low, coarse remarks; where even respectable (?) lawyers can be bought for a price to plead against her, using low, personal attacks, when the facts fail them.

Could one, of all the Christian women of this city, be induced—even for the love of Christ—be induced to come and sit by her side—her husband forbidding her, and using his authority or perhaps violence to prevent it? Besides, what has a poor drunkard's wife to offer a lawyer to prosecute her case? Oh, sisters, sisters! poverty, wretchedness and black despair are settling down upon me; I have no way to turn.

Willingly would I give my life! Oh, I would gladly go to the stake, if by that means my once noble husband could be restored to his family, to himself, to his God! But I see no way for me, and am tempted, so sorely tempted, to take my own life and end my misery, and am only restrained because of my poor children; and yet how can I save them from the fate of infamy and pauperism? It seems to me I shall go mad. Help me, oh sisters, for the dear Christ's sake. As you hope for mercy at his hand in the great day, hear and heed my appeal. Fain would I go and kneel to each of you, and tell you my woe if I could. Oh, stop only a few moments and consider my case. Stop in the midst of your happiness and gayety, your occupations with dress and amusements, and consider the hundreds of poor drunkard's wives and children in the city, who have no one to help or befriend them.

You, my fortunate sisters, have the power to close these drinking-dens; you could bring happiness once more to these aching hearts. Give us a few moments of your happy hours in your closets. Appeal to God for us; use your influence with the men who rule our city. Oh, if you only would combine, and demand that these holes of destruction should be closed, it would be done at once. Will you do it? I ask it for myself and helpless children; for the hundreds of women and children in like situation. The winter is coming on and we have nothing with which to meet it. The Benevolent Society will again do its utmost to relieve the extreme cases of suffering and want. God bless those noble women for their noble efforts, but after all, how meagre is the supply, and it does not, cannot touch the root of the matter.

I have heard that in nearly all your churches you have societies working for the help of women in heathen lands. For this I am thankful; I would not have you do less. How sweet it must be to have the privilege of helping the needy. May you reap an abundant harvest. But, oh, while you are thus laboring, do not forget your sisters here in this Christian land, who are as degraded and as effectually shut off from the gospel as if in the remotest heathen lands. In the name of our Blessed Master, who

when he was on earth went about doing good, oh, sisters of Springfield, help us.

A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

I do not know whether there ever was any event or circumstance in the world's history, however solemn, that somewhere in it did not protrude itself the whimsical or the ludicrous. Certainly, all through our wonderful Crusade, so full of the most exalted experiences, as also of the most sad and pathetic, ever and anon would some incident thrust itself in that took on all the airs of a first-class farce. In this instance, in the midst of the excitement and inquiry in regard to the letter and its author, one poor fellow, feeling very sure the case fitted him, conceived the idea that it was his wife that wrote that letter, and he would answer it, so he would; and he did, and the editor, always ready to oblige, very kindly let him expose himself to ridicule by publishing it. The rest, who found themselves thus photographed, pretended not to recognize the likeness, and kept silent.

I copy from the *Republic*, October 17:

AN INEBRIATE HAS HIS SAY.

After the publication of his Nicholas Nickleby, in which the character of Squeers, the finished country school master, is prominent, Dickens is said to have received letters from all parts of England, the writers being country school-masters, each believing himself the original of the character, and each threatening legal proceedings, personal chastisement, and all sorts of terrible things.

A few days ago the *Republic* published a communication from a "Drunkard's Wife," which seems to have created quite a commotion, every dissipated

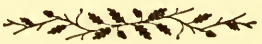
Benedict in the community thinking the communication an emanation from his own decidedly better half, either in person or by proxy.

One such has been moved to send the annexed note, which we take the liberty of inserting, notwithstanding a subsequent request from the writer to suppress it. No names being mentioned, nobody need take it as personal, and a point is made, which is worthy of consideration. Here is what a drunkard says:

To the Editor:—I find in this week's *Republic* a communication from a "Drunkard's Wife," wherein she laments sorely over her drunken husband. I would merely suggest to this drunkard's wife, that it might be possible that she made me a drunkard. Had she been the loving angel that she was when I married her, the probability is that she and her children would now be all right.

DRUNKARD.

Much inquiry was made of the editor and myself about that drunkard's wife. One most excellent lady came to me to inquire if I knew her to be really a worthy woman. If she really deserved to be helped, of course the case should be looked after. It had struck the good Christian people of our city as a most astonishing thing that even one woman could be suffering as the author of this letter seemed to be. They had not seen, had not thought, or noticed, and could with difficulty be made to believe it, so indifferent were the good people, at this time, to the drink question in our midst.



CHAPTER III.

In Court—Exciting and Affecting Scenes.

ON THURSDAY, October 16, by previous arrangement, we appeared in the Mayor's court to prosecute our suit. Several ladies were also present. But the defense, using their prerogative, had the case adjourned over to the next Tuesday, the 21st., which was all in our favor, however, as the reporters made quite a sensation of the affair, especially mentioning the fact that a large delegation of ladies of prominence in the churches and in society was present.

My next move, in the interim, was to write out something over thirty copies of a petition to the City Council, praying them to exercise the authority vested in them by the law known as the "McConnelsville Ordinance," to close up or abate all tippling houses or places of habitual resort for drinking purposes, as nuisances. With the utmost difficulty I succeeded in enlisting ladies to circulate these petitions. At this day, after the women have had so thorough a training of over thirteen years, it will hardly be possible to realize what were the obstacles to be overcome in those first days of the work.

When the next day for trying our case came, a company of ladies went with me to the lawyer's office where we met our friend and her children and escorted them to the court room. The first light snow of the season had fallen, making the air raw and bleak and the walking bad by the mixture of snow and mud. My poor friend was dressed in a very light, faded, though scrupulously clean calico dress, and noticing the other ladies warmly clothed in black, she expressed her mortification to me. I told her not to mind, it was just as I would have it. The case had by this time attracted much attention. The room outside the bar was crowded with men and there was an increased number of ladies in attendance. My ministerial friends failed to appear, except Rev. A. Meharry, then our Presiding Elder, who has since gone to his reward, and Rev. Weatherby, of the Baptist church, whom I had not known before. But I noticed him, as the case went on, standing and watching with deep interest, while the tears ran down his manly face. We succeeded, in spite of the opposition, in getting a good, honest jury impanneled. The attorney for the defense evidently felt far from comfortable; I fancied his knees shook just a little. The fact was, he had not only to face that jury of respectable citizens on the wrong side of a very bad case, but a whole array of Christian ladies besides. A gentleman present remarked that Mr. W—— had rather have seen *ten* lawyers at the table than Mother Stewart. The probability is if I had been young

and handsome, it would have altered the case. Noticing that he attempted to confuse and irritate, with the hope of throwing me off my balance, the ladies became very indignant, and sending to me to come to them, told me not to mind him; I had as good a right to examine the witnesses as he had. I told them not to be alarmed, but to continue in prayer; everything was going in our favor. I wrote on a slip of paper, "Oh, *do* pray for us," and sent it to Mr. Meharry, who sat at the Mayor's side. By request of my colleague, I made the opening charge and the opening plea to the jury. In my plea I did not forget to remind them of the woman's scant and unseasonable garb, pointing also to the poor, ragged shoes of the youngest child—a pair of her sister's old cloth shoes, too large and no protection against the snow and mud, while the man who had robbed them of their protector and provider, sat there so comfortably muffled up in his heavy overcoat.

The case wore on till time to adjourn for tea. The attorney for the defense expressed the hope that we might have a good, quiet time after tea, as the visitors—by which we understood him to mean the ladies—would most probably not return.

But instead of the ladies not returning, more came, and indeed some were so interested that they did not go home to tea, but remained in the court-room. A little after ten o'clock the case was given to the jury, who, after fifteen or twenty minutes retirement, returned, and the foreman

reported a verdict for the plaintiff of $300, the amount sued for.

Mr. Rawlins remarked to me that he did not know what we should do for our juror's fees. He supposed they would have to wait till we could collect the money. One of the gentlemen started out saying, "I donate my fee." The next followed, saying, "I donate mine." The ladies just then saw where the cheer came in, and made a lively closing by waving of handkerchiefs and clapping of hands, and the men outside the bar took it up and gave three rousing hurrahs! But early next morning the liquor men were out in force, and pledged themselves to sustain the saloon-keeper in appealing his case. And it was nearly four years before a final decision was reached, which did, however, sustain the Mayor's Court.

What an outcry is made by those tender-hearted gentlemen about taking the bread out of the mouths of *their wives and children* if there is any encroachment made upon their murder-mills.

The *Springfield Republic* of the next day gave the following report of the case:

ANOTHER DEALER IN BLUE RUIN BROUGHT TO GRIEF UNDER THE ADAIR LAW.

The case wherein Mrs. Anna Saurbier sues Karl Niehaus and his sister, Mrs. Busjam, for damages in $300, by reason of liquor sold to her husband, Jacob Sourbear, the defendants running a low gin mill with the usual grocery attachment on East Main street, came to trial before the Mayor on yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon, consuming the time from two until eleven

o'clock, P. M. The lobby of the court-room was crowded, and, notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the weather, a large number of ladies found seats within the bar, and seemed to regard the proceedings with feelings of the deepest interest and sympathy, nearly all remaining until the end was reached late in the evening.

The presence of these Christian ladies, representing some of the best families of our city, was a new and pleasant feature, and was no doubt a pleasure and support to the suffering woman obliged to pass through such a painful ordeal. The persistency and patience with which they sat through the long hours of the afternoon and evening, and the close attention paid to the testimony (often extremely affecting), the long-winded and purely technical arguments of counsel on disputed points, and the cross-firing of dull details of law, showed conspicuously that their attendance was purely a matter of principle, and their interest in the case and cause real and unfeigned. The plaintiff was also present with her little ones, three in number, aged respectively fifteen, twelve and nine. The woman Busjam and her brother Niehaus sat beside their attorney, seeming not best to relish their position, and no wonder. The jury consisted of Messrs. Charles Rabbitts, E. S. S. Rouse, T. B. Peet, J. R. Squire, Chas. H. Peirce and C. B. Hauk.

Witnesses were first examined to show that Mr. Sourbear was a good mechanic, capable of supporting his family if he stuck to business, but through habits of intoxication he had lost one place after another, and had become a sot, scarcely knowing what it was to go to bed sober.

The plaintiff herself was put upon the stand. Hers was that old, old story, heard in magistrates' courts any day and many times a day. Born and brought up in good circumstances, as she herself said "never to know what want was;" married with good prospects, but after a few years reduced to wretched poverty; forced, although in very delicate health, to labor unceasingly; obliged to send her young children among strangers, thus depriving her of the only gleam of light on her dark pathway; all, through the dissipated habits, lack of resolution and unfaithfulness

of one who had sworn to love, cherish and support her and hers; who was good, kind and attentive when sober and in his right mind, but who had seemingly yielded to the wiles of the tempter past the power of resistance, until he was a burden upon the already overburdened woman.

The little children, a boy and two girls, bright, pretty and interesting, also gave in their testimony in their own artless way, telling how, time after time, they had been to take their father away from the place where he got his poison, often before their eyes, having just as much as they could do to get him home. When warned to desist and furnish him no more liquor, the saloon-keepers laughed scornfully and said, "If the Mayor and all the lawyers were there, they would sell him liquor as long as he paid." By their own testimony, it was only after the ruin was accomplished, and the victim unable to "pay," that he was thrust out and told to go home to his family.

In fact, the testimony of the children made the case. The boy, particularly, was to the point; he could neither be confused nor made to contradict himself under the most adroit cross-examination.

Once the elder daughter broke down in her testimony, and was obliged to leave the stand in a fit of weeping. At six o'clock a recess was taken for supper, and the hearing resumed at half-past seven. The testimony for the defense was soon got through with, consisting chiefly of simple denials of statements on the other side. Mrs. E. D. Stewart then addressed the jury, opening for the plaintiff, setting forth in language that went to the heart of every listener, the situation of affairs as shown by the evidence, and appealing for justice for the unfortunate and deeply injured woman and her children then in court. E. S. Wallace, Esq., counsel for the defense, followed. Mr. Wallace's position was rather an unenviable and undesirable one, but as a lawyer he made the best presentation possible for his client, and at least from a professional standpoint acquitted himself without discredit.

George C. Rawlins, Esq., closed for the plaintiff. His effort was a fine one; points well taken and well put, and inspired by the righteousness of his cause

and the sympathy of his audience, made an eloquent and powerful appeal. Mayor Hanna then presented the case to the jury, who retired and after an absence of fifteen or twenty minutes, returned a verdict through their foreman, Mr. Chas. Rabbitts, in favor of the plaintiff for the full amount of damages claimed. Counsel for the defense gave notice of an appeal.

I next prepared a paper for the ministers of the city in the form of a pledge, to the effect that they would preach, simultaneously, each from his own pulpit, unannounced, morning or evening, from the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?" This I took and handed in to the Pastors' Monday morning meeting, but was too modest to go in myself and explain my motive, (have grown some since), which was sensational, to arouse the Christian people. I hoped they might all preach at the same hour, and when this came to be known, and that they had all preached from the same text, it would create not a little excitement and discussion. Upon comparing notes, they found that it would not be convenient to preach at the same time. However, they did agree to preach a temperance sermon, and I think all, white and colored—with perhaps a single exception—preached from my text.

"O the anxious voices calling
From the mountain Seir to-day;
From the trodden down and fettered
From the ranks in Rum's affray.
Watchman, is hope's banner there,
High above this dark despair?

"Back the watchman sends the answer,
'Out beyond the darkest night,
Lo! the day breaks in its splendor;
Help is coming, right is might!
Soon will sound from sea to sea,
Seir's inhabitants are free!"

CHAPTER IV.

Visit to a Saloon on the Sabbath.

AT THIS time it became necessary to collect my petitions, for I felt hurried to get the work on as fast as possible. I put a card in the paper, asking the ladies having the petitions to leave them in care of Mrs. R., a clerk in the *Republic* office. But, no indeed, they presumed I was going to publish their names and they could not think of such a thing. So I had to travel all over the city to gather them up. One lady had only obtained one name to hers. Another had taken hers some where and forgotten it, and so on. Nevertheless when I got them gathered up, I found 600 had given their names. A great many gentlemen were eager to sign, but I was impressed that this work was for the women. If I had taken more time I have no doubt but I could have procured twice as many names. But oh, the weariness and labor of it all. The world sees the result of benevolent or philanthropic effort, and if it proves successful they applaud. Little do they dream what it costs. I was slowly coming up out of a long experience of invalidism,

when I had not expected ever to be able to walk a quarter of a mile again. Of course the exertion laid me on my bed again, but only for a few days. I could not afford to be ill now. I invited another committee of ladies, members of the various churches, to accompany me to the Council Chamber to present our petitions. And again I exhorted them to continue in prayer. Indeed I asked whoever I could reach to help us with their prayers. I was so exercised on the subject that I was ready to call on everybody to help. I now think of a young man that I appealed to in the Council Chamber, as I passed him, to pray for us. He looked startled for a moment, then with much seriousness replied, "Yes, I will." I give below the report of our visit to the Council, as found in the *Springfield Republic* of the next day:

THE CITY FATHERS VISITED BY THE MOTHERS.

The City Council chamber, at the regular meeting of the municipal legislature on last (Tuesday) evening, was the scene of a remarkable gathering and proceedings. Remarkable in some points of view and in others not at all so.

Just before the commencement of business, a delegation of about 25 women, representing the wives, mothers, daughters and sisters of our fair city, appeared and were assigned seats in the lobby of the house. After the usual routine of opening had been accomplished, a member announced their presence, and moved a suspension of the rules of Council in order to give the visitors an audience. The motion was carried, and stepping within the bar, Mrs. E. D. Stewart proceeded to address the members, stating that she held in her hand, and would present for the consideration and action of Council, a petition signad

by over 600 women of the city, praying Council to use all means in their power to close the liquor saloons in the city, and put a stop to the traffic carried on in them. The petition is as follows:

We, whose names are under written, ladies of the city of Springfield, respectfully call upon you for the immediate suppression of "all ale, beer and porter houses and all houses or places of notorious or habitual resort for tippling or intemperance" within the city limits, and we invite your attention to the 199th section of the Municipal Code, which we believe explicitly clothes you with this authority.

By the provisions of the 199th section of the Municipal Code—under the 5th head, Porter Houses, etc., —Councils of incorporated cities are authorized to regulate, *restrain* and *prohibit* ale, beer and porter houses or shops, and houses and places of notorious or habitual resort for tippling or intemperance.

Mrs. Stewart accompanied the presentation of the petition with an address, using strong language and indisputable facts and arguments to impress upon the minds of the gentlemen the extent of the evil of intemperance in our midst at the present time, and the rapid strides it was making among the young men of the city, who are through this agency going to ruin.

Mrs. Stewart claimed that the business was illegal and illegitimate and ought to be suppressed. The lady had no faith in the license law. We have in Springfield seventy-five or more saloons, each doing its share in the work of destruction. Close them up, and our beautiful city would become famous the country through as a temperance town, and desirable as a place of residence to the best class of people. Men of means and intelligence would be attracted here from all quarters; property would materially increase in value, and our prosperity would be assured from that hour. Mrs. Stewart said that she had been approached by women in agony because of their sons who frequent these places. One who had walked the streets at the midnight hour in search of her own son, had said that many an unsuspecting mother would be surprised if she could look into these places, as she had done, and see who were there. Some had proposed to take the law into their

own hands, and execute summary justice by "cleaning out" the pestiferous holes, but they had with difficulty been dissuaded from a course as sure to injure only themselves.

The times are hard and money scarce. Why not stop this tremendous drain and worse than waste, when money is so much needed for the necessaries of life. Mrs. Stewart said that while she spoke, many good men and women all over the city were praying for the success of the movement, and closed by appealing to the Council to earnestly and carefully consider the petition.

Mrs. Guy, who accompanied the above named lady, was then introduced and presented a supplementary petition to same effect as the first, bearing the names of sixty ladies and gentlemen, also leading citizens, making some remarks of a fitting nature.

Mr. Thomas moved to refer the petition to a select committee of three members. Mr. Smith wished to refer it to the Police Committee. Mr. Thomas' motion was carried, and the President named that gentleman, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Grant as such committee. Thereupon the ladies retired and Council proceeded with regular business.

While we were treated most courteously and a committee appointed to which the petition was referred, it was not to be expected, since one of the councilmen was a Distiller, another a Brewer, and a third a Lawyer, that any action would be taken on it. My object was to arouse the people and this much was accomplished.

But as I copied the above, a sadness that no words of mine can express came over me. Oh, *if* that body of municipal lawmakers had heeded the prayer of that nearly 700 of the best citizens of Springfield, how different would be the situation to-day to what it is, and what a long list of crime, murders, suicide, woe, poverty and

wretchedness would have been averted. To-day (1887) we have more than double the number of saloons, crime of every sort is on the increase, and one of those men—yes, I think two, if not more—that I addressed that night might be living to-day if they had heeded the appeal and banished the curse from the city.

There seemed to be a little danger of the press giving too much credit to one individual for the interest of the cause. I knew very well that if it should seem to the public that this agitation was only a little tempest in a teapot by one woman, it would not command the attention it would if it should seem to be an uprising of the people, and would soon blow over. I went to my good friend, the editor, and asked him to please keep me in the background—(he naively remarked that he did not think that could be done)—let it seem that everybody had risen up against the business. And I asked him to pray for me. He seemed surprised and touched, and looking up he said, "Yes, I will, Charley (the local) and I both will, and we will help you otherwise too." Oh, how from my heart I thanked him. How encouraged and strenghthened I went away, he little knew. And he and Charlie kept the promise. Some time after this, upon going to the office, my friend said, "Oh, see here, I promised to pray for you; at first I forgot, but afterwards I did." Not a solitary instance of forgetfulness, I reckon.

To make it seem that it was a spontaneous

uprising of the people, I urged other ladies to write on the subject. One lady, Mrs. J. A. S. Guy, to whom I sent a note requesting her to write, after taking the subject under prayerful consideration, passing a sleepless night over it, arose the next morning and prepared a paper which she presented to the City Benevolent Society, of which she was Secretary, at the next session. This was to the effect that, in consequence of the poverty and want of so many families in the city, almost entirely due to the liquor traffic, as had come to our knowledge in our benevolent work, a committee be appointed to wait on the ministers at their Monday morning meeting and request their co-operation in inaugurating a series of public mass meetings, more effectually to arouse and enlist the citizens in a warfare against the liquor business. A committee of three ladies was accordingly appointed, Mrs. Guy, Mrs. Cathcart, and Miss Mary Cloakey. The conference was most satisfactory; the ministers pledged themselves to sustain and assist the ladies in any measure they might deem wise to inaugurate.

I was called away from the city for a few days at this time, and was not at this conference. Upon my return, I found the ladies arranging for their first mass meeting, which was accordingly held in Mr. Hamma's Church, the English Lutheran, on the night of the 2nd of December. The plan adopted and so successfully carried out for many months, was to have a good choir

of singers under a competent leader ; a presiding officer, who should conduct the services, which were singing, reading of Scripture, one or more prayers, with two or three brief addresses on some phase of the temperance question by gentlemen or ladies, as should happen to be arranged by the committee appointed to take charge of this work. On the programs prepared for these meetings were found ministers, lawyers, physicians and prominent business men, and also many ladies who astonished themselves not less than everybody else with their well considered, well written, and gracefully delivered essays or lectures.

Of a goodly list of these ladies I now recall, Mrs. Jason Phillips, Mrs. S. M. Foos, Mrs. Thos. Bean, Mrs. Rev. Dutton, of the Universalist Church ; Mrs. R. Thomas, Miss Ogden, Mrs. M. W. Baines. The latter lady, who had already attracted some attention by her pen, I remember was, after a good deal of persuasion by Mrs. Guy and myself, induced to prepare a paper early in the course. It was not long till she was called into the field as one of the most popular lecturers, and has since made herself a praiseworthy record in the temperance cause, both on the platform and with her pen. The contagion from our revival was beginning to spread to adjacent towns, and I was being called to "come, wake up the women." The impression seemed to be deepening and spreading, that somehow through the influence of women the

fight must be made against this terrible enemy that had so long defied men, whether arraigned by law or gospel, and was day by day growing stronger, bolder and more defiant.

On the first of December a committee was sent by the citizens of Osborn, a flourishing village in the adjoining county of Greene, to invite me to come and arouse their women. I went down and found the people, under the leadership of that devoted man of God, Rev. Cummings, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, much stirred up on the subject and ready for action.

Here is an item of history, which has escaped the notice of the various chroniclers of the rise and fall (?) of the Crusade, which is, that to Osborn belongs the credit of forming the first regularly organized Woman's Union, or League, as we called our organizations at first, with officers and constitution, in the State.

I sat down and prepared a constitution just before going to the meeting, and at the close of the meeting, with the assistance of the pastor, we organized by electing Mrs. A. B. Lee, a refined and estimable lady, as President, and Mrs. Hargrave, also a lady of fine education and good position, as Secretary, with a full list of minor officers and a very large list of members.

Feeling much encouraged by the success of my meeting, I proposed to return to the city to be present at our first mass meeting; but the minister and friends insisted that I must remain over, as they had use for me the next night also.

One of the ministers of the city had been invited to lecture on the next evening, which he did to the great satisfaction of the people, using with some alteration the sermon he had recently preached on the subject in his own pulpit. I followed him, narrating some quite touching incidents that friends had written me. The minister was quite reanimated himself by his effort and the evident gratification of his audience, and on the following Sabbath, in his own pulpit, again preached on temperance, to a very large audience, quite eclipsing his former effort. I heard much comment and eulogy of the sermon. "Especially," said one, "those incidents he related, wer'n't they touching? There was hardly a dry eye in the house." What were they? Humph! Had stolen my thunder. I leave it to the court to say if it was quite fair. And especially when my stock in hand at that time was rather limited, and not quite so well assorted as I have been enabled to collect in the course of the succeeding years. I think I may as well tell another little incident here, though it occured several months later.

I was called to one of our large cities to help the Crusaders celebrate Fourth of July. The meeting took the form of a picnic and was held on the Fair Grounds. There was a very good attendance, and besides myself there were three gentleman orators. I shall never forget my agony and tears and almost despair as I sat listening to the rythmical flow of elo-

quence from the lips of the Rev. ——. "Oh," I cried in my distress, "my Father, my Father, why hast thou called me here to stand by the side of such strength and eloquence? I, so little and weak. Oh, what shall I do?" Had to do the best I could. A day or two after my return home, my feet feeling a little chilly, I took from my library Talmage's *Nether Side of New York*, and sat down by the kitchen stove to toast my toes a little. Opening at random—oh, why here is my reverend friend's eloquent address, *verbatim ad literatum* from beginning to end. Oh, pshaw! It did not seem half so bad to be extinguished and annihilated by Talmage, certainly not at second hand. Isn't it amazing how much human nature there is in folks?

A lady sent to ask me to come to her house on a Sabbath, during the hour of service, and see the throngs of men that went through an alley at the rear of her house and through a back entrance into one of the principal saloons. I was not able to go at the hour of preaching, but on the afternoon of Sabbath, 14th of December, I went. I had, with earnest prayer, considered the matter and finally decided what I would do if Providence seemed to favor, but kept my own counsel. I could not foresee what might possibly be the result, or what censure very well-meaning people might attach to me. So I determined that if my purpose should fail or bring disaster I would alone bear the consequences.

My husband was at that time looking after some business matters in the South. My niece I knew would either insist upon going with me at all hazzards, or would at least be greatly distressed lest some terrible thing should befall me. The dear ladies also, who were standing so bravely by my side, would either have tried to dissuade me or asked to go with me. I had a purpose in the step I was about to take that I felt I could not fully explain to others, and decided to keep my own counsel. I sat an hour in my friend's sitting-room, seeing men coming and going through the alley that ran between Central M. E. Church and my friend's residence on High street, and the building in which the saloon was located on Main street. A walk well laid with tanbark led into the saloon; and if it had not been for the stained windows of the church, the preacher could have seen the throng passing as he stood in his pulpit. I have promised that when this "cruel war is over,"—when?—I am going to prepare a lecture on stained windows. We church people stain our windows so that we cannot look out, the saloon men stain theirs so we cannot look in, and so the work of death goes on by a sort of tacit agreement or compact. My friend said one Sabbath morning she saw a man go in with a sweet looking baby in his arms. I suppose he had encouraged the good wife and mother to go to meeting that morning, with the promise that he would take care of the baby. Taking advantage of her absence, he had taken

the baby with him into that dreadful place to get his morning's dram, she, dear, confiding soul, feeling very grateful for the opportunity of once more joining the worshipers in the sanctuary. I have ever since felt it my duty to advise ladies, when they leave husband at home to watch baby, to leave some one to watch husband.

At the end of an hour I said, "If I had a disguise I would go in there;" and asked the lady if she could furnish me one. She thought a moment, and said, "Yes, I can;" and brought a large waterproof circular that enveloped me to my feet, and a black and white check gingham sun-bonnet having a corded front coming well over the face, a cap crown and deep cape. I took off my glasses, put back my hair and donned my outfit. I have always flattered myself that I made a very respectable looking old Irish woman. As I passed out I turned to the lady and her daughter and said, "Oh, now pray for me as you never prayed before in your lives!" They went with me to the gate that opened into the alley, the daughter saying afterwards that she went to keep guard, that if any harm befell me she would give the alarm to their next neighbor. But I was not thinking of danger, I felt buoyed as if I was treading on the air. I entered one door—as I did so a large, colored man came out, dressed quite nicely and with a very shiny hat on. I do not know what I said to him, but upon my return from England, the first Sabbath as I was on my way to church a colored man, sitting with others

under an awning, sprang up and coming forward offered his hand, bowing very politely, welcomed me home, asked me if I did not remember having met him that Sabbath morning as I entered Stubbe's saloon, and what I said to him. I did not remember, but he proceeded to assure me he had not drank a drop in the three years since. I would be glad to know he has not to the present time. I passed the third door before reaching the saloon where the drinking was going on. There were young men standing at the counter drinking, and some older men sitting about the place.

I had intended, if I saw anyone with a glass that I could be sure held liquor, in his hand, to quietly take the glass and walk out. But I could not feel sure that what those young men were drinking was liquor, so I saw I would have to call for something myself, but was greatly puzzled as to what to call for. I desired to make two cases at the same time against the saloon-keeper. One for selling distilled liquors by the glass to be drank on the premises, under our State law, and the other for selling on Sunday, under the Sunday ordinance. But I was rather afraid to ask for whisky or brandy, lest I might be suspected as a spy. I found afterwards that I might have bought by the drink or demijohn, without creating any suspicion. I asked the bartender if I could have something to drink. He asked what I wanted. Here again I was quite at my wit's end, for I did not know one wine from

MY FIRST GLASS.

another, but at a venture I asked if he had any sherry wine. He set a bottle and two small glasses on the counter, one having a little water in it. I did not understand what the water meant, but presumed he thought as I was a woman I would not care to take mine "straight," as gentlemen do. I picked up the bottle and started to pour out the wine, but I did not know just how much would be called a drink, and as I found my nerve force giving way quite opportunely, so that my hand trembled, and as I wanted to implicate him as far as possible, I requested him to pour it out for me, remarking that I felt rather badly. He accordingly poured it out for me. I asked the price, and he said a dime, which I laid down, and picking up the glass walked out.

I have often, in telling this adventure, enjoyed the decided frowns that cloud the gentlemen's brows when I tell them I acted on the principle that in some things women are cleverer than *they* are. There is always an instant lighting up, however, when I add that I knew if that had been a woman behind the counter, she would have jumped at me like a cat. But I knew too that that man would have to stop to work out the problem as to what was best to be done in the case, and while he was working out his problem I would be able to put a safe distance between us. Upon reaching the alley I looked back and saw him in the yard, with hands spread, a picture of amazement. I took my glass home

and sealed it up for future use. Why did I take so remarkable a step for a lady? is a very natural question, and some, not understanding the motive that actuated me, were not slow to criticise me. One reverend gentleman did so in my presence.

By those who could not and never have been able to comprehend the motives that then and through the subsequent years influenced and impelled me, of course I cannot make myself understood. I will say this much, however: I had seen that though our city had a Sunday ordinance, by which those dens could be closed on the Sabbath, yet the law was set at naught by the back doors always being open. I was told that I could have gone into every saloon in the city that morning and bought any amount, if I had sought the back entrance. The city officials knew this, from highest to lowest; the business men knew it; church people knew it, ministers knew it, but no one seemed to think it any of his business. It came out later that the keeper of this same saloon, it being opposite one of our largest churches, had enticed our little boys, on their way to Sunday School, into the place and given them candies saturated with brandy. And, as I have said, the minister from his place at the altar could have seen the trains of men thronging by, if the windows had not been made of elegantly stained glass. I saw that some extraordinary means must be used to compel the attention of the people to the condition our city was in.

In short, the people must be shocked into some sort of life and interest, as the physician, being called to a patient and finding him in a comatose state that must terminate in death if not speedily relieved, takes a heavily charged battery and sends a strong current of electric fluid through his system, with the hope of shocking him out of his insensible condition into life.

Sensation! again you say; and I say, Yes, I insist it is a legitimate means; and so would you if your house was on fire or your child had fallen into the water.

On the Tuesday evening following (December 16) we were to have our second mass-meeting, and I wished to call out a large audience, and I hoped this one saloon and possibly others might be sufficiently alarmed to respect the law for a Sabbath or two thereafter. Monday morning I started to the *Republic* office, intending to give to the local enough of what I had done to create curiosity and call out the desired crowd. But I was very much surprised to find that my secret was already on the street. I had supposed the saloonist and his customers would prefer to keep silent. When I reached the office the editor sprang up, grasped my hand and exclaimed, "God bless you! I never saw such a woman before in my life. I could not have done such a thing." I found the local busy, scribbling away as for life, at the unusual incident. I explained to him that I wanted to control that bit of news. No, he insisted that it was now out and it was his sen-

sation. I told him I had a purpose in it and could not be thwarted, so, by dint of a little scolding, I succeeded in getting the following item to the public:

THE TEMPERANCE MEETING.

If the general tone of public opinion and sentiment is regarded at this time, there is no need to urge people to turn out and attend the mass temperance meeting at the Central M. E. Church to-morrow evening. The people will be there *en masse*, and it will only be a question of where to put them. A new feature, never before introduced and of a decidedly sensational nature, will characterize the meeting, and if you want to know what it is, go early and stay to the close. It will cost nothing. And then go to the tea-party.

The tea-party referred to was a Boston Centennial Tea-party, given by the ladies of the Benevolent Society, held at the City Hall, following the temperance meeting.

We had a crowded house and hundreds went away unable to get in. After the speakers on the program had got through, being introduced by the chairman as having something out of the usual line to present, I took my glass and exhibited it to the audience, producing quite a flutter of excitement. I told the story, "How I bought my first glass of liquor," and asked if there were any gentlemen there who would come forward and prosecute the liquor-dealer for breaking the Sunday ordinance, adding that I stood ready to be a witness in the case. Gentlemen had told me it was not necessary for anyone else to appear. I could just go and make my affidavit in the case and have him fined.

I told them I knew that very well, but I wished to see some of the gentlemen show their hand. It had come to be rather fashionable for gentlemen meeting me as I came and went in my work, to grasp my hand and exclaim, "God bless you, Mother Stewart, go on," and I had begun to think it was about time for some of them to *come on.* Several did indeed rise in the audience and pledge themselves to attend to it. But after waiting until the latter part of the week without hearing from them, I wrote notes and hired a boy to deliver them to several gentlemen, requesting them to meet me at the Mayor's office the next morning. But they did not make their appearance. Rev. J. W. Spring, of the M. P. Church, however came and acted as prosecutor. I had, early in the week, stepped into the saloon and laid down, under vehement protestations from the proprietor and his clerk, the price of the glass, that they might not be able to get up a little side current, as they hoped, because of my carrying off the glass.

I also directed the policeman to return both glass and wine when I was done with it. Though, if I could have had a little more help at the time, by having the wine analyzed, I could then have made another case for selling impure liquors.

The man was fined $30 and costs, this being the first time a case had been made on him though he had been arraigned before; and this was the heaviest sentence that had been assessed up to that time, or that was for several years afterwards.

The people were beginning to wake up and public sentiment was setting against the saloon, and it was getting easier for officers to do their duty.

Editor Bickham of the Dayton (O.) *Journal* is responsible for the name by which we and our work will henceforth be known, he being the first to employ it, as far as I know, in an editorial that appeared in the *Journal*, and was copied by our *Republic*, with the following remark:

Mother Stewart cannot complain that she has not plenty of newspaper backing. Here comes the Dayton *Journal* and talks in this vigorous manner:

"One woman in Springfield is disturbing the whole city—not an unusual thing for a woman to do, however, as they have in times past changed the course of whole empires. The lady to whom we refer is Mrs. Stewart, who is on a Temperance Crusade against liquor-selling. She is determined to banish the trade from Springfield, and has got herself reinforced by a battalion of resolute women, who are making it hot for saloon-keepers.

"Last Sunday she disguised herself, entered a saloon and purchased a glass of liquor, which she carried away with her. Tuesday night she rallied her forces at a public meeting, displayed her glass of liquor on the platform, made a telling speech, invoked a lawful assault upon the saloon-keeper and was vigorously sustained in her proposal. That saloon-keeper will have to shut up shop."

In the month of November, I think it was—have not the exact date at hand—I was invited to lecture in New Carlisle, a very pleasant village in the western part of our county.

The citizens had, by action of their Council under the McConnelsville Ordinance, closed up the saloons in their town. But they were greatly

annoyed by a saloon which was started just outside of the corporation, and enticing men and boys out where they could indulge in even greater excess than when in the more public part of town. I remember I urged the ladies to go in committee or company, take their knitting and sit with him, and sit or *knit* him out. I told them if they would only undertake it they could knit him to death.

But they had not the courage, and by just that much missed the credit of being the originators of the Crusade or saloon visitation. Said they had no one to lead them. Only a few weeks later, all over the State were seen bands of women marching the streets, entering saloons and praying the keepers to give up their soul-destroying business. I think I must beg the reader's indulgence while I give a few extracts from a very full report of our second meeting, found in the *Republic* of the 17th, as I wish to do what I can towards transmitting to posterity a unique deliverance of legal reasoning and conclusions by our municipal Solons, that cannot find its parallel outside of liquor legislation. I may add that our city law-makers have held their own up to the present time, now fourteen years, and so has the liquor business, with its long train of crimes, misery and death, and in a continually increasing ratio. The same brewer has just been re-elected to Council at our recent Spring election:

THE PEOPLE VERSUS THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC—IMMENSE AND ENTHUSIASTIC MASS-MEETING AT CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH—ADDRESSES BY REV. J. W. SPRING, REV. MR. ALLEN, MR. J. A. JACKSON, AND MOTHER STEWART—A GLASS OF LIQUOR BOUGHT ON SUNDAY EXHIBITED TO THE AUDIENCE—WHAT THE LAW IN THE CASE IS.

The large and fine audience-room of the Central M. E. Church was filled with an immense audience Tuesday evening, the occasion being that of the second Temperance Mass-Meeting, held under the auspices of the Ladies' Benevolent Society. Not only was every seat in the body of the house and the gallery filled, but chairs were brought into the aisles and occupied, and hundreds of people were compelled to stand. Yet the exercises were of such a deeply interesting nature that there was no bustle or confusion, except as the speakers were applauded, and even those who were without seats remained until the last. Vocal and instrumental music, as at the first meeting, formed a part of the program, and a part that was very pleasing and acceptable. Mr. J. Lamar Coleman led the music. Rev. C. W. Ketcham, pastor of Central Church, presided. * * * Another person (C. M. Nichols) was called upon, but declined in favor of the famous Mother Stewart, and her appearance was greeted with applause. Mrs. Stewart gave a resume of the campaign thus far, spoke of the poor woman whose brother was a President of a Southern College, but whose husband was a common drunkard. This woman came to her to get help. The habits of her husband were so bad that she was obliged to break up her household and take her children and leave the city.

From this had sprung the work already done. It had been asked, Why don't you women go to work? And they had gone to work, and now they needed help. The people did not know how much iniquity was going on in the city.

As Mrs. Stewart stepped upon the platform she set a glass tumbler with a scarlet liquid in it, carefully covered with a white paper to prevent its evaporation,

upon the table by her side, and the very appearance of the tumbler was making a very good speech of itself. Mrs. Stewart said she bought that glass of liquor at a saloon on Main street, within a stone's throw of the Central Methodist, Congregational and First Presbyterian church edifices, on Sunday last. * * *

Mrs. Stewart then asked the men of Springfield, would they prosecute this case, and several hands were held up as token that they would. Scores of women held up their hands to show their determination to aid in the work, and we have no doubt they meant business in the way of suppressing the traffic in Springfield, and that active operations will commence at an early day.

Mrs. Stewart then read the oath of office of the city officers, councilmen, etc., as follows:

"State of Ohio, Clark Co., ss: Personally appeared before me, a Notary Public in and for said county, the undersigned, who being duly sworn, deposes and says that he will support the Constitution of the United States; of the State of Ohio, and will perform faithfully and punctually the duties of office to which he has been elected. Sworn to and subscribed, etc., etc."

She then read the extract from the 199th Section of the Municipal Code.

The petition of six hundred women of Springfield to the City Council was then read.

Mrs. Stewart next read the following extract from the report of Council Committee on the above petition:

"* * * We also give it as our deliberate judgment that the matter to which this petition refers is of such transcendent importance as to demand of this Council the exhausting of every means within its power to divest it of its capacity for making misery and crime within our midst. The univeral sense of the Christian world condemns drunkenness as a crime: * * * And if this be so upon recognized principles, measures are demanded to prevent and punish it.

"The temperance movement throughout the land has suffered more from the indiscretion of its friends than from the open opposition of its enemies. We

are therefore not in favor of recommending the Council to grant what is asked for by the petitioners."

She then gave the action of the Council assembled December 2nd, 1873, in the adoption of the following two resolutions out of the five submitted with the report of the committee appointed to report on the petition of the 600 ladies:

"*Resolved*, That the indulgence in intoxicating drinks, whereby neglect and want are brought home to the family, is a crime against nature, and it is expedient to exercise any authority or impose any punishment necessary to prevent it.

"*Resolved*, That it is an apparent and acknowledged fact that there is an indulgence in intoxicating drinks in this city which deprives families of peace, comfort and proper support, and that there are those who take in exchange for their drinks the money known to be needed for family support, contrary to law."

The effect of the addresses, and particularly that of Mrs. Stewart, was electric and most wholesome. Many persons in the audience were so influenced by what had been said that they appeared ready and anxious to put their hands to the work.

It was to me a subject of wonder and gratitude how the Lord led us, opened the way and supplied our needs, in this new and wonderful work. Early in our movement I began to wish some one might be inspired to write our songs for us. As in the political campaigns, more especially during our war, the songs that were written, and sung by the people, had a great influence in winning our cause. We all know how Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn" fired all hearts, both at home and on the field, to do and to suffer unto death for their country. If only some one might be raised up now, to give us such songs as would catch the popular ear,—be caught up

by the boys on the street, everywhere on the lips of the people, what an inspiration it would be for our work. Behold you, in the "Gospel Songs" that we commenced to use in our first mass-meetings, were just what we needed; and very soon floated out all over the land, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly," "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "Nearer my God to Thee," and hundreds and thouands were inspired to fall into ranks by these glorious war songs of the Crusade, even the saloon-keepers themselves often taking up the refrain. I remember one such in Ironton, who, though unyielding, yet the songs, together with the prayers and tears of the women, so haunted his memory and disturbed his peace that he could be heard walking his room in the night, singing the songs he heard the women singing in their daily visitations to his saloon.

From the beginning of this remarkable work, all the old-time, stale, and often coarse and questionable anecdotes that had been in times past reckoned as wonderfully telling were entirely discarded; no place for them. And he who at any time attempted to introduce them very soon discovered his mistake. The spirit that pervaded the whole movement was earnest, solemn, devotional, the atmosphere seeming to say, "No time for trifling here."

Among my first thoughts in the work was how to enlist the young people, especially the

young men. If the excitement fell short of the young people we would only succeed in part. How could they be enlisted? became an absorbing thought. One morning, while my heart was burdened with this subject, a young man called and introduced himself to me and offered his services in any way he might be able to aid the cause, just what I had so felt the need of. It may to-day look like a very trifling incident, but at that time it was a source of great encouragement, and I received it as from the Lord and in answer to my cry to Him. And my young friend did prove himself a most valuable helper. I am happy to record that this gentleman, Mr. A. H. Griffith, has never swerved from his principles, but has given his strong influence and help to other young men who were in the toils of the destroyer or being tempted to their ruin.

I was one morning passing along Limestone street, intent on some duty connected with my work, which now absorbed all my time, when Mr. G. Harry Phillips,—brother of Phillip Phillips, the world-renowned singer,—who was standing in the door of his office, handed me a paper, saying, "Mother Stewart, I wish you could inaugurate that method of work in Springfield." I took the paper home and read a thrilling account of a lecture having been delivered in Fredonia, N. Y., by Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston, on temperance, and the result. I shall never forget the last paragraph of this wonderful account, dated Tuesday morning, just as it went to press, saying,

"The women are marching 127 strong." It thrilled me like the blast of a trumpet, and does yet whenever I recur to it. "Oh!" I said, "yes, I wish we could inaugurate such a movement in our city, but of course that would be impossible." The paper containing this account, with the issue of the next week, through the kindness of Mrs. E. McNeil,—"one of the few original Crusaders that have remained in active service up to the present time,"—accompanied by a very interesting letter, is before me. Says Mrs. McNeil:

Our first visiting of saloons was on December 15, 1873. The previous week Dr. Dio Lewis came to this place to meet a lecture engagement,—his subject, "Our Girls." The Good Templars were then in ascendency here, and they were looking for a speaker for their quarterly meeting, which would be the next Monday evening. They urged Lewis to stay over for that meeting. He said he had nothing for temperance prepared, as he had given very little thought to the subject for some time. They still urged him to give an impromptu talk. He said he had a lecture engagement for Jamestown on Monday evening, and then he was to go from there to Ohio. If they would have their meeting on Sunday evening he would stay and do the best he could Now, I will let the report as found in the *Censor* of December 17, 1873, tell you of that meeting.

This, and that of the next week are in the main correct, though a few explanations are necessary. We went the rounds of the saloons and drug-stores until most of them locked us out; they did not otherwise treat us ill.

I think we went the rounds five times, then

the leader, Mrs. Judge Barker, (an Episcopal lady) proposed a change, to stop the visits and look after and provide for the suffering poor. The excitement did not wear out the following year; and with myself and a few others it has never worn out.

The reporter tells of the unlooked for enthusiasm of that meeting, but he does not tell the cause. The Holy Spirit descended upon that audience, and its power, if not manifested in similar manner, was felt as sensibly as on the day of Pentecost. I there received a baptism that has kept me to the work all these years. It was not Dio Lewis that so moved that audience, he was just as much surprised as any one.

You will see by the paper that the next Monday, the 22nd, we finished our permanent organization, and we named it the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union." The reporter left out the word Christian, because many of the members were Good Templars and objected to that part of the name. This was the voice of the men who favored us, but the women always clung to the full name. Our weekly meetings have never been discontinued. Dear Mrs. M. A. Tremain made the first prayer in a saloon. She is now in glory.

In one saloon we visited they had a large billiard table at one end, and some young men undertook to keep up the rolling during our religious exercises, but during the prayer one of the ladies laid her hand on one of the balls. That evening one of the young men went to the leader and apologized; and three years after another of those young men confessed that during that prayer he was convicted and never found peace until he gave himself to Christ. No liquor has been sold in our town for eight years.

The Fredonia *Censor* of December 17, 1873, with sensational headlines, tells of the large and

enthusiastic meeting on Sunday evening, the 14th, addressed by Dr. Lewis, who gave his plan of visiting the saloons, which in his boyhood he had seen his mother and her neighbors prosecute with such remarkable success. Remarks of indorsement were made by a number of influential gentlemen and a call was made for the ladies who sympathized with the cause to rise up, and nearly every lady in the house stood up. A committee was appointed to take the names of fifty ladies to serve as a visiting committee, but many others were enrolled. Mrs. A. L. Benton, Mrs. L. Williams, Jr., Mrs. Dr. Fuller and Mrs. J. W. Armstrong were named as a committee to draft an appeal to the liquor dealers; and a meeting was announced for Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

At the hour appointed there were three hundred men and women present, and the Committee appointed for the purpose the previous evening submitted and the meeting accepted the following appeal:

In the name of God and humanity we make our appeal: Knowing, as we do, that the sale of liquor is the parent of every misery, prolific in all woe in this life and the next, potent alone in evil, blighting every fair hope, desolating families, the chief incentive to crime, these, the mothers, wives and daughters, representing the moral and religious sentiment of our town, to save the loved members of our households from the strong temptation of drink, from acquiring an appetite for it, and to rescue, if possible, those that already have acquired it, do earnestly request that you will pledge yourself to cease the traffic here in those drinks forthwith and forever. We will also add the hope that you will abolish your gambling tables.

After a season of prayer and consultation, the ladies withdrew to the rooms below to arrange the details of their march, the brethren continuing in prayer and conference. During the deliberations it was suggested that they not only pledge their moral support to the ladies, but a money support also, and a long list of names is given, each subscribing $1,000. Mass-meetings were arranged for every Sunday evening, and prayer-meetings for every night through the week.

About half-past twelve, over one hundred ladies marched forth on their mission, led by Mrs. Judge Barker and Mrs. Rev. L. Williams. Little did they know that they were setting in motion chords that would ere long vibrate around the world, touch the hearts of the Christian people and awaken an interest in the cause of temperance such as had not before been known.

The paper of the following week reports the progress of the work and permanent organization of the Union, with the following pledge:

> We, the undersigned women of Fredonia, feeling that God has laid upon us a *work* to do in the cause of temperance, do hereby pledge ourselves to *united* and continuous effort to suppress the traffic in intoxicating liquors in our village *until this work be accomplished;* and that we will stand ready for united effort upon any renewal of the traffic. We will also do what we can to alleviate the woe of the drunkard's family, and to rescue from drunkenness those who are pursuing its ways.
>
> This society shall be known as The Woman's Temperance Union of Fredonia.

To this pledge is appended the names of 142 married and 63 single ladies, with the following

officers: President, Mrs. Geo. Barker; Vice President, Mrs. Dr. Barker; Secretary, Mrs. L. A. Barmore; Treasurer, Mrs. L. L. Riggs, with a large Board of Directors.

This paper also reports the organization of the ladies of Jamestown, after a lecture of Dio Lewis on Tuesday evening, and their visiting the saloons on Wednesday the 17th. Sixty-two ladies formed this band, but more were added each day. They called their association "The Ladies' Temperance Society, auxilliary to the Jamestown Total Abstinence Society." Mrs. A. Hazeltine was made President; Mrs. W. S. Carnahan, Secretary; Miss Jennie Barrows, Treasurer.

The ladies of Jamestown did not follow up this form of work very long, but, as their sisters of Fredonia, they received an inspiration that prepared them for effective work in the great white ribbon army of to-day.

Only a few days after these stirring events in Fredonia and Jamestown, the whole country was thrilled by the report of the uprising of the women of Hillsboro, Washington C. H., Wilmington, Morrow, New Vienna, and ere long hundreds of other places. Where did it stop? Will it ever? Nay, not till the liquor curse shall have been swept from off the face of the earth; and nevermore shall be heard in all the green earth the wail of the Rachels because of their children slain by this Herod of the nineteenth century.

The church had not kept up to the apostolic

standard of piety, faith and aggressive work. Infidelity as to the power of faith, the visible answer to prayer, had formed a lodgment in the church. And no wonder! A mighty force in the church, the greater part numerically and spiritually, was virtually neutralized by the false interpretation and teaching of Paul's injunction, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." Added to this, the worldly-mindedness, the strife after wealth and place of so many influential leaders in all the churches, what wonder that the enemy took advantage of it, and taunted us with our lack of power, and our failure to make headway against the increasing power of sin, and our inability to bring the world to Christ!

What wonder that infidels were growing more bold and defiant! It was a natural consequence that one, wise in his own imagination, should stand forth and defy the people of God, saying, "Give us a prayer-gauge. If your God hears and answers prayer, give us a test, and we will believe you." God's people seemed to be dumbfounded. They did know; they held the witness deep in their hearts that God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. But how to answer this scoffing Philistine they knew not. Behold you! God, our God, from out the Throne of His ineffable glory, answered, "I *do*, I *will* hear and answer the cries of my people." "And to prove it beyond a peradventure, and for all generations to come, I will call forth my weakest instruments, my hand-maidens, and set

them in battle array against the most powerful enemy of mankind, before whom strong men in Church and State cower in the dust. And it shall be unto them according to their faith. I will give the enemy into their hand." "They that trust in me shall never be confounded."

Lo! on every street in all the land were seen frail, timid women, marching with bowed heads and silent lips, but abounding joy in their hearts, carrying the word of life into the dark lurking places of sin and crime. There pleading with sinners and offering pardon in the name of Jesus to the vilest; there kneeling and crying to God on their behalf; and He, as in the olden time, He heard and answered when His people cried to Him, did hear and did answer, and the enemy fell before them as the leaves of autumn before the wind. The world was aroused; the infidel was answered; and the end is not yet. Our God is marching on. "The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host."

CHAPTER V.

The Uprising at Hillsboro and Washington C. H.

DR. LEWIS delivered his lecture on "Our Girls," at Hillsboro, Ohio, December 22d, 1873. At the close of his address he announced that he would speak to as many as would come to hear him, on the following night, on temperance; and gave some hints of a plan which he would explain and recommend, for a campaign in the interest of society. The following evening, December 23, the Doctor gave his lecture and his plan to a large and enthusiastic audience. He maintained that the people of Hillsboro could close the dramshops in their town if the women only had the energy, persistence and true Christian spirit. So forcibly did he present the subject that a motion to put the new idea into execution was carried by a rising vote.

It was his custom to call secretaries to the stand and have the audience furnish the names of ladies of standing and respectability, who, it was presumed, would be willing to enter into the movement, even though they might not at the time be at the meeting. In a very short time

the names of seventy-five ladies were enrolled, and a committee of three ladies, Mrs. E. J. Thompson, Mrs. P. J. Evans and Mrs. E. L. Grand Girard, was appointed to write an appeal to be read to the liquor dealers by the committee of visitation. At the next morning's meeting the ladies put their names to the following compact:

"We, the ladies whose names are hereto appended, agree and resolve with God's help we will stand by each other in this work, and persevere therein until it is accomplished, and see to it, as far as our influence goes, that the traffic shall never be revived."

Seventy-five men at this meeting gave their names as moral and pecuniary support or backing to the women. For the rest we will let Mrs. Thompson, the leader, tell her own story, as she does for Mrs. Bolton's contribution in the Centennial Temperance volume. She says:

I was not present at the lecture, but prepared, as those who watch for the morning; for the first gray light upon this dark night of sorrow.

Few comments were made in our house upon the new line of policy till after breakfast the next morning, when, just as we gathered around the hearth-stone, my daughter Mary said very gently, "Mother, will you go to the meeting this morning?" Hesitatingly I replied, "I don't know yet what I shall do." My husband, fully appreciating the responsibility of the moment, said, "Children, let us leave your mother alone; for you know where she goes with all vexed questions;" and pointing to the old family Bible, left the room. The awful responsibility of the step that I must needs next take was wonderfully relieved by thought of the "cloudy pillar" and "parted waters"

of the past; hence with confidence I was about turning my eyes of faith "up to the hills" from whence had come my help, when in response to a gentle tap at my door, I met my dear Mary, who with her Bible in hand and tearful eyes, said, "Mother, I opened to the 146th Psalm, and I believe it is for you." She withdrew, and I sat down to read the wonderful message from God. As I read what I had so often read before, the Spirit so strongly "took of the things of God," and showed me new meanings. I no longer hesitated, but in the strength thus imparted started to the scene of action. Upon entering the Church I was startled to find myself chosen their leader. The old Bible was taken down from the desk and the 146th Psalm read. Mrs. General McDowell, by request, led in prayer, and although she had never before heard her own voice in public prayer, on this occasion the "tongue of fire" sat upon her, and all were deeply affected. Mrs. Cowden, our Methodist minister's wife, was then requested to sing to a familiar air,

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
He will lift up thy head."

While thus engaged, the women (seventy-five in number) fell into line, two and two, and proceeded first to the drug-stores, and then to the hotels and saloons. On the first visit to the drug-stores, two signed the pledge the ladies had prepared for druggists. But one of the druggists, a Dr. Dunn, made a show of stubborn resistance; and at length brought suit against the ladies for "trespassing and obstructing his business."

While the women here and elsewhere proposed to follow their plan strictly of simple appeal, prayer and song, supposing that against such warfare there could be no law, they very soon learned their mistake, and in spite of themselves found they were liable to be arraigned before the

courts to answer to the charge of interfering with the legitimate business of making drunkards and destroying homes. And the further they went, the more complex and inexplicable they found the laws pertaining to the liquor question. And to their great astonishment they found, too, that they were largely in the interest of the nefarious business.

The reporter of the *Cincinnati Gazette* writes as follows of the scene and its effect on the spectators, upon the moving out of the first band:

> On Christmas morning, all preliminaries being arranged, one hundred and fifteen women, (this according to Mrs. Thompson is inaccurate), filed out of the church, formed a procession and marched to the drug-stores. They went with trembling limbs and anxious hearts. It was to them a strange experience, a new idea. It seemed subversive of all recognized rules of womanly conduct. The thought of going into the low part of the town and entering one of those vile dens which respectable people abhorred at a distance; of kneeling in sawdust and filth, and pleading with bloated and beery saloon-keepers, was overwhelming to their finer sensibilities and shocking to their modesty. They shrank from the task half in doubt and half in fear. But, again, they thought of the drunkards that were reeling home from the saloon every night—perhaps into their families—and of the temptations that were lying in wait for their children in the future. Their misgivings left them, and personal considerations no longer had any weight.

It was not long till the man Dunn closed his door on them, and they, no ways daunted, went on with their prayers and songs in the street, kneeling, as a reporter of the scene says, "in the snow." Finally, taking a hint from the ladies

of Washington Court House, they decided to have a tabernacle erected in front of the drug-store. In a few hours the enthusiastic brethren who were aiding and abetting these good ladies had a tabernacle ready, and the women took possession and went on with their glorious work. But their man was not to be circumvented so easily. A lawyer was called to his aid, and the ladies were arraigned for interfering with his lawful (?) business. A court trial followed, the case was argued at length, pro and con. The temporary injunction was dissolved on some technicality. The case was next appealed to the District Court, but nothing finally came of it, I believe.

I happen to find among my papers a copy of the *Fayette County Herald*, a weekly paper published in Washington C. H., being the next issue after the women started their work there. The headlines are duly sensational.

"THE BALL OPENED!
"A DETACHMENT OF WOMEN MARCHING THE STREETS OF WASHINGTON!
"PRAYER AND SINGING IN THE SALOONS!
"A PRAYER MEETING SEVEN HOURS LONG, ETC!
"LIQUOR EMPTIED INTO THE STREETS!"

After giving an account of Dr. Lewis' lecture and the proceedings of the meeting, similar to that at Hillsboro, the report proceeds:

On motion of Dr. Lewis, a committee of ladies was appointed to draw up an appeal to our citizens engaged in the liquor business. The Chair appointed

Mrs. George Carpenter, Mrs. A. C. Hurst, Mrs. E. A. Pine, to serve on this committee; Mrs. R. Ogle was then added to this committee of appeal.

The Chairman of this committee, Mrs. M. J. Carpenter, who drafted the appeal, is a daughter of one of Ohio's most famous pioneer Methodist preachers, Rev. James Gilruth, a man noted for great courage and energy, as well as flaming oratory. No doubt to these inherited traits of character was due the indomitable energy and zeal that so fitted her for a leader, and resulted in giving to Washington the honor of being the first town that closed out the saloons in the Crusade.

Closing appeals of stirring power were made by Dr. Lewis and Rev. A. C. Hurst, and after a vote of thanks to Dr. Lewis for his work among us, the meeting adjourned to meet in the Methodist Church and hear the report of the committee appointed.

The meeting Thursday evening was one of deep interest and feeling. After prayer and singing, the committee on appeal presented the following for adoption:

APPEAL.

"Knowing as you do, the fearful effects of intoxicating drinks, we, the women of Washington, after earnest prayer and deliberation, have decided to appeal to you to desist from this ruinous traffic, that our husbands and sons be no longer exposed to this terrible temptation, and that we may no longer see them led into those paths that go down to ruin, and bring both soul and body to destruction.

"We appeal to the better instincts of your hearts in the name of desolated homes, blasted hopes, ruined lives, widowed hearts; for the honor of our community; for our prosperity; for our happiness; for our good name as a town; in the name of God, who will judge you, as well as ourselves; for the sake of your souls, which are to be saved or lost, we beg, we implore you to cleanse yourselves from this heinous sin, and place yourselves in the ranks of those who are striving to elevate and ennoble themselves and their fellow-men; and to this we ask you to pledge yourselves."

After twice reading, the appeal was adopted, and

many prayers and earnest words uttered, and the meeting adjourned to meet Friday morning in the M. E. Church, at 9:30 o'clock, December 26th, 1873.

Meeting met pursuant to adjournment, in the M. E. Church.

Services opened by singing and prayer, and reading of the Scriptures. One hundred copies of the appeal to be presented to the dealers in intoxicating drinks were ordered printed and circulated throughout the community. Mr. John S. Foster and Mr. Allen Hegler were appointed to attend to the business.

After a call for volunteers, and responses by many additional names, Mrs. J. L. Van Deman and Mrs. D. McLean were appointed to lead the procession, and Mrs. George Carpenter was appointed Captain and reader of the appeal. Mrs. A. E. Pine was elected to lead the singing.

Now came the most interesting movement of this meeting. More than forty of our best women in the community were to go forth on their errand of mercy. There was much trembling of heart, much taking hold of God, much crying and supplication in prayer. Such a scene was never witnessed in Washington.

Down the central aisle of the church marched these women to their work, while the brethren continued in prayer to Almighty God, that he would be with these people as they go from place to place with Christian song and prayer, to appeal face to face in their various places of business, to those men who are at work selling liquor.

At one place they were met with a "God bless you, ladies," and an immediate signing of the appeal.

Thirteen places in all were visited, with the proprietors of which the following exercises were held:

1. Singing; 2. Prayer; 3. Singing; 4. Prayer; 5. Reading of appeal; 6. Promise to call again.

The novel procession created the wildest excitement on the streets, and was the subject of conversation to the exclusion of all other subjects.

The work of the ladies was thoroughly done. Not a den escaped. Into the front door, filling the front room and back room too. Prayer, followed by Bible arguments in answer to the excuses of men. Down into the cellar, everywhere they go with the same

eloquent plea: "We pray you, stop this; we mean you no harm, we beg you to desist." In tears the mothers, wives and sisters plead their cause till late in the afternoon. The result seemed to be meagre for the first day's work, but to every stubborn will was kindly given the promise, "We will call again to-morrow." At one place the front door was locked, but afterwards opened and an entrance gained.

At the evening meeting in the Presbyterian Church, a report in detail was given by the Secretary of the ladies, Miss T. M. Ustic, and with much prayer and singing, a meeting was appointed for Saturday morning in the Presbyterian Church.

Saturday morning, though a very inclement one and one unusually busy to most women with families, a large number of ladies met in the Presbyterian Church, and after some consultation it was decided to prepare two pledges, one to be presented to the druggists and the other to the dram-sellers. After much earnest consecration to the work, began one of the most remarkable days ever seen in the town. It was agreed that the brethren would stay in the Church and pray for God's blessing on the ladies, so long as they were on their mission; and that they might know that we were at work, the great bell at the church tolled out at the close of every prayer. This prayer-meeting continued for seven hours.

Saturday evening a meeting was held at the M. E. Church, and stirring addresses were made, and a grand union meeting of all the churches arranged for Sabbath-day.

Sunday morning a large audience assembled in the M. E. Church, and was addressed by Rev. A. C. Hurst, Rev. George Carpenter and Mr. Armstrong. In the evening the meeting was presided over by Mr. P. C. Morehouse, and addressed by Messrs. Gardner, Pine, Ustic and Rev. A. C. Hurst.

Monday, December 29th, 1873. — Promptly at 9 A. M., a still larger attendance at the Presbyterian Church announced that the enthusiasm was still on the increase. Singing and prayer and a total abstinence pledge from beer, wine, cider and all intoxicants, were the order. This pledge was freely circulated through the day, and large numbers enrolled their names.

The ladies were kindly invited to dine at the Fireman's Hall, and after a substantial lunch, the line of march was taken up to the Presbyterian Church, where they were joined by the gentlemen, and a straight course taken for the establishment of Messrs. Anderson & Keller, all the bells in town pealing out a grand anthem of praise, a glad music for such an occasion. On arriving at the place of meeting, the following order of exercises was carried out.

1, Singing; 2, Prayer by Rev. A. C. Hurst; 3. Singing; 4. Rolling out of whisky barrels; 5. Pouring out of liquor.

An ax was placed in the hands of the women who had suffered most, and swinging through the air came down with ringing blows, bursting the heads and flooding the gutters of the street. One good woman putting her soul into every blow, struck but once for a barrel, splashing Holland gin and old Bourbon high into the air, amid the shouts of the immense multitudes. Four casks and one barrel were forced open, and the proprietors all the time giving a hearty consent. As the last cask was opened, Mr. Anderson made a ringing speech, followed by three cheers for King David Anderson. Then Mr. Keller mounted a cask and made a similar speech, followed by three cheers for Keller. After a prayer by Rev. George Carpenter, the multitude quietly dispersed.

The temperance meeting on Monday was fairly red-hot with enthusiasm. The report of the committee of visitation was read and the temperance pledge signed by a large number of men and boys. Such singing, hearty applause, cries of "good, good" were never before heard in Washington.

Mr. Anderson and Mr. Keller were present and addressed the audience with much earnestness and the best of feeling.

Following this thrilling report is an account of a poor lad, who, in a written appeal to the ladies, told that he was at work in a saloon; he would be glad to get out and go to school, but had to work for his own support. At once a call was made for pledges of help, and resulted in

promises to board and assist for twelve months. Again the report of work proceeds:

Tuesday morning, more than ever before met in the Presbyterian Church, and after an hour's prayer, singing and conference, they started on the fourth day's round. Prayer-meeting was held all morning, till a messenger announced victory number two. Anthony Abbot had signed the pledge and was willing to pour out his liquor. Again the bells pealed forth the "glad tidings of great joy," and again the services of song and prayer began:

1. Prayer by Rev. George Carpenter; 2. Rolling out of barrels; 3. Ax application to barrel heads; 4. Fire application to old Bourbon; 5. Cheers by the multitude.

All this was done with the greatest magnanimity and enthusiasm. A stream of "mixed drinks," whisky, gin, port wine, brandy, etc., in one steady stream on its way to Paint Creek. After a speech by Anthony Abbot, who announced his intention to start a grocery, and hoped the people of Washington would patronize him a little, the doxology was sung, and the crowd quietly dispersed."

I have given this very extended report of the beginning of this wonderful prayer movement, because it presents very clearly not only the method adopted, but the spirit actuating those who entered into it, as also the feeling of very many who signed the dealer's pledge, and rolled out their liquors to be emptied into the gutter.

I have found that it has been almost impossible for people at a distance from the scene of this marvelous uprising to understand it. And it indeed seems that one not in the atmosphere, a looker-on, can hardly comprehend it. It was entirely unlike any other Christian effort of which the world has ever known. Persons at a distance,

judging from their knowledge of the liquor business, the men engaged in it, and the method of conducting it, can not comprehend what influence, unless it were mob violence or terrorizing, could induce them to yield up their property to be destroyed before their eyes, without resistance. And in many quarters, even to-day, the impression still prevails that the "Women's Whisky War," was a sort of spontaneous outburst of the class of lowly and poor women, who by their sufferings and abuse from drunken husbands had been wrought up to a pitch of frenzy and fury that swept them headlong into the wildest excesses. In many quarters I have been told that "We here have a prejudice against the Crusade;" or, "Our women could not do that kind of work;" "We are different here from you Western women;" "Oh, we here are very conservative." Very often have I had to vindicate my Crusade sisters from these false impressions. In the East it was supposed that because of our Western life—as the dear good friends imagined on the borders of civilization—we were not under the decorous restraints of more cultured and refined society farther east.

In the South, as it had always been presumed that Southern ladies were much more soft and gentle, as well as retiring in their manners, it was not so very surprising to them to hear that our women were "out thronging the streets and crowding into the liquor groceries and arguing with the men over their business;" though of

course it was very shocking, and they could only give their unqualified censure and disapproval to such unlady-like conduct.

I was careful not to refer to the Crusade work in my lectures in the South, as I did not desire to antagonize the women against such work as I hoped to induce them to take up. But at length ladies would become anxious to hear about that strange work. And as I have told them of the wonderful baptism that came down upon the women and carried them out of themselves up into a holier atmosphere than they had ever known or dreamed of before, enabling them to overcome their shrinking and timidity and go out joyfully to offer the gospel of pardon and peace to the lowest class of men in the land, on condition of repentance and giving up their murderous business, how the tears would rain down their cheeks, and how they would beg, "Oh, tell us more, tell us more."

In England, also, the impression had been received through some of our American papers, especially New York papers, that were either the organs of the liquor trade, or for political or money considerations, sympathizers, that it was the lower class of women, armed with whatever weapons they could get hold of, were making a war of extermination upon the "public houses" and "licensed victualers'" establishments. Such a scene as they had pictured of our holy war, and conducted by the class they supposed — a class that we do not see, as a class, in our smaller

towns in this country, or scarcely in our cities away form the seaboard, certainly not in such numbers as to move by concerted action on the streets—would be a terror indeed.

Even many of the temperance friends were only undeceived by my explanation of the work and the women engaged in it. It was worth everything for my vindication that I could say that the leader of the first band of Crusaders that moved out in Ohio was the daughter of one of our Governors; that ladies of the highest station, as also of deep piety and respectability, were leaders and constant, earnest workers; that I had led out a Governor's wife, wives of Judges, Congressmen, State Legislators and of noted Divines.

CHAPTER VI.

Fermented Wine—Springfield Organization.

OUR third mass-meeting in Springfield was held on December 24th, and in this meeting came from one of the speakers, a minister, the first inkling of politics. The gentleman took occasion to refer in severe terms to the Prohibitionists and Democrats, and sought to prove that the Republican party was a prohibition party. His remarks, however, were met at once, on the part of several gentlemen, by a strong disclaimer of any partisan intent, but asking the aid and co-operation of all parties.

The fourth public meeting was held on the 30th of December, with no abatement of numbers or interest, Mrs. M. W. Baines being the main speaker. And here was made the first attack upon fermented wine at the Lord's table. Mrs. Baines had seen the disastrous results of presenting this "cup of devils" to the man struggling with his appetite for strong drink.

She spoke her sentiments fearlessly and with feeling. But while she was admitted to be a lady of ability, she was not at that time a professor of religion. And the blind, not able to discern the truth, at once took great alarm. Here

was a woman, not a professor of religion, attacking the sacred ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Not a little agitation was caused.

Some time after this, she was called to Zanesville to lecture, and here again declared her views on the subject. The city papers took up the matter and rated her in no measured terms for presuming to attack the holy ordinance. It was sacrilegious. People did not at that time seem to be able to distinguish between a condemnation of a great wrong in the ordinance and condemnation of the ordinance itself. The agitation of this subject of sacramental wine originated in Springfield, and was brought up in our State Convention some months later by our Brother Spring, a report of which will be found in its proper place.

These items, which may seem rather trivial to the reader, do serve as indices of our growth, and as such I give them. And this reminds me that at our first National Convention, held at Cleveland, a member of our committee on "Appeal and Plan of Work," presented a resolution in committee, praying physicians not to use alcoholic liquors in treating our sick, saying we had rather they should die sober than live drunkards. This was suggested to her mind by discovering that her family physician—a homeopathist—had been administering alcoholic stimulants to her only son, who was in ill health. While we were in warm sympathy with her, we were sure the sisters would not entertain such a

resolution. We advised her instead of our incorporating it in the report, to submit it as her own to the Convention; and she did, but it was at once tabled as too extremely "radical." I did not know, however, that the accustomed bearer of dispatches to the wilderness was credited with this additional sin till I saw in the next day's paper an item from dear Miss Willard saying, "Mother Stewart was not the author of the objectionable resolution."

The *Springfield Republic* of January 7, 1874, gives the following report:

WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION—ORGANIZATION OF A NEW SOCIETY—PLAN OF OPERATION—OFFICERS, ETC.

This meeting was held in the First Presbyterian Church, immediately after the union prayer meeting was closed, Wednesday morning. The meeting was called to order by electing Rev. J. W. Spring to the Chair. The Chair then stated the object of the meeting; that the ladies of Springfield organize themselves into an association, and work upon some definite plan that they may deem best. Mrs. E. D. Stewart then stepped to the front and made a neat, pointed speech, in which she enlightened her sisters on their duties to God and humanity. No, she rather urged upon them what they already saw was so very necessary; then presented the report of the committee to which this matter had been referred.

COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

Your committee would recommend the following plan: That the ladies call a meeting to organize a temperance association and elect a President, Treasurer, Secretary and one Vice President from each ward, and that these officers constitute an executive committee, whose duty it shall be to provide work

for sub-committees whom they shall appoint for each ward, each ward to be divided into districts, and a committee for each district appointed, whose duty it shall be to circulate books provided with the headings herewith submitted, one for the raising of money and the other a pledge for co-operation.

These committees shall raise all the money they can, and get all to sign the pledge of co-operation; and also, electioneer for the temperance cause, see all the men they can, and when they cannot see the men, get their wives and daughters to join them in the work of inducing their husbands, sons and brothers to join in the work of electing officers who will pass a prohibitory law, and carry out the law to the letter. Also let this executive committee of women call in such of our business men as they choose to select as an advisory committee, to meet them from time to time in their meetings.

Let the great work now be to elect at our spring election men who will pass a prohibitory law, and if we fail in this measure, fall back on any other plan thought to be most advisable, and prosecute the work till the next election. We deem it important to keep this work in the hands of the women of our city. Let them continue, as they have begun the work, to be the prominent characters in the movement. Also let a committee of men be appointed whose duty it shall be to visit the pastors of the African Churches, the German and the Catholic, and get them enlisted to use their efforts toward the suppression of the evil.

WM. A. BARNETT,
CHAS. RABBITTS, } Committee.
E. C. MIDDLETON,

Your committee recommend the following as the headings for the subscription and pledge:

"We, the undersigned, agree to pay the sum annexed to our names monthly for one year from January 1st, 1874, to the Treasurer of the Ladies' Temperance Association of Springfield, to be applied for meeting the expenses attending their action in the suppression of the liquor traffic in the city of Springfield.

"We the undersigned, *without respect to creed or party, agree to unite for the suppression of the liquor traffic* in Springfield, O.

"And for this end, in connection with all other justifiable and practical means, hereby pledge ourselves to vote for such men only to fill all municipal offices at our coming Spring election whose position is unmistakable in favor of *Temperance Laws* and their *faithful* and *impartial execution*, and who will do all in their power, if elected, to bring about this much-desired reform."

After reading the above, which was unanimously adopted, the meeting went into an election of officers, which resulted in the following election:

President, Mrs. E. D. Stewart; Vice Presidents, 1st ward, Mrs. Wm. A. Barnett; 2nd ward, Mrs. Dr. Teegarden; 3d ward, Mrs. Thos. Finch; 4th ward, Mrs. John Foos; 5th ward, Mrs. Jas. Kinney; Secretary, Mrs. J. A. S. Guy; Treasurer, Mrs. S. W. Cathcart. It was thought best by the meeting to have an Advisory Committee of gentlemen, and the following persons were elected: Wm. A. Barnett, E. C. Middleton, Chas. Rabbitts, Rev. J. W. Spring, P. P. Mast.

There were said many good things during the talk, but this is about as good as any. A speaker said that gentlemen kept saying to her, "The women are doing a noble work, and doing just what they ought to do," and they said this without blushing too. But is it the women's work? No, it is the men's, and they know it, and they could crush intemperance out without our aid if they would; but we women intend to set them an example, and by God's help and united effort we will succeed.

I am happy to record that the ladies who were on that morning elected as my co-workers and counselors were in truth "elect ladies," certainly no one in all the campaign was more highly favored. Always ready both to give advice and to second any suggestion for the advancement of our work.

I trust it may not seem a discrimination when I mention the names especially of our Secretary, Mrs. Guy, our Treasurer, Mrs. Cathcart, and Mrs. Foos, as I was brought into closest association with them, and I am glad to say in all these following years they have maintained their places as my discreet advisors and warm friends. This was the second regularly organized society in Ohio, the first as already mentioned being formed at Osborn. We adopted a constitution similar to that of the ladies of Osborn.

The *Cincinnati Gazette* of the next day, in a report of this organization says, "All the ladies who belong to this organization have great influence in the city."

Our Temperance agitation had begun to attract visitors from abroad. Among these was a Mr. S. M. Douglass, then of Columbus, now of Rochester, N. Y., a zealous temperance man. He was so stirred up by attending some of our meetings and witnessing our work, that upon returning home he induced his Lodge of Good Templars to send for me. I went over on the 8th of January. That morning and ride are a memory apart. A heavy sleet had fallen and covered every tree and shrub and plant and spear of dead grass with an incrustation of fretted silver, and from everything hung myriads of glittering gems that reflected the sun as it struck them in all the rays of the rainbow or of all precious stones. But, like all earthly riches and beauty, so evanescent, even while you looked

and admired they melted and faded away. And I also remember that the pleasure of the ride was greatly enhanced by the company of Capt. and Mrs. Hall, of Connecticut, who were returning after a visit to friends in our city.

The Captain told me he had followed the sea for thirty years, sailing around the world and into almost every port in it, without touching a glass of anything that would intoxicate. But what use of his telling it? His very presence proclaimed him a gentleman of correct habits and pure life, a true gentleman. An active, vigorous man, though well advanced in years, with the complexion of a young girl. The life, whether good or ill, makes its record and leaves its indelible marks on the man whether he will or no.

From the Columbus *State Journal*, January 9, 1874, I copy the following report:

MOTHER STEWART IN COLUMBUS.

Mrs. E. D. Stewart addressed an audience in Sessions' Hall, on Thursday evening, 8th inst., which was one of the largest and most enthusiastic temperance meetings ever held in the city, and the relation of her experience as a spy in a saloon on Sunday was really exciting. At the close of her lecture she called on the ladies of the audience who were willing to take an active part in pushing forward the work of temperance to stand up, which was responded to by all. The gentlemen were then invited in the same manner, and a general rise was the result. Mrs. Stewart seemed surprised at this, and remarked that if they had the women of Springfield with the men of Columbus, "noble work could be accomplished." This was the first note sounded in Columbus of the glorious work that was soon to occupy all minds and hearts

of the women here, as everywhere else over the State. Only a few weeks later, at Columbus, was held the grandest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held in the State up to that time, but only to be followed by others like to it, in other places, as the work advanced.

A foul murder, committed on the 12th of January, in one of the murder-mills of our city, by the keeper and his wife, on one of their victims, served to greatly swell the temperance tide, which was steadily on the rise.

We had by this time established our morning temperance prayer-meeting,—the meetings of the "week of prayer" merging into our temperance prayer-meetings, an account of one of which I clip from the *Republic* of January 12th inst. As these reports give the status of the week and the sentiment of the workers quite as well as I could, I prefer to copy from them.

"The prayer-meeting this morning (Monday) at the First Presbyterian church was fully attended. Rev. Mr. Spring, in opening the meeting, suggested that if the men engaged in the soul-destroying business of dram-selling would abandon it, every encouragement would be given them by the community in any legitimate calling.

Rev. Dr. Clokey followed by prayer and remarks, in which he compared the mission of the praying people of Springfield to that on which Christ sent his apostles, when their peace should abide on those who received them, but the dust should be shaken from their feet as a testimonial against those who rejected them.

Mr. Middleton followed with specific objects of prayer, especially for the keeper of the saloon where the murder was committed, and for the keeper of the saloon in our most respectable hotel, that the hearts of these men who were dragging to destruction so many of our young men might be converted from the error of their ways. He also prayed fervently for the newly-elected directors of the Lagonda House, that they might be led to do the right. (In regard to the saloon in the building.)

Mr. T. J. Finch said he thought a proper object of

Mrs. Cathcart. Mother Stewart. Mrs. Phillips. Mrs. Guy Mrs. Foos.

prayer was the young men who were on the downward road. He knew there were fathers and mothers at that meeting whose sons were reeling in the streets, and yet they were unconscious that they drank.

J. W. Jarrett said he started this morning to invite a saloon-keeper to this prayer-meeting. He met him on the way and found him very willing to talk with him on the subject, and although he declined to come to the meeting, he asked that the meeting would pray for him. That saloon-keeper was Mr. Wm. Stubbee.

The hymn commencing "Show pity, Lord," etc., was sung, followed by prayer by Dr. McKnight, who earnestly prayed the Lord to give Christians the necessary faith that even this man might be converted and reclaimed.

Rev. Mr. Hamma was glad to hear this turn of the movement. While he was in favor of the law, he was also in favor of the Gospel,—the Gospel of love. What we were, more than the liquor-sellers of Springfield, was by the grace of God.

Rev. Mr. Bennet, in his prayer, referred to Christ mingling with wine-bibbers until he was called one, and that it was our mission to labor for their reformation.

Mother Stewart made a speech in a voice trembling with emotion. She said she thanked God that one saloon-keeper had been touched, and hoped that he would forever renounce his nefarious business. Good news for the temperance cause was coming to us from different parts of the State. At Washington, Wilmington and Hillsboro the people were awaking to the necessity of crushing out the evil. In Washington forty heroic women marched out of a prayer-meeting, while prayers were ascending up to the throne of God, asking Him to aid them in their noble work, and the bells kept tolling, encouraging them and telling them they were being prayed for. These noble women visited every saloon-keeper in the place, asking each and every one to quit his evil business, and telling them they were being prayed for. Now, here in this city, before many prayers had been offered up for this class, one had come vol-

untarily forward and asked for prayers—he had run, as it were, to meet us. This was encouraging; and she hoped ere long to hear the bells ringing, prayers ascending, and the women of our city marching on to victory in this glorious cause. God could and would help if we earnestly asked His aid. One young man had said he was willing to give $10 to help stop this accursed business in our midst. He was a mechanic in one of our manufactories. Another said he was willing to forego drinking and give the money thus saved to suppress intemperance. This was also encouraging. She spoke of mothers coming to her and asking if something could not be done to save their boys; and a father whose hair was whitened with age and who was seemingly bending over the grave, had said to her, "My heart is broken. Crush out intemperance and save others from the agony I have endured." She hoped the interest would keep on increasing until success would be the reward. In after remarks, when some one had suggested prayer for distillers as well as saloon-keepers, Mrs. Stewart said she would like the lawyers prayed for also, that they might have power and courage to prosecute the liquor cases that may come before the courts.

The subject for the meeting to-morrow morning is prayer for a revival in all the churches. The meeting was one of profound interest.

Our work is becoming almost overwhelming. The interest is spreading and deepening from day to day. My whole time has long since been entirely absorbed. Rising in the morning, my first thought is, what shall come to my hand to-day? Upon going up to the morning meeting, calls and appeals come to me for help to find a husband or son, for counsel or sympathy or pecuniary aid, or to visit the Mayor's Court with some pitiful woman to see if anything can be done to save her boy from the prison and disgrace—to save her husband, to hear the never-

ending tales of woe. Oh, where is the end? Can it ever come? All the day busy, sometimes unable to reach home, even for dinner, till the street lamps light the way. So weary, so feeble indeed, that often, as I have turned my steps homeward, I have looked at passers-by in their carriages and wondered why they did not in pity stop and take me home. But how could they know? My work stimulated and animated my whole soul, and the looker-on called it physical force, and often I would be congratulated upon my perfect health. I have heard ladies in the work say, "Oh, if I only had the vitality that Mother Stewart has." But how little they knew of the weariness, physically, in which I went forth. It seems to me that hundreds of times in the weariness and pain of the night, when paying the tribute mother nature insists upon for over-strain, I have said, 'Now, certainly I have gone the very last day I can, I must yield it all up." But, as the poor, overburdened housewife said, when I would get up and get "limbered out," I would go on again through the day, and so, with little variation, have I gone all these years.

I could stop here and write a homily, if it were advisable, on the preservation of health for the sake of the greater amount of good the Christian could do in a healthy body. Ah, what could I have done if I had had perfect health? What could I not do, even yet, though beyond the line of three score and ten, if the tenement had not been prematurely disabled?

Our fifth mass-meeting was held on the evening of January 13th. A most excellent and instructive address was delivered by Mrs. John Foos, which I am sure would be well worth inserting here if the accumulating matter did not admonish me that I will be obliged to omit much that would be valuable as showing the different stages and progress of our work, or swell these pages to inadmissable proportions. The *Republic* of the 14th says, at the close of this admirable address, which was enthusiastically applauded by the audience:

Mrs. E. D. Stewart read a pledge to total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, and proposed that it be circulated in the house for signatures, and suggested that all pastors of churches and superintendents of Sunday Schools circulate the same among those of their charges. Misses Rilla Cathcart, Mātie Ballard, Anna Foos and Lida Ellsworth circulated the pledge, and Mrs. Stewart subsequently announced that 287 signatures had been secured!

The young ladies were coming up finely with their aid and influence. The above named belonged to families of the highest standing in the city. Our "Y's" are to-day our pride, our joy and hope.

The following resolutions were brought forward by Mr. C. M. Nichols, and adopted, having been presented at a previous meeting by Rev. R. P. Thomas:

WHEREAS, The liquor traffic in this city is doing no one any good, and many people great harm, therefore,

Resolved, 1st. That it ought to be abolished.

2nd. That all opponents of the traffic should join hands and commence work.

3rd. That the friends of reform need money to prosecute their work.

4th. That the six hundred women, with Mother Stewart at their head, are doing a good work and ought to be sustained and helped by all honest people.

5th. That we at once recruit and enroll an army large enough to enforce our demands, and then issue a summons to surrender. (At this time,thirteen years later, the summons has not yet been issued. Why?)

6th. That the City Council should adopt an ordinance in accordance with the 199th section of the municipal code. * * * And having adopted it, make provison for enforcing it.

7th. That we should elect only such men to municipal offices as will make wholesome laws and compel people to respect and obey them.

Mr. Barnett, as one of the advisory committee, reported at this meeting that the ladies had a fully-matured plan to secure material aid and pledges of co-operation. Committees of women had been appointed who would canvass each ward. At the close of the meeting the following piece was sung:

"The land our father's trod,
The favored land of God—
Light of the age—
Intemperance doth defame,
And with its lurid flame
Becloud thy glorious name—
Thy history's page.

"Arise, ye sons of light,
And slay this withering blight—
Our country's shame!
Wipe out its cursed stain,
And break the galling chains,
Where e'er the tyrant reigns,
His guilt proclaim.

"The truth in love declare,
But ne'er to speak forbear—
Hence evermore,
Oh, let the watchword be,
Temperance and Liberty!
And Death or Victory!
Till time is o'er.

Heav'n will your efforts bless
And crown them with success,
And keep you free;
The temperance flag shall wave
High o'er the monster's grave;
Then chant His praise who gave
The victory!"

CHAPTER VII.

Letting Out of Troubled Waters.

NEWS comes, glorious news of the spread of the Crusade. Wilmington, Greenfield and Franklin, with other smaller places, have entered upon the Holy war. As we come together in our morning meetings, telegrams are brought in, creating the wildest enthusiasm. Oh, if we could only start that form of work here! But the enemy is so formidable, and with all the interest and enthusiasm now manifested by our people, I greatly fear the test would not give us enough women to make it a success. While some are saying they are ready to visit the saloons and urging me to form a band and lead them out, I find by private canvassing that the majority, as yet, shrink from that form of work. But this I dare not tell, lest I discourage those who are eager to go. But the most discouraging part of it is, that it is considered doubtful, even by Dr. Lewis, whether that form of work could be made successful in the larger towns and cities.

Gentlemen are saying to me, after I have used all my powers of eloquence to stimulate the sisters to a sufficient degree of enthusiasm to

enlist—and I hope I have about succeeded—"Better not go too fast, Mother Stewart;" "Better not attempt it, than attempt and make a failure;" "Better make haste slowly." Oh, dear, how I have toiled, and wept, and prayed, now more than three months. It seems to me that is slow enough haste, in all conscience.

I do not say this new work is *the* way to close out the liquor business, but *a* way, and where being tried is proving wonderfully successful. In all the past efforts in the temperance cause, the drinking places have not been closed up. The great reform movements, such as that of the Washingtonians, were not directed against the saloon; and while undoubtedly for a time the sales were greatly reduced and very probably some places closed for lack of sufficient patronage, enough were always left to supply the demand and to serve as man-traps, ever ready to lure back to his ruin any poor fellow who was too weak to withstand the temptation. And alas, alas! how many were thus lured again to their final destruction, while a new army has been recruited from our own dear boys. How soon might men with the freeman's ballot in their hands, arrest this ever on-surging tide of woe, if they would. But, since they will not, we must do what we can. I do thank the dear Lord that He is awakening the women and calling them from their long, lethargic sleep of indifference upon the subject. But our trouble here is not only the number of places, but the class of men

engaged in the business. The towns that have taken up the work are comparatively small, and the citizens are known to each other. There is a less per cent. of foreigners engaged in the business, and men of American birth are more easily reached by the pleadings of the Christian women, especially where they know them personally. When ladies that they know and respect for their Christian character come to talk with them, they are shamed out of their business. But our liquor-dealers are nearly all foreigners; have been used to selling and drinking all their lives, and care only for the money they can get out of the sale.

My first visit to a saloon-keeper was to Mr. G. D., who was almost done selling. Accompanied by Mrs. Cathcart, I went to his home, a little out of the city. It was a very pretty place, which he had bought with the money he had obtained of many a poor man in exchange for his soul-destroying drink. But while he had dealt the poison to others, he had also partaken freely of it, and he was now slowly dying—a pitiable looking object. I tried to talk with him as well as I could; spoke of his and my locks whitening for the grave. Yes, he said, his hair had been very black, but some nine years before Mrs. Gillet and other ladies (whose boys he was ruining) had combined to prosecute him for selling liquor, and had treated him very badly. He stood them a strong fight, but they beat him and had him sent to jail, where he lay for three weeks.

"That was what turned my hair gray," said he. "It was pretty hard to have it thrown up to my children that their father was in jail." Yes, but this poor, dying man did not seem to think of the many poor wretches that had been sent to jail through drinking his liquors, nor of their children taunted with their fathers being drunkards as well as in jail. The difference is in the point of observation.

Mr. D. charged that the druggists did much more damage than he did, and yet because they pretended to sell only for medicinal purposes, they had immunity from prosecution. He knew that many a man that would not be seen going into a saloon would go to the drug-store and get his flask filled and carry it away in his pocket. He knew all about the druggists' selling. He had been employed by them for many years as tester of the quality of their liquors. I asked him if it was his opinion that there were any pure liquors to be had. He answered that he did not believe there was a bottle in the city.

It is the universal complaint of saloon-keepers that the druggists sell right along, and are permitted to, everywhere. And everywhere the temperance people have repeated the uniform complaint that the druggists are hardest to reach. Claiming their privilege under the law to keep and sell for medicinal purposes, they take advantage of their opportunity to sell to drinkers, and it seems almost impossible to reach them. In one place, I was told of a very respectable doctor

and member of the Legislature, who had an ingenious arrangement in his store, where a gentleman could go to a shelf, where was a faucet just above, turn the faucet, fill his glass and drink, lay down his change and walk out; no questions asked, no word said.

I had a very interesting conversation with a traveler for a wholesale house in Cincinnati, who explained that he only sold to the "legitimate trade," the druggists; he did not sell to saloons. I asked him about how much a druggist doing ordinary business would sell in a year for strictly legitimate purposes. He said two or three barrels. In small places they might not need more than twelve or fifteen gallons. I do not make the sweeping assertion that all druggists disregard the law, but certainly a large class of them do.

Still referring to my files, I see that at our next mass-meeting the interest was increasing. I will only quote from the extended report a speech by J. H. Beadle, the *Commercial* reporter, who said he had been sent by Mr. Halstead to write up this Women's Temperance Movement, which was being published through the State. He had been at Washington C. H., where the women had started, at Greenfield, at Wilmington, and other places. He thought from all he had seen and heard, that the Washington plan was the best for small places; that saloon-keepers could and would resist law measures; that they could raise plenty of money to do this; but when pray-

ing Christian women entered their doors and prayed for them and their families, and that God would open their eyes to the fact that they were dealing out death and destruction, the saloon-keeper had no alternative but to quit. He did not know how this plan would work in a city of this size, and thought it might be wise to use the law. Another point this speaker made was, the importance of the friends of temperance electing men to nominating conventions, so that they then would be sure of electing men of their choice, and said it was folly to wait until candidates were nominated in other interests, and your choice limited to men who do not represent your ideas, some of whom are sure to be elected, and the temperance cause would not be benefited by your votes (very wholesome doctrine this). I also see that my young friend, A. M. Griffith, made a good speech, saying he thought the work needed more young blood in it, and he had decided to cast in his lot with the friends of the cause.

At this meeting I presented the following resolution, which was adopted by a rising and almost unanimous vote:

Resolved, That we, citizens of Springfield, will not patronize any grocery or place of business where intoxicating liquors are sold as a beverage. But, if any person now engaged in the traffic will quit the business, we will not only give him the right hand of fellowship, but we will also give him a due portion of our support and patronage, with others of our fellow-citizens who are engaged in honest and honorable business.

And now I have come to the point where, in

justice to myself as well as to historical truth, I am compelled to refer to a feature that early intruded itself in our work, and has been, in the hands of certain parties, a source of great trouble and grief to me all through it. And although the world, or, I should say perhaps, the women, have wonderfully grown out of much ignorance and narrow prejudice in the march of events, there are yet some who seem unable to keep up with these events, but still stand ready to cry out in alarm at anything that is not in accord with their preconceived notions. I presume even those who do not know me personally, in following me thus far, will be prepared to believe that what I have been convinced is *right*, I must indorse, whatever be the consequences. And thus it was, from my own observation, and more from my own experience in life, I had long since learned that woman was not man's equal before the law. That to live her life as God designed all rational beings should, she must be not only unhindered by unjust laws, but protected, as man was, by those that are just. This I had maintained with voice and pen. But woe is me! I was indelibly branded "strong-minded," "woman suffragist," which were epithets not a whit behind, no, even more scathing than that of "abolitionist," for there was a little consideration for one who braved public prejudice for another, even though that other was a "nigger." But that a woman should clamor for *her* rights—want to go through the mud to

the polls—want to go and vote with horrid men, drunkards and all—she might live with such, forever, and who cared? She might go through mud, or what not, to procure a means of subsistence for herself and children, who cared? But an ambitious woman meddling in politics, wanting office! Oh, dear, it was too utterly awful! Now you are scarcely able to suppress a smile at this array of a scare-crow stuffed with saw-dust or old rags. But you must know the class of sweet women—who are always so happy to declare "they have all the rights they want;" "they are perfectly willing to let their husbands vote for them"—are and always have been numerous, though it is an occasion for thankfulness that they are becoming less so. But they have much to do in making public sentiment on the subject, and they are always louder in declaring that they don't want to vote—not they—than the suffragists are in asking the right. They were sufficiently numerous in the beginning of our work to make a great deal of trouble. It is a fact not generally known, but nevertheless true, that among the beginners of the temperance movement, those that came and stood by my side first were believers in the principle of suffrage; others, though believing in, were reticent about it. But in our work, as it presented itself to us, there was no occasion then for introducing the suffrage question. But those good, satisfied sisters suspected some hidden intent, and rushing into the papers gave the alarm. Oh, why was it that this demon of

discord was permitted to show its deformed head at the very beginning of our work.

I have before me a report by Beadle, correspondent for the *Cincinnati Commercial*, of his visit to Springfield and of the meeting in which he participated, making some sharp, possibly in a degree just, criticisms, though we did not think so. I am satisfied that our methods were the best and only way we could work at the time, and they did arouse and eventually enlist a very large portion of our best citizens.

But unfortunately he asserted that our work promised to split into three currents; one for temperance, another for religious revival, and the third for woman suffrage. No word had been uttered on the subject in any meeting, pro or con, by any one.

Mr. Beadle called on me, the morning before the meeting, and interviewed me at considerable length in regard to my work and the temperance outlook in our city. And his report of the interview is very fair, as his reports of me always were. While he did not endorse my views entirely, he was always fair and generous in his reports of my meetings. He went with me to different points to write up the work for his paper, and I have always counted him as among my warm personal friends. I know he did not intend to do me a personal injury. But, oh, how I have suffered from that letting out of the waters. It gave color and shape to what before had neither color nor shape. And there was no possibility

of arresting the impression that went out everywhere from it. Mr. B., very much to my surprise, persisted in our interview in bringing forward the suffrage question. I could not understand why, but as he insisted upon my giving my views, I did so frankly and honestly, but in no way connected it with our work in hand, and reminded him that this was strictly a private conversation; and again, as he was leaving, I requested him to bear in mind that this part of the conversation was strictly confidential, and he assured me that he considered and would respect it as such. Upon his return to the city, I told him of my astonishment at his report and reminded him of his promise. "Oh," he answered, with a conscious smile, "that I got from others." I am glad to say I never knew who they were. But I learned, to my surprise and grief, that there were a good many swept into that wonderful work, as I suppose always have and will be into every good work, who were not able to grasp the deep meaning thereof, nor to take in the great and glorious lesson God designed to teach his children through it of love and charity and forbearance one with another, as well as with the liquor-seller. We shall have gone a great way towards convincing the world of the genuineness of our religion, and bringing sinners to accept it, when we have learned well the lesson of tolerance and forbearance and charity among ourselves. I found this spirit of discord a source of much anxiety and sorrow to the more earnest and practical in many places.

I had seen from the beginning that we had entered into a struggle with a foe that was strong and unscrupulous, as well as strongly backed with political and financial influence; and I saw that it would take all the combined strength of the Christian Church to overcome it. I therefore exerted myself as far as possible to enlist all, of whatever name, in our cause, and if we could have entirely laid aside our sectarian prejudices and personal ambitions and jealousies, we would have accomplished much more than we did.

The liquor-seller had, if not a respect for religion, at least a sort of superstitious awe and fear of the church. They have said to me, "We thought the whole Christian Church had risen up against us, and we knew it would be of no use to attempt to stand out against them." Yes, and they wonder always why the church could ever tolerate such an abomination; and since it had, they had less respect for it. A wonderful confession, and one to suffuse the Christian's cheek with shame. It was virtually saying that the church had the power to put an end to the liquor traffic if it would—an honest and truthful admission of the power and influence of a faithful church. But what grief and humiliation we suffered when they discovered that it was only a part of the church that had risen up against them, and even these were not always harmonious among themselves. How I exhorted my sisters everywhere to stand together, only

in our united strength could we hope to prevail.

What wonder that many went back to their death-dealing business again!

Springfield being so much larger than those towns that had taken up the visiting method, it was a subject of serious question whether we could make that method successful. Mr. Brown, of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, having visited our city after witnessing the work in the smaller towns, expressed his doubt of the Lewis method succeeding in a city of the size of Springfield, saying it was only calculated to be effective in country towns of 3,000 or 4,000 and under. He adds, "I would not have it understood that Mrs. Stewart is alone in pushing forward the cause. She has several talented coadjutors, among whom are Mrs. M. W. Baines, whose missionary spirit has led her into other towns, and Mrs. S. M. Foos, wife of one of the wealthiest men in Springfield, herself a woman of rare ability. To these ladies the temperance cause is indebted for many excellent addresses and much other valuable service, but whether they are in favor of following the steps of Mrs. Hadley and Mrs. Runyan, of Wilmington fame, and lead a band of women through mud and rain into dens of wickedness, I do not know." Mr. Brown's doubts were most satisfactorily answered only a few days later. Our Executive Committee had been very active in collecting evidence against the rum-sellers for illegal selling, and many cases had been reported and the keepers fined. A second petition was

prepared by order of the Executive Committee and duly presented to the City Council, asking again for an ordinance to prohibit the sale of llquors under the McConnelsville Ordinance, of which we will hear a few days hence. But while we have been so busy in our city, so have the friends all over the country, calling meetings, organizing, getting ready for the conflict, and in many places moving out on the enemy. The papers are almost wholly occupied with reports of the uprising. Is the millennium indeed coming? My great perplexity is, how to select from so much. The history of the work in Springfield, if fully written up, would fill a large volume, as would an account of the movement in almost any place where it was prosecuted. No full history is possible any more than was that of the Great Rebellion.

It is true that the main features of the movement were very similar everywhere, but at the same time every locality had its peculiar features, controlling influences and incidents, both pathetic and humorous. But all were so thoroughly absorbed in the work, so thoroughly a part of it, that they neither had time nor thought for looking on or taking note of passing events.

A reporter for Hillsboro, in a Cincinnati paper under date of January 15th, gives the following:

The woman's temperance movement in our town still continues and the excitement, pervading the entire community at this time, certainly exceeds anything we have witnessed in Hillsboro during a residence of over twenty years, excepting only that oc-

casioned by the news of the firing on Sumter at the outbreak of the Rebellion.

Last week the ladies who had been laboring so faithfully to persuade the liquor-sellers to abandon their death-dealing traffic, appeared to be discouraged by their want of success, as the stubborn enemy still refused to yield, in spite of their prayers and entreaties. At this juncture it was suggested that the Macedonian cry for help be sent over to our neighboring town of Washington C. H., where the ladies had already achieved a grand success in a similar movement, although commenced two or three days after ours. The good women of Washington promptly responded to the call and on Monday last four of the most active leaders in the work, namely: Mrs. Rev. Geo. Carpenter, Mrs. Judge McLean, Mrs. Judge Priddy and Miss Anna Ustic, came over, accompanied by Mr. P. E. Morehouse, Superintendent of the Washington Union Schools, and Mr. C. S. Dean, teacher in the High School department. On Monday night our large Music Hall was densely packed, and stirring and eloquent addresses were delivered by Messrs. Dean and Morehouse, who gave a history of the movement in Washington, in which they had actively co-operated with the ladies. Their story was listened to with the deepest of interest, and aroused every temperance man and woman to a determination to renew the conflict at once and never give it up until victory is won. At the suggestion of Mr. Dean it was determined that the temperance men here should adopt the plan pursued at Washington, and hold a continuous prayer-meeting in one of the churches, while the ladies were visiting the saloons, and that at the close of each prayer the bell be rung to encourage the ladies with the thought that fervent prayers were ascending to God for their work.

The ladies were greatly encouraged by the visit of their sisters from Washington, and a new impulse was given to the work.

From the *Cincinnati Gazette*, under date of January 26th, I copy a very correct report of the work in Hillsboro from the beginning to that date:

"* * * Dr. Dio Lewis, on the 22nd of December last, visited Hillsboro by invitation of the local Lecture Association and addressed us. At the close of the lecture he announced that he would remain and on the next evening speak on the subject of temperance. At that meeting he broached his plan for a campaign against the enemy and enlisted a large number of ladies in the enterprise, besides securing the names of many gentlemen to "back" the movement. From here he went to Washington C. H., and inaugurated a like work, whence this has been often called the Washington C. H. movement. Since that time Hillsboro has been the scene of constant excitement.

Every morning at 9 o'clock the basement of the Presbyterian Church is filled with women and men who meet for prayers. After an hour's devotional exercise, the women start upon their round of visitation. They enter each saloon, drug-store and hotel with their "dealer's pledge," asking the proprietors to sign it. When met with refusal they sing and pray, plead and exhort, beseech, implore and sing and pray again, until the dealer yields to their entreaties or it is time to go elsewhere. Every night meetings are held in the audience-room of the Presbyterian or Methodist Church, or else in our commodious Town Hall.

These rooms are crowded nightly, and the meetings are full of interest. More than four weeks of such labor have passed, and instead of flagging, our zeal steadily increases. All denominations are represented; all parties, all classes, all colors, are represented. The leading spirits are the women of our most influential families, and with them march, and work, and kneel, and pray, the representatives of every circle in our village society. On the first morning of their visiting, their pledge was signed by J. J. Brown and Laybert Isamen, druggists. These men had nobly shown their Christian integrity and honesty by the willingness, even earnestness, with which they responded to their duty. Dr. W. R. Smith, another druggist, signed reluctantly, and with a promise that is thoroughly unsatisfactory to all who are in earnest in the matter. His position as an

elder in the Presbyterian Church, and his earnestness heretofore in public prayer, had caused many to hope for better things from him.

But action has been postponed in his case, as personal friends trust that by private persuasion he may be brought to see the error of his ways.

Of the fourth druggist, more anon. His name it is "tegus" to dwell upon: it is William Henry Harrison Dunn. Of the saloons, that of Joseph Lance was soon closed. It was a hard place, known as the "Lava Bed." After a prayer-meeting or two Joe was arrested for illegal selling of liquors, and stands over to court on two indictments. He is a clever fellow who got into a bad business. His establishment is closed, never to reopen, and he is selling fish. They are known as "cold-water fish," and find ready sale in these cold-water times. The saloons kept respectively by Dr. Roch and William Schwartz, held out longer, but two weeks siege brought them to terms. They re-shipped their liquors to Cincinnati and sold out their traps at auction. The ladies attended in force, anxious to secure mementoes. It was fun to see our pious sisters stringing home from this sale, lugging bottles, tumblers, beer-mugs and decanters. One good mother in Israel, hugging to her bosom a long-necked fancy bottle with a marble arrangement to its mouth, and a pictured label lettered "Whisky," was an object for contemplation, as she stood waiting to get one of those "pretty glasses with handles to them," before she went home.

The women left their measure for a hundred pairs of shoes, more or less, with Roch, and he is now pegging away at his trade with an easy conscience and satisfied face. Mr. Schwartz has bought a stock of groceries, and bids fair with the patronage of the temperance people to do a good business. Billy is said to be about the happiest man in town since his "change of base," as he thoroughly hated his former occupation.

Of the other saloons and hotels, none have as yet come fully to their duty, though their trade in liquor is cut down to such an infinitesimal figure as to be virtually extinct. A little back-door work is going on, but they all know that spies are thick

about them, and those who fear not God have a wholesome respect for law, as it will be enforced under the present circumstances. I understand that a number of indictments will probably be found by our grand jury, which sits this week. These, if secured, will help out the praying handsomely. Meanwhile the battle wages around Dunn's drug store. It is felt that until he surrenders nothing further can be accomplished. His yielding would be speedily followed by a rout and capture of the rest. Daily, scores of women visit him to sing and pray. On Friday last, for the first time, they found his door locked in their faces, so that their prayer-meetings have since been held on the pavement in front of his establishment.

It is a thrilling sight to see these women communing with their Maker before his store, while he sits communing with himself within. It is sincerely to be regretted that he has allowed himself to be thus placed as an obstacle to the progress of the work. His high sense of honor and frank, open disposition would have inclined him to a better course, but he has unfortunately yielded to the influence of corrupt counselors in this matter. They have nothing to lose by their action, while he suffers severely in pocket and public esteem by being used as a protection for worse men. Of course, sooner or later he must surrender; no man can stand long against the moral power of the whole community when it is brought to bear at short range on him. (The sequel proved that the reporter reckoned without his host.) An Irishman standing across the street the other day watching the women before this store, removed his stub pipe, blew out a contemplative cloud of smoke and blurted out: "Och! begory! they'll jist pray the boots off of him." The fact is, the Lord is at the head of this movement, and will no doubt prove a match for Mr. Dunn. (And he did, for the man never prospered in his business afterwards, but succeeded meantime in giving the temperance friends much trouble.)

Turning a corner on last Saturday afternoon, I came unexpectedly upon fifty women kneeling on the pavement and stone steps before this store. A

daughter of a former Governor of Ohio was leading in prayer. Surrounding her were the mothers, wives and daughters of former Congressmen and Legislators, of our lawyers, physicians, bankers, ministers, teachers, business men of all kinds. Indeed, there were gathered there representatives from nearly every household of the town. The day was bitter cold, a piercing north wind swept the street, chilling us all to the bone. The plaintive, tender, earnest tones of that pleading wife and mother arose on the blast and were carried to every heart within reach. Passers-by uncovered their heads, for the place whereon they trod was "holy ground." The eyes of hardened men filled with tears, and many turned away saying they could not bear to look on such a sight. When the voice of prayer was hushed, the women arose and began to sing softly a sweet hymn, some old familiar words and tune, such as our mothers sang to us in childhood days. We thought, "Can mortal man resist such efforts?" An old rough-visaged farmer, wiping the tears from his eyes with his fists, ejaculated, "'Pears to me like a rail would go through that door mighty durned quick." Then the women kneel and once more the earnest tones of prayer are borne upon the breeze. So, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. the work goes on, the ladies relieving each other by relays.

Close by is the residence of the Hon. John A. Smith, our former M. C., and now our delegate to the Constitutional Convention. His noble, warm-hearted wife has provided a bounteous lunch to which the workers resort, then away to kneel and pray. The effect upon the spectators is indescribable. No sneer is heard, scarcely a light word is spoken. The spirit of devotion is abroad, and those who would scorn to pray themselves, yet feel that here is something which they must at least respect. Many a "God bless them" falls from lips unaccustomed to use the name of Deity only in blasphemy. There is not a man who sees them kneeling there, but feels that if he were entering Heaven's gate and one of these women were to appear, he would stand aside and let her go in first. Our work is not attended with what is called enthusiasm, or rather the enthu-

siasm has been guided to a purpose. We propose to settle this thing forever while we are at it. Our good citizens have raised a subscription, in the form of a "guarantee fund," to assist this movement. This now amounts to about $13,000, and can easily be raised to $100,000 if necessary; a little opposition will run the figures up indefinitely. A little experience with Judge Steel would no doubt teach the whisky men that it is illegal to sell liquor contrary to law, a seeming plain proposition, but one which they seem slow to heed.

I have tried to give a full and yet as brief an account as possible of our work here. It is a weary struggle. Delicate women have for a month past trudged through storm and slush, and knelt in filthy rum-holes, and on cold pavements, offering up their lives and health as a free sacrifice to the good of mankind. The end is not yet, but their hearts grow stronger, their faith brighter, their prayers more earnest with each day. Whatever outside scoffers may say, we of Hillsboro will hereafter have no sneer for women, and no sneer at prayers. I should perhaps speak of the thorough Christian spirit that pervades the community. As the breath of roses ladens the air of summer evenings, so the prayers of these women seem to be diffused by the January winds, and to fall in blessing on every heart. The feeling is one of yearning love and pity for those who stand out against their duty to their fellow men. It is true that some of us remember at times that our Master once used the scourge on evil men, and we feel as though one or two of these recreants should be driven from God's temple, but the spirit of kindness reigns, and instead of blows our people favor invitations and entreaties. Yet back of Mercy, Justice stands, and when the one can not persuade the other will surely compel.

Later.—I have just learned that a dispatch has been received from Cincinnati that $16,000 have been raised there to "back" our whisky men. Send it along, gentlemen, currency is scarce up here, but we will see you and go double. Cincinnati can not force a thing on this community which we will not have.

"F."

The observant reader will not fail to note the very evident quickening of the hitherto inactive and inoperative male conscience in regard to the laws which had for so long remained a dead letter; and this was a notable result everywhere. The sight of gentle, frail women turning out in the most inclement weather, marching through rain, snow or sleet, entering the vilest of dens, amid the fumes of liquor and tobacco—a place they had always been taught they should not seem to see in passing, or even refer to—and there kneeling and crying to God to have mercy upon and touch the heart of the seller — or, being locked out, kneeling on the pavement or frozen ground and thus continuing their devotions through the whole day, and into days and weeks, was indeed a sight to quicken the sensibilities of any Christian man into wonderful activity. What wonder, when he saw his own wife and daughter among them, if many a man under the impulse of the newly awakened conscience and regard for his wife, felt as though it would be a source of satisfaction to "go in and clean 'em out." Many a time this would have been done, especially where insult or disrespect was offered to the women, if the women had not stood between their husbands and the offenders.

Ah, me! if they had not lapsed into their old lethargic indifference as soon as the exciting scenes passed from their sight, we would not to-day, thirteen years later, be, to all human appearances, as far from the fruition of hope as

we were then. Then, indeed, the Lord had virtually given the enemy into our hands; but the men failed to come up and hold the citadel after we had taken it. "We thought the whole Christian world had risen up against us, and we knew it would be no use to try to withstand them," said the saloonist.

Alas! alas! we had come in sight of the promised land, but through their business and political complicity with the traffic they were shorn of their moral strength and we were not permitted to enter in. And so have we been wandering, and the probability is that we shall continue to wander in this wilderness of sin till we make up the measure of our forty years, as the children of disobedience did in the long ago for a less heinous offense. Who can count, or who will stand for the souls that shall go down to the drunkard's eternity as the years roll on.

CHAPTER VIII.

Reports of Washington, Wilmington, New Vienna, Waynesville and Franklin

HOUGH I have quoted quite at length from the reports of the beginning of the work at Washington C. H., I find in the history of their work sent me by the President, Mrs. Carpenter, some further accounts that I am sure will be of interest.

Mass-meetings were held nightly, with new victories reported constantly, until Friday, January 2d, one week from the beginning of the work. At the public meeting held in the evening the Secretary reported every liquor-dealer unconditionally surrendered, — some having shipped their liquors back to the wholesale dealers, others poured them into the gutters, and the druggists all had signed the druggists' pledge (which was to the effect that they would sell only on the physician's prescription for medicinal purposes and mechanical uses). Thus, a campaign of prayer and song had in eight days closed eleven saloons and pledged three drug-stores to sell only on prescription.

At first men had wondered, scoffed and laughed, then criticized, respected and yielded. Morning prayer and mass-meetings continued to be held and the pledge circulated, and committees sent out to aid the movement elsewhere. (I may say here that the point of contention between Hillsboro and Washington was that Hillsboro moved out a day or two in advance and therefore claimed precedence as to time, and Washington rid the town of the saloons in little over a week, and so claimed precedence as to results, and indeed because of their wonderful success it was at first known as the "Washington movement.") To proceed with the narrative: Early in the third week the discouraging news came that a new man had come to open up in one of the deserted saloons, and that he was backed by a whisky house in Cincinnati to the amount of $5,000, to break down the movement. On Wednesday, January 14th, the whisky was unloaded at his room. About forty women were on the ground and followed the liquor in, and remained, holding an uninterrupted prayer-meeting all day and until eleven o'clock at night. The next day, though bitter cold, was spent in the same place and manner, without fire or chairs, two hours of that time the women being locked in while the proprietor was off attending a trial. On the following day, the coldest day of all the winter of 1874, the women were locked out, and stood on the street holding religious services all day long. Next morning a tabernacle

was built in the street just in front of the house, and was occupied for the double purpose of watching and praying. But before night the sheriff closed the saloon and the proprietor surrendered.

A short time after, on a dying bed, this four-days liquor-dealer sent for some of the women to tell them their songs and prayers had never ceased to ring in his ears, and begged them to pray again in his behalf. So he passed away.

But there were two places outside the corporation that the ladies saw must be closed or the work of death still go on. I will let my friend Beadle, in his own peculiarly lively fashion, give this part of the Washington "Whisky war." He says:

I reached Washington at noon of January 20th, and seeking Mr. Beck's beer-garden, found him in a state of terrible nervousness, as the ladies had spent the forenoon in his place. He evidently regarded me as a spy, but was much molified when I answered that I was only a journalist, and made voluminous complaints in high Dutch and low English.

"I got no witnesses. Dem vimen, dey set up a shob on me. But you don't been a bitual drunkard? Oh, no, you don't look like him. Vell, coom in, coom in. Vat you want, peer or vine? I dells you dem vimens is shust awful. Py shinks, dey build a house right in de shtreet und shtay mit a man all day, a singin' and oder foolishness. But dey don't get in here once again already."

In obedience to his instruction I had entered by a side door—the front was locked and barred—to find four customers indulging in liquor, beer and pigs'-feet. One announced himself as an original granger, the second as a retired sailor, while the others were non-committal. They stated that two spies had just appealed for admission. Men who

would come in and drink, they were habitual drunkards under the Adair law. I find it everywhere to be the great horror of saloon-keepers. It allows wife, child, or other relative particularly interested, to prosecute for sale of liquor to husband or father, and almost any one may prosecute for sale of liquor to an habitual drunkard.

Hereupon Mr. Beadle indulges in a little moralizing on the constitutionality of the law, and the chance it made here for black-mailing. It is always a question with some men when a law proves itself efficient against the liquor traffic, whether it is constitutional, and lest it may be, they hasten, under bribe or lash of the liquorarchy, to break its force, as that of the Adair law was broken shortly after this.

He continues:

Mr. Beck kept open house all that night. The sounds of revelry were plainly heard in town, and in the morning several drunken men came into town, one of whom tumbled down in a livery-stable and went to sleep in the manger, from which he was carried to the lock-up.

Matters were evidently coming to a crisis, and I went out early; but the ladies reached there in force just before me. I met Mr. Beck hurrying into town to consult a lawyer, or as he phrased it, "to see mine gounsel, ven I no got a right to my own broperty."

The main body of the ladies soon arrived and took up a position with right center on the door-step, the wings extending each way beyond the corners of the house, and a rearward column along the walk to the gate. In ludicrous contrast the routed revelers who had been scared out of the saloon, stood in a little knot fifty feet away, still gnawing at the pigs'-feet they held onto in their hurried flight, while I took a convenient seat on the fence. The ladies then sang:

"Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
He will give you grace to conquer
And keep you to the end."

As the twenty or more clear, sweet voices mingled in the chorus—

"I'm glad I'm in this army,"

the effect was surprising. I felt all the enthusiasm of the occasion, while the pigs'-feet party, if they did not feel guilty, certainly looked so. The singing was followed by a prayer from Mrs. Mills Gardner. She prayed for the blessing of God on the temperance cause generally, and in this place in particular, then for Mr. Beck, his family and friends, and all that pertained to him, and closed with an eloquent plea for guidance in the difficult and delicate task they had undertaken; it was eminently fitting to the place and the occasion. As the concluding sentences were being uttered, Mr. Beck and his "gounsel" arrived. The ladies paid no attention to either, but broke forth in loud strains:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone?
No, there's a cross for me."

Then the lawyer borrowed some of my paper, whispering at the same time: "I must take down their names; guess I shall have to prosecute some of them before we stop this thing."

I should need the pen of an Irving, and the pencil of a Darley, to give any adequate idea of the scene. On one side, a score of elegant ladies, singing with all the earnestness of impassioned nature; a few yards away a knot of disturbed revelers, uncertain whether to stand or fly; half-way between, the nervous Beck, bobbing around like a case of fiddle-strings with a hundred pounds of lager beer fat hung on them, and on the fence by the ladies a cold-blooded lawyer and excited reporter, scribbling away as if their lives depended on it. It was painful from its very intensity.

The song ended, the presiding lady called upon Mrs. Wendell, and again arose the voice of prayer, so clear, so sweet, so full of pleading tenderness, that it seemed she would, by the strength of womanly love, compel the very heavens to open and send down in answer a spark of divine grace that would turn the saloon-keeper from his purpose. The sky, which had been overcast all morning, began to

crear, the occasional drops of rain ceased to fall, and a gentle south wind made the air soft and balmy. It almost seemed that nature had joined in the prayer. Again the ladies sang:

"Are there no foes for me to face,"

with the camp-meeting chorus,

"Oh, how I love Jesus,
Because he first loved me."

As the song concluded, the lawyer suddenly stepped forward and said: "Now, ladies, I have a word to say before this performance goes any further. Mr. Beck has employed me as attorney. He can not speak good English and I speak for him. He is engaged in a legitimate business, and you are trespassing on his property and right. If this thing is carried any further you will be called to account in the court, and I can assure you the court will sustain the man. He has talked with you all he desires to. He does not want to put you out forcibly; that would be unmanly, and he does not want to act rudely. But he tells you to go. As his attorney, I now warn you to desist from any further annoyance."

Again the ladies sang—

"My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,"

and Mrs. Carpenter followed with a fervent prayer for the lawyer and his client; but they had fled from the scene, leaving the house locked up.

After taking counsel, the ladies decided to leave Mr. Beck's premises and take a position in an adjoining lot. They sent for the "tabernacle," a rude frame building they had used in front of Slater's saloon. This they erected on an adjoining lot, put up an immense light to illuminate the entrance to the beer-garden, and kept up a guard from early morning till midnight.

Legal proceedings were at once instituted and two weeks afterwards the following dispatch appeared in the Cincinnati papers:

"WASHINGTON C. H., Feb. 4.—Tell Beadle, of the *Commercial*, that my gounsel has had demperance meeting and tabernacle abated as a nuisance.

CHAS. BECK."

It was too true. An injunction was granted and then the temperance people had recourse to law. A Mrs. Frazier brought suit against Sullivan and Beck, under the Adair law, and the former was soon compelled to surrender. Mr. Beck held out for a short time, then yielded good-humoredly to the ladies, and the place was once more clear.

It was the first great victory of the campaign, the first demonstration of the power of women to do what men, with fifty years legislation, had failed to accomplish. The bells of the town rang out with joy. Great excitement prevailed and the chief business for a few days was the interchange of congratulations.

Wilmington, the county seat of Clinton county, was the next place to fall into line. As I see by the county paper of January 8th, Rev. A. C. Hirst, of Washington C. H., hastened over to tell the neighbors the glad tidings, that a way had been found by which the rum-seller could be reached, what the glorious result had been in Washington, and with fervid eloquence so wrought up the good people of Wilmington that they at once with enthusiasm set to work, men and women, to organize for the siege. I note the familiar names of those days: Revs. Bingman, Runyan, Richards, Kelly, Mary Hadley and Mrs. Runyan. On the evening of January 8th, the men effected an organization and adopted the following resolution:

SCENE AT BECK'S SALOON, WASHINGTON C. H., OHIO.

"*Resolved,* That this meeting pledge its support to the ladies of Wilmington in the temperance movement, with our sympathy, prayers and means."

Whenever the men came and stood by the women with their means, moral, and if need be, legal support, it was found to be a very convincing argument to the average rum-seller's mind. I have maintained, first and last, that the movement was not woman's nor man's, but God's; but that every man and woman had a duty to perform in forwarding it.

It will yet require the wisdom, prayers, means and labor of Christendom, men and women of whatever creed or station, to conquer this hydra-headed demon, the liquor traffic. The reason that we have not long ago conquered it is that we have not united our strength against it, as we should have done.

The day we do, the bells will ring out peans of gladness all over the land, for the victory will be ours.

The following preamble and resolutions, presented by Rhoda Worthington, have a good, strong ring to them:

WHEREAS, We, the women of Wilmington, are called upon, we believe in the Providence of God, to act in the suppression of the gigantic evil, the sale of intoxicating drink in our midst.

WHEREAS, Not a single mother in our broad and otherwise free land, can fold her loved child in her arms, either son or daughter, and say without a fear, "My child is safe from the fell destroyer, my endeared home is secure from its invasion" for the proudest, the noblest and bravest on earth share a like fate, once drawn into the whirlpool of this monster, intemperance, and

WHEREAS, The suppression thereof is not the work of a day or an hour, and when the places of sale are once closed the work is merely begun, and as we believe "in union there is strength," therefore be it

Resolved, 1st, That we keep ourselves organized, either to ourselves or in conjunction with the noble men who are alike with us interested in the cause, laying aside all conflicting opinions of different names, presenting a solid front to the foe, not only to suppress this great evil, but to prevent it from ever again entering our borders.

2nd. That such organization shall meet as often as deemed necessary, at such time and place as may be designated, acting as a vigilance committee on the subject; and when any person may give reasonable ground for suspicion of being engaged in the traffic, care in the love of Jesus be extended to such an one without delay.

3rd. That whatever success may crown our efforts in this direction, all thanks, all praise, and all honor belongeth to Him alone to whom all praise and honor is due.

Would that all, everywhere, had always remembered this third resolution.

On Monday, the 5th, the women marched out forty-three strong, while the church-bells pealed forth to the dismayed rum-sellers, "The women are coming." Thus under the leadership of that beautiful, sweet-spirited Quakeress, Rhoda Worthington, the women of Wilmington opened up a battle. Mrs. Runyan, wife of the Methodist minister of the place at the time, was induced by the earnest entreaties of the good Quaker ladies to join them, and very soon her tongue was loosed and her hitherto buried talents brought into requisition in behalf of the glorious cause, as a popular lecturer. Though, as she has told me, she could not at first entertain the

thought, it was too terrible, and she even brought her keen-edged sarcasm to play on the reverend brother who came to preach this new and unheard-of mode of warfare. Very many ladies have said that at first they had a great struggle with themselves to evercome their prejudice and to see their duty, but, taking it up, such a blessed baptism came upon them as they had never experienced before, and which they would not exchange for all the previous religious experience of their lives. Some who had been professors of religion long years, when going forth bearing the cross and the reproach, and kneeling in those dark abodes of sin for the first time in their lives, had their souls bathed in such a flood of ineffable bliss as they had never before conceived.

Very few of us, living in homes of ease and social surroundings, ever had occasion to prove our love of the Master in any work that did not receive the laudation of the world. Jesus now called to His hand-maidens, "Daughter, wilt thou follow me even into the haunts of vice and crime? Thou wilt find there many a wandering sheep." And responding, we received into our own souls the true riches of which the world knoweth not.

With the practical beginning indicated above, the Wilmington women made a short campaign of it. Among the women here was found our present talented State Secretary, Mrs. Antoinette Clevenger

New Vienna, a small place in Clinton County, became quite noted because of the conflict the women had there, especially with one man. They began their work on January 13th, and in a week all the saloons were closed but two, one kept by a German woman, the other by J. C. VanPelt, who, because of his low, coarse manners and extreme profanity, acquired the name of the wickedest man in Ohio. He swore that all the prayers of all the women in New Vienna would never move him, and that he would baptize the women with beer if they came to his place. When they did come, he ordered them to leave within a specified time. They returned the next day, and while praying that the Lord would baptize him with the Holy Spirit, he threw a bucket of dirty water on them, saying with a profane oath, "I'll baptize you." More water was thrown, but the ladies kept on. Then he resorted to beer, throwing it up to the ceiling, and letting it come down where it would. The ladies continued their devotions.

At length his beer began to get low, and he had to turn the vessel to one side to dip it. Just then one of the ladies sprang forward and with the utmost good humor begged Mr. VanPelt to let her assist him, and she held his vessel atilt for him, so he could the more easily dip his slop. This was so unexpected a turn, that it quite vanquished him, and his rage gave way to a half suppressed smile. The ladies drew off their forces and repaired to the Friends' meeting-house.

The day was a very cold one, but the church was made warm by a large, red-hot stove. And as they gathered about it and began to thaw out, they have assured me that such fumes and perfumes as arose from their drab shawls, muffs and water-proofs certainly were unprecedented in a Friends' meeting. I have always had a sort of theory of my own, that the grimes and soils of earth would not stick to a Friend's garments, but I have to make an exception in the case of beer, for the ladies reported that those neat and tasteful bonnets of theirs, with the white ribbon ties, unmistakably bore marks of their conflict with sin.

On the morrow they returned to the charge. But the enemy flourished an ax and ground his teeth with rage. He was arrested by the men for illegal selling and put in jail, bailed out, re-arrested, and again bailed out. His bitterness and determination intensified. No surrender for him. But it was observed that his place was directly on the line of railroad land.

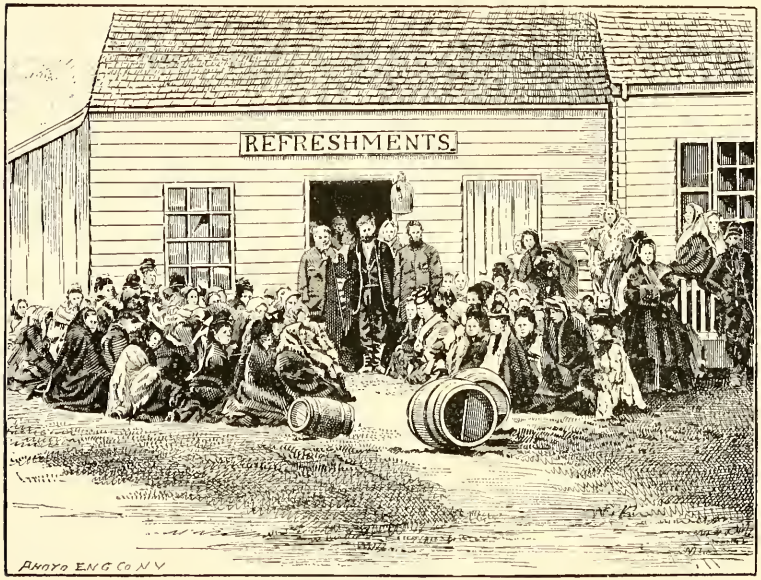
The ladies sent to railroad authorities and asked permission to occupy that particular position of ground directly in front of Mr. VanPelt's saloon, which of course was granted. Lo! Mr. Van-Pelt was checkmated, and the ladies went on with their devotions. He had indeed acquired a widespread notoriety, but it was not paying. Those women had sat down as Grant did before Vicksburg, determined to fight it out on that line if it took all winter and summer. They

were regular, devout, persistent. They divided their time between the woman, Rice, and this last citadel by the railroad. The customers fell off. They could not crowd in past the women. Mr. VanPelt grew serious. He began to reflect. Was he struck under conviction? We will give him the benefit of the doubt.

At length he sent out his proposals of capitulation. The people could not at first believe he was sincere, or meant it in good faith. But he sent for the ministers and made a full surrender to them and the women.

He requested Rev. D. Hill and Rev. H. H. Witter to roll out the barrels, and seizing an ax he said, this was the same he had used to terrify the ladies, and striking it into one barrel after another, the liquor flowed into the gutter while the ladies stood by singing joyful songs of thanksgiving for this blessed ending of their siege.

A week later, VanPelt was in Springfield with Dr. Lewis, and addressed an immense audience in Black's Opera House. I made him a subject of close observation and study. I was disposed to believe him sincere; but knew from all his previous life experience, he could not at once, if ever, rise to the high plain of the Christian principle of doing right because God demands it. I was led to believe that the hope of bettering his condition financially had a good deal to do with his action. He had never before had any other means placed before him, and it is possible that from the assurance of the friends that they would



VAN PELT'S SURRENDER.

help him, and the encouragement given by Dr. Lewis to go into the lecture field, it may have occurred to him that it would pay even better than selling liquor.

It was certainly more respectable, and people made much of him. I felt much solicitude lest disappointment would disgust and turn him aside, and felt sure financial success was very essential, and helped him what I could.

Dr. Lewis had even raised his hopes of going to Europe with him in the interest of the temperance cause.

But the poor fellow was doomed to a great disappointment in the matter of money. He did not succeed as a lecturer. His own story, told in very poor English, and so tinctured with pot-house phraseology, soon became thread-bare, only being tolerated at any time by the hope of saving him. The people were not as liberal as they should have been, I fear; they are not apt to be. I was told of his going to one town to speak, but getting scarcely enough to pay his expenses, and that the saloon-keepers told him if he had spoken for them, they would have handed him five dollars apiece. It takes grace to withstand such pro and con arguments as these.

He was heard of afterwards in Wilmington, keeping a very low, disreputable place, and was suspected of setting fire to the house of the Friends' minister who had attempted to prosecute him. The last I heard of him he was in a western penitentiary. Alas, the seed had not depth of earth.

Waynesville, in Warren county, is a pleasant village on a beautiful declivity overlooking the Miami river and valley. Here the ladies opened up the work with great energy on the 18th of January. Led by Mrs. Jane Jones, a minister of the Friends, they visited Raper's saloon. As they filed in, Mrs. Jones extended her hand to the saloon-keeper, saying, "How's thee?" and asked permission to pray with him, which he courteously granted; and leaning against the bar they all knelt, and Mrs. Jones, in a spirit humble and touching, cried, "Our Father in Heaven, who knowest the inmost thoughts of all hearts, who cannot be deceived, and will not be mocked, we come again in a sense of our own weakness, needing great help from Thee, to do what little is in our power for the relief and salvation of Thy creatures and to Thy honor. We come again in the name of Jesus, asking Thee to put words in our mouths and wisdom in our hearts, when we talk to this, our dear brother. We implore Thee to bless his dear family. We ask again, as we have often asked before, that Thou wouldst send Thy word with power into the heart of this dear brother, that he may give up this terrible sin that has so long kept him away from God. Thou who hast moved so many hearts, in mercy condescend to move upon the heart of this man, that he may no longer endanger his immortal soul. Oh, help him to say, 'Let others do as they may, as for me, I will get rid of this traffic, which is the cause of

so much sin and suffering.' Oh, Lord, have we not seen and suffered enough of this great evil, which fills our land with ruin, till our country is trembling on the verge of destruction? Often, we know this brother has trembled at Thy word, like Felix of old, but still stands where he did, saying, 'Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.'

Lord, bless this man who sits here writing. Give him wisdom, that he may know the truth in all its beauty and importance; and grant him power to convey that truth unto others, to the good of their souls. Impress upon his heart that many, yea, very many are dependent upon him, that if his own soul were all that he imperiled it were enough; but that thousands look to him for exact truth. He cannot say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' for the souls of many may be dragged down to perdition by error and falsehood. Help him to realize the importance of his words. And may Thy blessing rest upon all this assembly, and finally may we meet again at thy right hand, we ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

It was not long till Mr. Raper surrendered and gave up his business. When he notified the women that he proposed to give up, they came in procession, sang and praised God, while the band discoursed sweet music; and the cannon, having also been brought out for the occasion, sent the glad news reverberating up and down the valley between the hills for many a mile. Then it was not very long till another keeper

yielded. His little son, some ten or eleven years old, taking a lively interest in the affair, insisted that the cannon must be brought out also for his father's surrender, and as much demonstration made as over the surrender of their neighbor, which was done, greatly to the delight of the little fellow.

It was noticeable in many instances that the children of the saloon-keepers felt keenly the disgrace that attached to their father's business, and were glad as any one when they gave it up. One of the saloon-keepers here had sold liquor against the wish of his wife, who was a very worthy woman. She was so opposed to his business that she would not accept any of his ill-gotten gain for her support, but worked at dress-making by which to earn her living. When her husband quit selling liquor and went into another business, she gave up her work. But the sad truth must be told, that it was not long till he went back to his soul-destroying business, and the brave-hearted woman took up her dress-making again.

To another man here, the ladies upon his surrender presented a Bible appropriately inscribed. He seemed so pleased and so determined to live a new and better life, that he said he would treasure the gift always, and when he was buried he wanted it placed on his heart. But, in this case, the wife's influence was so adverse that he went back to selling liquor again, and it was not long till he died a violent death, the exact nature of which I cannot recall.

It was in Waynesville that the Crusade found Miss Esther Pugh, who has since developed such grand talents, and is known by the White Ribboners everywhere as our efficient and faithful treasurer. The man at Corwin, just across the river from Waynesville, and near the railroad station, did not surrender, though the women continued to visit and pray with him for a long time. In this case the word was verified which saith, 'The wicked shall not live out half his days." While dealing out the deadly poison to others, he imbibed it all too freely himself, and it was not long till fatal disease fastened itself upon him and he was laid on the bed of death. His wife, who had opposed him when he seemed disposed to surrender in answer to the pleadings of the women, now became alarmed, and asked him if she might send for the priest to pray with him. "No," he exclaimed, "it is too late. Oh, if I had only yielded when the Christian women prayed for me and begged me to give up my business; but now it is too late." So he died. The wife went on with the business, and was still selling the last time I passed down the road. The great danger of tampering with sin is its hardening influence upon heart and conscience.

Franklin began the Crusade on January 21st. There were seven saloons, and four were closed by the 3rd of February. I deem it important to mention that in Franklin a band of Christians had held weekly meeting for some two or three years before the great uprising, to pray for the

overthrow of the liquor traffic in the country. Another evidence that the Lord was impressing on the hearts of his people in so many different places, that while He had borne long with the great evil and even had seemed to wink at the ignorance and indifference of the people, He was now calling them to repentance, and to active warfare against the great, overshadowing sin of the age, as works meet for repentance. The citizens raised a guarantee fund to sustain the ladies in any cases of prosecution that might develop out of their work. They also formed a Temperance Union to watch the future operations of any who might attempt to intrude their traffic upon them. Pity that they so soon grew weary in well-doing.

On one occasion a band of eighteen ladies, one a devoted woman of eighty two years, visited a saloon-keeper, considered the hardest in the place, entering unexpectedly at 6 o'clock in the morning. They had only left him at midnight the night before. At 9 o'clock he locked his door, telling his clerk to let the ladies out when he pleased, but to let no one in, and left. A large and sympathetic crowd stood outside, awaiting the turn of events. And public sentiment was setting so strongly in favor of the ladies that the least insult or rudeness shown them would have resulted in violence on the part of the men. The rest of the sisters, with the men, tarried at the church for their usual morning prayer-meeting.

At the close, they formed their line of march to make their usual visitation. Coming to this saloon where their sisters were in prison, they stopped and joined them in singing the sweet songs with which they were whiling away the hours of their durance. At noon warm dinners were brought them. In the course of the afternoon the proprietor sent his attorney to offer a compromise. But he was assured that unconditional surrender was the only terms. His saloon was closed. Miss Sarah Butler, quite a young lady, but a devoted Christian, did effective service here.

The reporter of the *New York Tribune*, of Dr. Lewis' party, was so struck with her devout, plaintive supplication, as well as with her remarkable utterance before Munger's saloon, that he reported the prayer entire to his paper.

At the Columbus Convention, among others being called out, she gave in such simple, unaffected, yet touching manner, an account of the work in Franklin, that in that great assembly of twelve hundred there was scarcely a dry eye.

CHAPTER IX.

Visit to Lagonda House—Dio Lewis and Van Pelt.

IN SPRINGFIELD our work was growing in numbers and influence, but all too slowly for my impatient heart. And I was coming between two fires, I might almost call it, for while some were growing very impatient to move out, others were either as yet decidedly opposed to the crusade method or unable to bring themselves to the point of taking up such a fearful cross as it seemed to them then. To add to my trouble and perplexity, many of the brethren were doubtful of the expediency of the method in so large a place. I was not myself sanguine of an ultimate success. But I could see that the whole community was in a state of expectancy, even the saloon-keepers were looking for us. It seemed that we had come to a point in our work where there was nothing left for us but to go forward, or lose much vantage-ground that we had now attained.

Other cities were waiting to see what Springfield would do, and if she would be able successfully to carry on the visiting method. The burden became almost too heavy to be borne. I

really wished the Lord would lay me on a bed of sickness, that I might feel relieved of this terrible agony of suspense and responsibility. How I wept and prayed in the night-time, the walls of my chamber, if gifted with speech, could testify. Our morning prayer-meetings were well attended and much interest was manifest, but how to concentrate this interest into a united, determined purpose of action, was the sore and perplexing problem. Frequently, as our meetings were in progress, word by letter, messenger or telegram would be brought in, of the success of the work elsewhere, and with the best logic and eloquence I could command, I endeavored to fan the spark of euthusiasm the news would excite into a flame. Several of our brethren also spoke very earnest and encouraging words. Among these I remember especially our Rev. Brother Clokey, of the U. P. Church and Rev. J. W. Spring, of the M. P. Church.

It was now announced that Dio Lewis was about to return to Ohio to give a month's campaign to help forward the work in various parts of the State. Our Executive Committee not thinking it advisable to invite him to Springfield, the Ladies Benevolent Society telegraphed him to come to us on February 11th.

But the fever of enthusiasm did reach a sufficient height by the 10th to enable a devoted band of twenty-two women to answer to the call for volunteers at the close of the morning meeting, to file out into the ante-room, where we,

in a few hurried words of consultation, came to an understanding of the mode of procedure. The day before, indeed, feeling that I must take up the work if alone, I had visited some four places, the Lagonda House being one, and so got an understanding of the various entrances to the place. It turned out, however, that I was not the only one, for sisters Cosler, Schaffer and Kinney also made visits to three or four places, so that our work of visiting saloons may date from the 9th of February. But we moved out in band and solemn procession the next day. As we reached the door I turned to the brethren who remained in the sanctuary, and begged them to continue in prayer, and gave them our watch-word, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God, I will make mention of thy righteousness, Thine only." Ah, who that fell into line and marched out can ever forget that first moving out! The silent uplifting of the heart to God, the cry for strength, for wisdom to say the right words, for grace to meet in the spirit of our blessed Master whatever trial of faith or patience might come to us, the trepidation at the thought of visiting those low and loathsome places that we had always been taught were the haunts of the low, vile and abandoned. It was certainly a new and strange path in which to follow the Friend of sinners. Somehow, we had not before thought that the command, "Take up thy cross and follow me," had meant even into such dark dens of iniquity. What had it meant? In

times past we had understood it, deny thyself of some little worldly gratification in the way of amusement or dress. And even in these minor matters we had, with rare exceptions, ceased to be distinguished from the world around us.

But now we had, indeed, taken a solemn advance step. How weak we felt, and how we realized the need of help from on high. Thus we moved out, in great trembling, with bowed head, but with eye of faith steadfastly fixed on the Cross of Calvary, going forth to try to rescue the perishing. Oh! to help bring the world to the foot of the cross!

A holy inspiration filled our souls, and as the bell rang out its peals at the close of each prayer as a message of encouragement sent after us, saying, "Courage, brave hearts, we are praying for you, we are praying for you," we felt a sweet and holy joy come into our souls, a new, glad experience that buoyed us as if treading not upon the earth, but the air. Lo! we were walking with Jesus. To-day, time has brought us thirteen years further on the way, yet thousands will still testify to the blessed joy and peace that they experienced as they entered those haunts of sin, knelt there and cried to God to deliver us from the curse of drink, to save our husbands, to save our boys, to save the liquor-seller himself, from the fearful consequences of his wicked business. Then those sweet songs that many a poor, wretched drunkard had heard his sainted mother sing in the old,

far-away home of his childhood, the gentle word of persuasion to the dealer, to the young man, or the gray-haired frequenter that we found in the grog-shop! How many times have I heard the assertion, "I would not exchange that experience for all the rest of my life." Most of our sisters supposed the happiness came from taking up this peculiar form of Christian duty, but I am satisfied that it was the joy and peace that will always come from a willing and obedient following of the Lord, whithersoever he may lead.

It had been with many, a fearful struggle to yield up their preconceived ideas of what was a lady's place, and what the world might think and say. Not a few carried the subject to their closets, and there on their knees fought the battle with self and pride before the Lord, till He gave them strength and they came forth anointed for the war. As I was passing up street one morning, a little, timid minister's wife met me, and grasping my hand, exclaimed: "Oh, Mother Stewart, *what shall I do?* It seems to me that I *can not* take up this work." I said, "Never mind, my dear, it will come all right." A short time after, this little woman walked out by the side of Sister C—— at the head of a band; and as they knelt, Sister C—— said: "Pray, Sister H——; yes, you must pray;" and she did, and such a holy baptism came down upon her that as she walked she held to Sister C's arm, exclaiming, "Oh, I am so happy, I am so

happy! I am so glad you made me take up my cross!" Thenceforth it was a delight to do whatever work came to her.

In my own case I hardly know how it was, but from the day when I decided to help my poor friend by taking her case into court, I have never felt any shrinking or misgiving as to my holy calling to the work. As I have already said, I heard my Father's voice and I hastened to do his bidding. And I scarcely ever lifted up my voice to the Throne, whether in the dark lurking-places of vice and crime, or without on the cold pavement, in the snow and mud, or on the frozen ground, but I felt like shouting aloud the praises of my God for the privilege, and I have never ceased to wonder and to praise Him. Oh, shall I take up the song on the other shore before very long?

And yet there was something about this work so solemn, so pathetic, so approaching the funeral procession, that, though I led out, I suppose, hundreds of bands, I could never, even to the last, look upon the sight without weeping. I either had to be a part of it in the ranks or hasten out of sight.

No wonder that strong men, looking upon it, broke down and wept like very children; and no wonder that the infidel declared, as I heard him, "I am not a Christian. I don't know whether there is a God up yonder, or not. But when I came into the city and saw those women kneeling on the streets before the saloons, and

heard their prayers, I said, if there is a God in Heaven He will hear and answer those prayers." It seems to me the angels must have looked down from their bright abode upon those scenes with awe and wonder and pity.

I can now recall the names of but few of that little consecrated band that fell into line that day, saying to the Master, "Here am I; send me." But some I know, after waging a good warfare and witnessing a good profession, have laid down the weapons of warfare and the cross, and gone up to wear the crown forever more.

Of these promoted ones, I recall our beloved sisters Emmet, Mitchell, Schaffer, Guard, Ogden, Winters, Middleton, Cummings and Olds. Sister Spring, always so humble and modest, so exemplary in life, yet, as she declared, though a minister's wife for ten years, she had never taken up her cross in public, her voice had never been heard in prayer. How she shrank that morning from the duty, asking to be excused, but when I spoke of her example and influence as a minister's wife, and the only one present, it was all that was needed. She promptly took her place and walked with us to the last, becoming most capable in prayer and all needful work—to the end of her short, beautiful life, in her far western field, ever a strong temperance worker, as well as an efficient helpmeet for her husband.

I remember my beloved Sister Cosler, now Phillips, walked by my side that morning, as she

has all these intervening years, in the sweet spirit of sisterly confidence and helpfulness. Sister Kinney, who had been obliged to take the subject to her closet and there settle it, had nevertheless got it settled some days before,—how effectually the years have told—and had been quite impatient to move out. Sister Otstot I remember as she stood by me at the Lagonda House door.

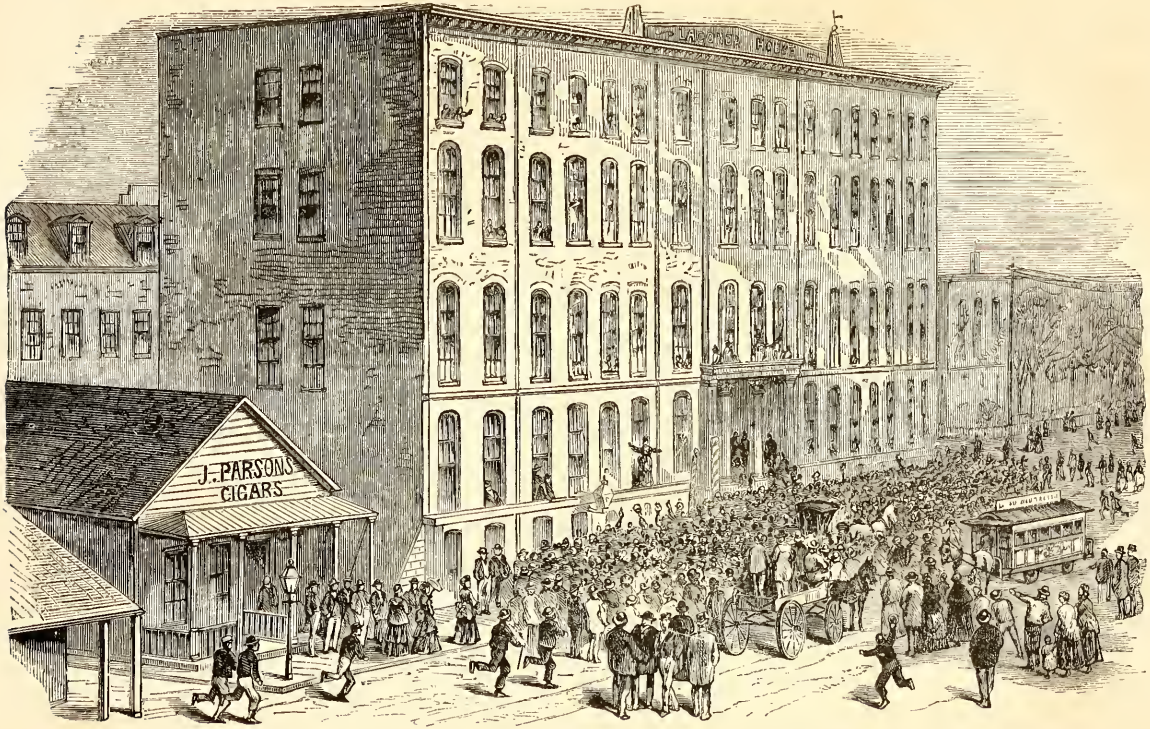
On this first morning of our moving out, the whole city was in a state of great excitement and the streets were thronged with people. The saloon-keepers had been expecting us for sometime, and had their pickets out to watch and report any approach of the dreaded women. The question was, how to reach the saloon without the word out-running us and so being locked out, this at first being considered by the saloon-keepers as a sort of defeat.

I desired also to visit the most prominent saloon first, this being in the basement of the Lagonda House, corner of Limestone and High streets. To reach it from the First Presbyterian Church, where our morning meetings were held, and from which we marched out, required a march around two sides of the square. I led the band up Main to Limestone, then south on Limestone to the front entrance, through which I had learned, in my visit of the day before, an entrance to the saloon could be had by a stairway leading from the office. But the ladies not quite understanding my bit of strategy, preferred

to move around to the outside door This we found locked—the spies had got in a little ahead. It was in front of this door that we held our first Crusade service, and Sister Kinney offered the first prayer. A great concourse of people, men, women and children, carriages, wagons, etc., had gathered and fairly blockaded the street. I turned to a policeman (how nice they were to us in those days) and said: "If I could have a dry-goods box to stand on I would address the people." He motioned to the office window and said, "Go up there." Some gentlemen were in it and I asked them if I might occupy it. They bowed their assent, and asking my young friend Wilburn, of the hotel, to lead the way, I here made my first street speech in the Crusade, to a most respectful and attentive audience. Profound quiet and order prevailed, and I believe a move towards molesting us would have been a signal for a general battle.

Here again is an instance followed by very unexpected results.

Mr. J. R. Chapin, special correspondent and artist, sent out by Frank Leslie to write up and take sketches of the Ohio Women's Whisky War, arrived in Springfield just after we had made our rounds, gathered up the facts and made sketches of the street scene before the Lagonda House and that at Zischler's the next day; also took photographs of Dio Lewis and of Mother Stewart, both in ordinary garb and in her disguise with the Sunday glass in hand. These



STREET SCENE BEFORE LAGONDA HOUSE—MOTHER STEWART ADDRESSING THE CROWD.

came out in *Frank Leslie's Weekly* for February 28th. Where they all found their way would be hard to tell. It was said that a thousand copies were sold in Springfield. One copy reached the hands of my respected friend, Bailie Bucannan, of Dumbarton, Scotland. Mrs. M. E. Parker, of Dundee, W. Vice Templar of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Scotland, in her visiting of the various local lodges visited Dumbarton, and being entertained by Bailie Bucannan, the conversation was of course largely of the wonderful news of the uprising of the women of the West. The bailie brought out a copy of *Frank Leslie*, that by some means had come into his possession. Mrs. P. is a very enthusiastic woman, and deeply interested in all phases of the temperance work. She insisted, though the paper was much worn by the handling it had had, that she must have it. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I wish we could get Mother Stewart to Scotland." This hope she did not give up, though it was more than a year before she realized it.

At the close of our exercises at the Lagonda House, we again formed our procession and marched to the saloon in the Murray House, now the St. James. Finding that also locked, we had our prayers and songs on the sidewalk. Thence we visited a very notorious place, kept by a woman, on West Main street, known as "The Bank." Here we were permitted to enter, and passing to the room in the rear, held our

devotions there, while the crowd of customers were taking their drinks at the bar in the front room. From here we visited Wm. Stubbe—where I had bought my "first glass of liquor." His place was closed. We then adjourned to the church, where we disbanded for the day, but to meet the next morning at the same place in an all-day prayer-meeting, which, by arrangement of Mrs. Guy, our Secretary, was to be held.

On this evening our mass-meeting was held in the Central M. E. Church, and Sister Schaffer and Mother Stewart made their report of the first day's Crusade work in Springfield, to an immense audience.

The Springfield *Republic*, after giving a full report of our first day on the street, proceeded with the following remarks, suggested by the action of the saloon-keepers in locking us out:

* * * It is submitted to the saloonists above referred to, if their action to-day has not been cowardly and strongly in contrast with that of their visitors. Certainly, if their business is honest, respectable, and legal, they have nothing to fear, and as shown in this first trial, the temperance women are not to be deterred by closed doors or fastened shutters. If they are doing anything in violation of law, creating any breach of the peace, or interfering with legitimate business, the remedy is ready to the hand of everybody requiring it. It seems to be the plan of campaign agreed upon, that close watch is to be kept, and the women kept out by lock and key. Would it not be more courageous and manly, and less sneaking, to admit them?

This new movement on the part of our women has special and extraordinary significance, distinguishing it from that in other places, owing to the fact that this is the first place of any considerable

size in which the visitation plan has been put to the test.

The result will therefore be regarded with the most intense interest all over the country. The women appreciate the situation, and cherish a spirit in accordance with the demand upon them.

Our siege was now begun, and our first day out had served to settle our purpose to follow it up, whatever the result might be. But what a conflict it proved to be! Hundreds had signed the pledge and forsaken the dram-shops; a sentiment had been created against the business, so that many others were shamed out of patronizing them; the trade was very perceptibly falling off; but we had two large breweries and one distillery, that in many instances agreed to furnish liquors gratis till the siege should be raised. The manufacturers and wholesale dealers of Cincinnati, Dayton, and elsewhere, also sent out their drummers and circulars to influence the saloon-keepers to stand their ground, saying they would see them through.

As refuting the general supposition everywhere, except on the field of action, that it was the drunkard's wives only that had risen up in their desperation and beleaguered the saloons; and answering the oft-repeated question where the work was going on, "Why don't the women who have suffered most from intemperance now come forward to help rid themselves and their neighbors of the curse?" an incident, as related by one of our ladies this first day out,

is in order. She says: "After our prayers on the sidewalk before the Murray House, as we were about moving away, one of the ladies turned to a miserable inebriate standing near, and said: 'Your wife ought to be with us.' A fierce light came into his eyes as he answered, '*I'd kill her if she was!*'" This poor woman had silently, uncomplainingly, borne her heavy burden for years; had tended and cared for him through illness brought on by drink. She had no doubt watched, waited and prayed that her husband might be delivered from his terrible bondage. Now, when the army was investing this city of her sorrow, she could not, dared not, lend a helping hand, for fear of that imbruted husband.

On the morning of the 11th, after a season of waiting before the Lord, we again marched out, seventy-five strong. But it happened that at this hour I had an appointment to meet a drunkard's wife at the Mayor's office, to help her look after her drunken husband, so that I was not with the sisters in their rather novel experience with Mr. Zischler, but joined them as they reached the depot eating-house.

That wonderful "White Wednesday" in Springfield! Alas! alas! We shall never see another such! The interest was sustained without any abatement for eight hours. And the attendance steadily increased until it was found that the lecture-room could not accommodate the people. The auditorium was thrown open and soon filled.

The thought of an *all-day prayer-meeting*, as so much else of practical work and methods, was the result of the nightly vigils and earnest prayers of our competent and ever vigilant Secretary. It was a new and startling experience for some of our good ministers and laymen, who had expressed many misgivings as to the expediency of such an experiment, to see the sisters take their places as leaders for the hour, read the Scriptures, pray and speak with the ease and intelligence of the brethren and the added fervor and emotion of women; and in an old, conservative church where woman's voice was an unknown factor in devotional services. What was coming to pass in these latter days?

The same paper, in reporting our morning work, says:

It was stated briefly, yesterday, that while the mass was congregated in the church, doing what could be done there in the case, picked corps of women were out upon the streets, making the rounds of the saloons or rum-holes as Dr. Lewis truthfully calls them, meeting with much encouragement, as compared with the experiences of the first day's encounter. As stated, they were invited by Mr. Zischler, whose place on Market street they visited, into his dance-hall in the third story, and arrived there the proprietor mounted the music-stand and read two chapters from the Bible—that from Genesis describing the fall of Adam, and another. The ladies set a good example in the attention they paid, but when it came their turn Mr. Zischler was so ungallant as to withdraw, saying he must attend to his business, but invited them to remain as long as they pleased. Not at all surprised that a man engaged in such a business should shun the company of Christian ladies, they proceeded, sang their hymns, and prayed beseech-

ingly, closing, as usual, with the long metre Doxology

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

That an advance was made this day, and a break in the enemy's stronghold at least started, is shown by the fact that the women were permitted to enter the billiard-room attached to the Lagonda House saloon, and to hold their religious exercises there. At Dotzy's place, just north of Main street on Market, no entrance was effected, and the band of devotees at once kneeled upon the pavement, the sound of their voices in prayer being clearly distinguished above the noise of the street.

An adjournment and cessation of operations were made until 2 P. M., and about twenty of the women accepted an invitation from Mr. J. L. Berry, to dine at his restaurant on Market street, where they were most hospitably entertained. In the afternoon, the first advance was made upon Mr. Bradley's place, on the east side of Market street, a few doors from Mr. Zischler's. Here the proprietor showed good sense, and won the favor of spectators and all, by admitting the delegation, and giving them all the facilities the place afforded to go on with their exercises. All this time a great crowd of men and boys, of all classes, extending across the sidewalk and into the street, regarded the proceedings, and the reporter is of the opinion that it was not alone owing to the presence of the police that good order was maintained. At prayer time, nearly every head was uncovered, and as the women started to leave, a way was cleared for them. A crowd, estimated at a thousand people, falling in at the rear.

A few minutes were spent at the depot eating house, (on the outside, per force of circumstances,) and then the ladies turned their attention to "Spang's," on the opposite corner, for the vicinity of the depot is a favorite place for this business. Here there was an "episode." The door was closed, and Mrs. Kinney, trying it, found it fast. The ladies asked me to step onto

the door-steps and address the great mass of people that were gathered on the street. I ascended the steps, but as I was beginning to speak, the proprietor threw open the door and shouted out "Mother Stewart, get down from here, you are trespassing! I don't want any trespassing here! These are my premises, I pay my rent, and I don't allow you here! Get away, every one of you!" I made a move to step down, as I did not know but I might be trespassing, and I desired to avoid any legal complications in the outset of our Crusade. But I think a hundred voices from the crowd cried out, "Stay where you are!" "You have good backing!" "Don't you move." Just then Mr. Fleming, chief of police, sprang up the steps and siezed the man by the arm, thrust him back into his saloon, followed him in and explained to him that the people were in sympathy with and would protect the Crusaders, and that a hand laid on Mother Stewart would be the signal for rasing his place to the ground. There were also three hundred workmen looking on from the windows of the great Champion Machine Shops, just across Market Square, and ready at a move to avenge any violence or insult offered us.

Beadle, in his report of the affair, says:

"A gentleman of rather quiet style afterwards said, 'If that fellow had touched one hair of Mother Stewart's gray head, his house would have been leveled to the ground; and he proceeded to say that there is nothing more curious in the phenomena of

the movement than the general respect, amounting almost to love or hero-worship, which some of the worst bummers and saloonists feel for the good ladies engaged in it. Mother Stewart has warm friends among the worst people of Springfield.'"

When I had finished my address and was about to step down, Mr. Spangenburg opened his door, seeming as bright and pleasant as a May morning.

I turned and shook hands with him, bidding him "good-bye." "Good-bye, good-bye, Mother Stewart," he responded, "come again." The chief had done his work well, and I think this place as good as any to bear a grateful testimony to the kind and watchful care of the Springfield police during nearly our entire street labors. More than once has a kind-hearted policeman given me the support of his arm, as he walked with me at the head of the band.

If a time came when it was evident that a change in their care or watchfulness was apparent, it was no fault of theirs. After a time, as we learned, they were admonished by their superiors that a little less zeal in guarding the Crusaders might be necessary to retaining their places. For myself, I am happy to record that from that day to this I have always found our policemen to be my warm friends. And I take pleasure in adding, that wherever I have had occasion to ask aid or information of a policeman, whether in New York, St. Louis, London or Belfast, I have found them courteous and seeming to take pleasure in giving me any aid or informa-

SPANGENBURG
WINE & BEER

tion asked, and I know I have passed on with an added pleasure myself for the brief exchange of friendly words. I suppose the law of kindness, or the principle that "like begets like," has a general application. If, instead of finding fault with them, citizens would sustain them in the discharge of their duties, they would take them out of the control of the political bosses, and have much better service from them.

An incident connected with our visit to this place came to my knowledge only recently, nearly eleven years after that memorable day, but of such thrilling interest to me that I am sure the reader will be glad of its insertion here. A young man with whom, and his efficient wife, I have for some years been associated in religious and temperance work in my city, in a conversation remarked that "the first place he met me was in a saloon." "Why," said I, "is it possible? Where was it?" "On the corner of Washington, I was in getting my flask filled. I am sorry to say that in those days, as so many others, I was in the habit of using liquor. The saloon-keeper said, 'I hear that'—(an adjective not best to repeat) 'old Mother Stewart is coming with her band, and if she does,' he swore by his Maker he would kill her. I said to myself, 'No, you will not.' I had my flask in my pocket, and I determined if he raised his arm to strike, or a revolver to shoot, I would stand between him and you. That was the last liquor I bought and the last time I visited a saloon. Shortly

after this I went to the morning meeting, told my story and signed the pledge, and that is the secret of my affection for Mother Stewart."

I can never tell the feeling that thrilled my heart as my young friend related this deeply interesting story. I had been made to feel by both him and his wife that I held a large place in their hearts, but did not know he had been ready even to risk his own life for me. Very precious to my ear now is the word "mother" as it falls from their lips.

It was not long till my son in the Gospel, as I now call him, sought and found Jesus, and at once, with the co-operation of his wife, began to work for the salvation of souls, and at this writing are in the itinerant ranks in a Western Conference, doing blessed work for the Master.

Returning to that memorable "White Wednesday." The meeting at the Opera House was a glorious ending of the day. Not less than 1,500 people thronged out to hear Dio Lewis, and see "the wickedest man in Ohio," VanPelt. Before seven o'clock, the sidewalks and stairways were crowded by people awaiting the opening of the doors. Says the reporter:

At half-past seven a commencement was made. Mr. C. M. Nichols acting as chairman, supported on either hand on the stage, by Dio Lewis, VanPelt, Mother Stewart, Dr. Clokey, E. C. Middleton, the "Press Gang," and others. Mr. A. O. Huffman led the singing with which the exercises were opened. Rev. J. L. Bennett offered prayer. After singing another piece the chairman introduced the reformed saloonist, J. C. VanPelt, who was received with applause and spoke as follows:

"It is not my intention to enter into any argument on this subject, but only relate how the ladies conducted the work in New Vienna.

"I was the last to be visited on the first day of their going out. After repeating their visits for many days they came to the great end for which they were working. I never believed they could work it as they did. It would take a hard-hearted man indeed to withstand the pleadings of the mothers in their beautiful prayers. I began to feel, several days before my surrender, that I was wrong. I did not even consult my legal advisors, as they said I should, and I thank God I did not. I endeavored in various ways to convince the sisters they were wrong, and argued with them, to get the best of them. But when they came to me with tears in their eyes, and told of the little ones suffering for the dimes I was taking in, I could not resist, and I began to reflect upon the wrong I was doing. Upon all this came word from Cincinnati wholsale liquor men, 'Can you hold out a year, if we will furnish you all the liquor you can sell in a year.' As much as to say, if I would do the dirty work, they would stand back and laugh under cover. All the other dealers in the place had signed the pledge. I was the only one left, and I began to feel that I was almost the worst man in the universe, with my hand not only against my fellow men, but against God. For four weeks I withstood their pleadings. This day a week ago I told the sisters I would give them my answer at such a time. Before the time arrived I made up my mind to surrender. Would I send my stock back to Cincinnati? No, that would be wrong. At one o'clock the bell rang for the people to come together. At 2 o'clock those ladies came down the street in funeral file, (most appropriate description of the Crusade March.) They marched up in front of my place and prayed God to help me. It seemed as if the prayer would never cease going up. I rushed to the door and said, 'Ladies, I have determined to quit, I want no more proof of your sincerity,' (loud applause.) I called on Brother Witter and Brother Hill, two ministers of the place, and told them I had something for them to do. I said I could go to prison, but it was the

ladies to whom I would surrender. I then asked the ministers to please carry out the whisky. They were terribly willing, and out it went. I gathered up that same ax that I had threatened the women with, and drove it as near through those barrels as I could, and out ran the whisky. Such a shout as went up I never heard before, and never will again till I stand before God. The tears ran down their cheeks like a fountain stream, and so it ended."

Mr. Nichols then introduced Dr. Dio Lewis, who said he wanted to say something against wine drinking, against "nice drinking." The most eminent men in the legal profession on the other and this continent say that nine-tenths of the crime committed comes from moderate drinking. Clergymen have been heard to advocate the introduction of light wines in place of whisky, gin, ale, and other liquors. One who so held, visited Europe and wrote back that he took the back track and was sorry he had ever held his former opinions.

Dr. Lewis held that those who were engaged in adulterating liquors were doing a good work for the temperance cause, and should be encouraged.

People say, if we only had pure liquors like our grandfathers had, we should last as long as they by using them. But there is a difference between the habits of our grandfathers and ourselves which prevents it. It would be an immense contribution to the temperance cause if wine and liquors killed in three days. If your mothers and grandmothers had drank as we drink, the nation would have gone to ruin long ago.

In Paris, every man, woman and child over fifteen drinks wine. Lord, save us from ever reaching such practices. "I mourn," said the speaker, "that wine is kept in so many houses, 'just in case of sickness,' and that doctors will prescribe the use of liquors for the lungs. It is all poisonous."

There are three classes of drinkers: 1st, those who get drunk habitually; 2nd, those who drink sometimes and get drunk occasionally; and 3rd, those who drink with kid gloves on their hands.

It isn't drunkards who make recruits for the drunkards' army from among the boys. It is the man of influence in a town, educated and wealthy, whose example is followed by the young, and who drink wine. That women themselves sometimes work evil in this direction, was shown by an instance coming under the speaker's personal observation. Respectable people should strive to create such a sentiment in every community as will make drinking disreputable. Dr. Lewis said he conceived the idea thirty-five years ago that women could work saloons and liquor-selling out of existence. In the place where he lived, a number of lads were made drunk in a saloon. Considerable excitement was created and the women held a prayer-meeting. Eighty-four women started down to the rum-hole with a beautiful banner. They were warned not to go in and passed on to the next. The keeper said he would stop if the rest would. Four out of five signed a pledge to stop.

The women went back to the first place, prayed and sang. They went several days in succession and were met with indifference. The result was that one morning at 9 o'clock he poured his liquors into the gutter, and there has been none sold in that place since, a period of more than thirty years.

He referred to the success of the movement in several towns that had taken it up, and said Xenia would move out on to-morrow. They have a committee of four hundred, who will divide into four sub-committees and commence work. In four weeks from to-morrow, he predicted there will not be a place in Xenia where you can get a drink of liquor.

He claimed that this was soil peculiarly adapted to the temperance plant. It has taken root and flourishes for the first time. He proposed to return to Massachusetts and open the work in Worcester; (but he did not find the New England soil adapted to this new method of warfare on the saloon.)

Mother Stewart was called upon and gave a resume of the work in the city for some four months previous. She had to-day invited that poor woman whose case she had taken into court four months ago, to come to the meeting to-night and see if her heart would not be cheered with hope, and she is here. Our work, however, while we have had much to encouarge, and the people are aroused as never before, has some peculiar features and many obstacles to encounter. The number of women enlisted was not sufficiently large. More recruits were wanted for the women's army. On Monday a few ladies visited several saloons. Yesterday something like twenty and to-day seventy-five, moved out in band form. A great throng gathered in the streets, but they were perfectly respectful and orderly.

Dr. Lewis then moved that a committee of three ladies be elected to draft an address to the liquor-dealers. This was carried, and Mrs. Guy, Mrs. Foos and Mrs. Baines were made such committee, to report at a future meeting.

In a similar manner C. H. Schaffer, A. O. Huffman, T. J. Finch and Charles D. Hauk were appointed Secretaries, to prepare a list of names of ladies to be added to the committee of visitors.

While this was in progress, at the suggestion of Dr. Lewis, opportunity for two-minute speeches from persons in the audience was given, and John C. Miller (Probate Judge), Gen. J. W. Keifer, Rev. J. L. Bennett, Rev. J. W. Spring, Mr. L. H. Olds, Mr. A. R. Ludlow

(since candidate on the temperance ticket for Governor, and always our staunch friend), Rev. B. Seever, Rev. M. Dutton and Rev. Dr. Wiseman, responded to calls, causing considerable enthusiasm, and maintaining the interest to the close. A very large list of names was reported by the Secretaries, and thus closed a day in Springfield standing apart from all other days in its history as the "White Wednesday of the Great Temperance Uprising."

I copy as full a report of this memorable day from the *Republic*, of the 12th, as the limits of these pages will permit:

PEACEFUL REVOLUTION!

A WHITE WEDNESDAY IN SPRINGFIELD!

FEBRUARY 11, 1874, A DAY LONG TO BE REMEMBERED—THE ALL-DAY PRAYER-MEETING—MARCH OF THE WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE ARMY—EXCITING EXPERIENCES—DIO LEWIS AND VAN PELT AT THE OPERA HOUSE IN THE EVENING.

Wednesday, February 11th, will be remembered in the history of our city as the "White Wednesday."

It was the first occasion on which the people of Springfield ever spent the entire day in united prayer for the success of the temperance cause and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. An account of the All-Day prayer-meeting up to one o'clock, has already been printed in our columns.

At one o'clock Rev. Joseph Bennett took charge of the exercises, Mr. Peter Schindler leading the singing, assisted at the organ by Mrs. Black. The chairman read a portion of Scripture, selecting the story of the Prodigal Son, applications of which were made in various ways to the present use. Prayer was offered for the safety and recovery of the young man who came forward and expressed a desire to

forsake a life of sin. Mr. Bennett related a remarkable instance of Divine power which transpired under his observation during his college days, in which a whole class of scoffers were overcome, one of their number becoming an able preacher of the word. At 2 o'clock Rev. Mr. Bennett was succeeded by Rev. A. L. Wilkinson, the new pastor of the First Baptist Church, Mr. A. O. Huffman conducting the singing.

At this hour the battalion of outside workers reformed for another advance and started out, going at once to Mr. Charles Bradley's place, on the East side of Market street. They were made the subject of prayer by the meeting, Rev. Mr. Dutton leading. Mr. Spring asked those who desired prayers to rise. Prayers were then offered by Messrs. E. C. Middleton, J. C. Christie and P. P. Mast. Remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Ellsworth, and Mr. Middleton reported that Beck, the last of the liquor-sellers at Washington C. H., had surrendered. At 3 o'clock Rev. Mr. Hamma took charge of the exercises. Of all the meetings he had ever attended, this, he thought, was one of the greatest. He then proposed that another of the same kind be held on Wednesday, February 18th, and the suggestion was adopted by a rising vote; and the meeting was announced to be held in the First Presbyterian Church, from 9 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the evening. At this stage of the proceedings it was apparent that the room was uncomfortably crowded, many ladies being obliged to stand in the aisles and door-ways, and it was stated that hundreds were standing outside desiring to obtain admittance. This being the fact, it was decided by a vote to repair to the audience-room above.

Within ten minutes from the time of this announcement, the large upper room was absolutely packed, and the same was true of the gallery.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Hamma, and Rev. Dr. Clokey addressed the audience, expressing his thanks to God for what He had already accomplished. Meanwhile, Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston, and Mr. J. C. VanPelt, the reformed liquor-seller, of New Vienna, Ohio, had arrived and had been welcomed on the

platform; and when Mrs. Stewart had closed an account of the work of the women during the day, Dr. Lewis was then introduced. He made a few very interesting remarks, then introduced J. C. Van Pelt, who gave an account of his experience, similar to those already reported as being given at the evening meeting.

At 4 o'clock Rev. J. W. Spring took charge of the meeting; Mrs. Stewart called for volunteers for the saloon visitation. Perhaps a hundred women arose while the audience joined in singing, led by Mr. Huffman. Mr. McGookin thanked God that He had put it into the hearts of these women to prosecute this work.

Mr. Spring asked those who desired prayers to rise, and Mr. VanPelt arose. Prayer was offered. We may say here that the appearance of this man on the platform affected the audience to tears, and his remarks throughout were very heartily approved and applauded. After a few more remarks by Dr. Lewis, the meeting closed.

CHAPTER X.

Second Visit to Osborn—Spread of the Work.

SAYS our city reporter:

Nothing shows the importance of the great movement now in progress in the Buckeye State, or the universal interest taken in it by the people of the whole community and country, more than the efforts made by the leading journals to give full details of operations at every point.

There were present at all our meetings here yesterday, to write up matters for their respective journals, Mr. M. P. Handy, of the *N. Y. Tribune* (who accompanies Dr. Lewis on his journeyings), Mr. Chamberlain, of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, Mr. Brown, of the *Gazette*, that wicked Beadle, of the *Commercial*, and Mr. Stevens, of the Sandusky *Register*.

MEETING THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12TH.

At 9 o'clock the auditorium of the Central M. E. Church was filled with an audience of men and women. At this meeting a committee on street-work was named, with Mrs. James Kinney as leader or Chairman of Band work, and Mrs. J. C. Miller as Secretary. There were also more gentlemen added to the Advisory Committee. A very large list of ladies' names was presented to this meeting, comprising the most prominent ladies of the city. And while all did not feel called, or at least respond to the call,

to fall into line with those who visited the saloons, yet many did, and most of those who did not find the grace or could not muster the courage to join the band work, did do very helpful work in other departments.

Our headquarters were at this time in the First Presbyterian Church. Here the Crusaders each morning met for a season of prayer and song, and then forming into one band after another, moved out, making the round of visits. It was no doubt a trying ordeal for Mr. Saloon-keeper to receive bands in measured succession, often as many as six or seven marching in. As the head of the column would step in, a song would be started; at the close of the song the leader, or some one she would call upon, would offer a prayer, then an appropriate portion of Scripture would be read by one to whom this duty had been assigned; the dealers' pledge would then be presented, with a few gentle words of persuasion or appeal; another song, another prayer, and a friendly "good-bye," with a promise to call again. A deep-drawn sigh of relief, and may be some not-repeatable words would escape from Mr. Saloon-keeper's perturbed bosom, and "Now!" he would exclaim, "for my customers; I'll have the more for this call!" But lo! here is another band at his door, with the same salutation of song, the same ceremony of prayer, reading the Scripture, pleading, presentation of pledge, and "good-bye." "Now!—No!—here comes a third,

a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, a seventh! Has the whole Christian world risen up against my business? I wonder they did not long ago! But will it never come to an end?"

If the doors were closed, all the same, the song and the prayer, and the reading of the Word went on. While the sisters would generally look upon a "lock-out" as a sort of defeat, or at least a thwarting of their purpose, I saw that instead of being a disaster, it was often an advantage, as we had so many more auditors on the street than we could have in the saloon. It excited the sympathy of the throng for the women, and their indignation against the saloon-keeper, and we obtained many more signers to the pledge; and I was often struck with the respect and reverence manifested for the Scriptures. Even after the novelty of the Crusade visitation had in a degree passed off, the reading of God's Word would fasten the attention of men who had rarely read or heard it since the old family Bible was read by father at the altar in the old home, or the thrilling stories were taught by mother as they stood by her knee. I am here reminded of an incident that occurred in our city. Sister Wirtz, being able to read German, carried her German Bible with her into a saloon one day and read a selection from it. When she had finished, a man came to her and asked where that portion of Scripture was, saying: "Certainly that message was meant for me."

On Thursday, February 12th, after our morning meeting, having been called to Osborn,—where, on the first of December I had formed the first "Women's Temperance League," as we then called our organizations, in company with Mrs. Teegarden, Mrs. Cathcart and Mrs. Baines,—I went down again to help these pioneer ladies to organize for the new method.

Our meeting at night was large, and the people were full of enthusiasm over this new way of combating the liquor fiend, and eager to see the ladies try it on the saloons of their town, thinking, as they did nearly everywhere, "we have the worst liquor-cursed community here in the whole country." The next morning, after the usual season of waiting before the Lord, we formed into line and moved out. We first visited the saloon across the square, held the usual devotions and made our appeal to the keeper, who, while he treated us civilly, manifested unmistakable indications of standing a siege.

Having a little matter of business of my own to attend to, I left the ladies here, telling them I would come up with them at the next place. As I came near the place where the ladies were praying, a boy met me, seeming quite alarmed, and told me that "That man where the ladies were praying was going to blow the ladies up! he had scattered powder on his porch for the purpose." "O," I said, "I reckon not." "Oh, yes," he said, "he is drunk, and is very mad!—

and he has a couple of dogs that he says he is going to set on the ladies." So I concluded I would do the watching while the sisters prayed. I found them kneeling on the porch in prayer,—the saloon door was locked—and I saw that powder was strewn all over the porch. The miscreant undoubtedly expected the ladies in stepping on the powder would ignite it, and thus set fire to their clothing; there had been rain, however, and the porch was sufficiently damp to prevent its igniting. I gathered up some of the powder and have it here in my cabinet—a trophy of the women's "whisky war," by the side of some minnie-balls that I dug out of a tree on Chickamauga battle-field,—trophies of that other war in the interest of humanity. But the man did not make his appearance. The gentlemen of the town were very indignant when they heard of his cowardly attempt to set fire to the ladies. "But the dogs!" Oh, yes, they were there!—two beautiful, white "spitz," their ears put forward and wagging their tails, manifesting a great deal of good-natured interest in the proceedings.

Among the incidents of the Crusade on Friday, February 13th, I notice that two bands moved out in the morning from the First Presbyterian Church. That led by Mrs. Kinney and Mrs. Cosler made their first call at the "Bank," kept by Mrs. Johnson, who gave her promise before the ladies left that she would attend meeting that evening at the Central M.

E. Church, which she did, and arose among those requesting prayers.

By request of the prisoners in the station-house, that place was visited. It was a solemn occasion. Several of the prisoners shed tears and expressed contrition for their wrong-doing, saying all their trouble was brought upon them through drink.

The ladies next stopped at Karl Niehaus's den, but found the door closed. "This," says the evening paper, "may be regarded as the starting point of the movement in Springfield. It was against this man Niehaus that Mrs. Saurbier four months ago obtained judgment of $300 for selling her husband liquor. Through the interest taken by the ladies in that case at the time, arose the sentiment which has resulted as we see daily." (This poor, wretched man appealed his case to the Court of Common Pleas, but long before the case reached a decision he had been summoned to appear before a higher tribunal, and one from which there is no appeal, to answer for the deeds done in the body.) While the women were on the outside praying in the rain and mud, those inside were making discordant music on some instrument, and finally came to the door with their beer-mugs and drank, intending to insult the ladies. "Spang" was also visited again, and found to be in a very amiable mood.

On Saturday morning, February 14th, I joined the sisters again, and found them full of enthu-

siasm and hope. It was announced on this morning in the prayer-meeting that not a drop of whisky, as such, could be bought in Springfield. And how we rejoiced when the news of our first surrender, by a young man in the West End, was brought in. Sister McClintoc and I sprang to the bell-rope, and with desperate effort swayed that ponderous bell up in the steeple, and with clang and reverberation sent the glad news over the city.

The good effect of our work was telling on the city. Hundreds were signing the pledge; scores were encouraged to make the fight for their lost manhood, and once more walked among their fellows, redeemed from the curse of a debasing appetite. The business was becoming badly crippled and the keepers alarmed.

The men having liquor in connection with groceries found that public sentiment was getting to be so strong against the liquor that they were losing their best customers.

Undoubtedly many saloon-keepers would have surrendered if it had not been for the support they received from the manufacturers and wholesale dealers of Cincinnati and Dayton, as well as those of our own city. A gentleman visited the city about this time and made the round of the saloons to ascertain the effect of the Crusade upon the business. The universal complaint was that their business was "nearly ruined;" "Trade cut down one-half;" "Trade cut down three-fourths;" "If this keeps on much longer

we will have to go under." He visited the clothing and dry-goods merchants and inquired how it affected them. "Oh!" the cheerful answer came, "grandly! I am making nearly one-half more sales than before it begun!"

The baker was visited: "Oh, yes; it makes my business better; poor fellows that used to come in and ask for a loaf of stale bread now buy the best, and more of it." The butcher: "Yes, yes; my business is improved; men who scarcely ever bought meat, or occasionally an inferior piece, now come in and order a roast, or a steak, as the fancy strikes them,—and pay for it, too!" Homes where only wretchedness and poverty and want had reigned were now filled with joy and gladness. How the wives and mothers wept tears of joy and praised God and blessed the Crusaders, and how the little children spatted their little hands in glee, that *their* father was now a sober man. The children began to wear shoes and better clothes, and to attend the day- and Sunday-Schools; the wife, whose garments had been so shabby that she was ashamed to be seen on the street, now had a decent suit in which she could go to the sanctuary. I find an item in the daily paper that is additional testimony in this line, though the date is some weeks later. In his rounds on Monday morning, the reporter called at one of our largest manufacturing establishments, and looked into the foundry. The foreman remarked with pride that every "floor" was full, and pointed to

some thirty molders, sober and hard at work, with the remark that "such a thing had never occurred before in his experience," the fact being notorious that the Monday after pay-day a number of hands are expected to be disabled from their Sunday's excesses.

Our Tuesday evening meetings were kept up still with unabated interest, always thronged with eager listeners. At these meetings every phase of the temperance question was discussed by the prominent business and professional men of the city, as well as the ministers and the ladies, often developing rare, latent, talent, especially among the ladies. The conduct and tone were strictly of a religious character, and our music conducted by the best musicians of the city.

There was a solemnity about the work that seemed to awe and touch all hearts. Our songs, as I had hoped, were taken up on the lips of the men and boys on the street. Men who had been accustomed in the past to sing their bacchanalian songs as they staggered home from their nightly revels, were now heard on their way from our temperance meetings singing our Crusade songs.

The people are thronging out into their several homeward streets. The night is clear and frosty and the sound of sweet song is floating out on the air from manly voices. Hear!

"I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind:
I am counting all things dross,
I shall full Salvation find."

The refrain comes floating back from another street:

"I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary,
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now."

From the West End comes,

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave."

Again floats back a final stanza that seems to be the best suited to the singer's condition and feelings, and dies away in the distance:

"But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice! for the Lord brings back his own.'"

It seems almost beyond belief, considering the apathy and indifference of to-day, except of the faithful few, that any day and any hour of the day or evening, our meetings were crowded by men and women.

We held a meeting every morning from 9 to 10 o'clock, and every important business house in the city was closed during the service. As you passed along the streets you would see the card on the door, "Closed from 9 to 10." I never heard of any one's business, except that of the saloon-keeper, suffering by it.

The most prominent business men took an active part, presiding and speaking, ministers of all denominations worked in perfect harmony.

And while the new Catholic priest, Father Sidley, did not join us, he did preach temperance to his people, and has continued through all these years to wield a good influence for temperance among his people. And our editors were keeping the world posted as to the progress of our work, and strangers were coming from other cities to witness this marvelous uprising. We, early in the work, inaugurated Sabbath afternoon meetings. These we started in the largest church, but it at once overflowed into the lecture room. Then we opened in another church at the same hour, and it overflowed into the basement.

We were in this state of white-heat when one of these visitors, Dr. D——, of Cincinnati, came up, and in one of our Sabbath meetings told us that having heard of the great temperance excitement in our city, he had caught up his gripsack and started for the scene of the battle, feeling a glow of enthusiasm, as he sped onward, at the thought that he was actually going to witness this wonderful phenomenon with his own eyes.

It was my habit to pass from one to another of these meetings, noting and reporting progress.

I remember on one occasion, I said I was an old-fashioned shouting Methodist, and I felt then like shouting the praise of God as I witnessed such blessed results of our labors. At the close of the meeting, our Rev. Dr. Clokey, of the U. P. Church, grasped my hand, saying, "Mother Stewart thinks none but a Methodist can shout over this work, I feel like shouting myself."

Precious and faithful servant of the Most High, he never knew the strength and encouragement we received from his prayers, in our behalf, that seemed to lay hold on the arm of the Lord; and from his counsels when he drew from the storehouse of God's word, as I never heard any other minister with such aptness and unction, the treasures, "new and old." Though the feebleness of age was upon him, he would be with us every morning to watch the progress of the work, only yielding at last to overpowering weariness. "Write," saith the angel; "Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Sometime since a "guarantee fund" had been subscribed, amounting to $150,000, I think it was. We were near the fruition of our hopes; and it only needed a little stronger support on the part of the men, in demanding the enforcement of the law, to make a perfect work of it. But that support did not come. Like those in so many other places, they had taken up the mistaken notion that the Lord was going to relieve them of all responsibility by giving their work into the hands of the women. And so they quietly waited to see the women grapple with, and as they hoped, throttle the hydra-headed monster.

But we were still full of hope, and our hearts were almost hourly cheered by the news that was pouring in from all quarters. At our morn-

ing meetings a telegram would be handed me saying, "We commenced work to-day, the women are marching," or, "Another surrender to-day," "Two more surrenders," "Three, four to-day." Then we sang

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Again a letter is put into my hand, saying, "We closed our last saloon yesterday. Oh, I wish you had been here. We celebrated our jubilee with ringing of bells and bonfires, and songs of triumph; and oh, everybody is so happy, we love everybody. Only think of it! We slept last night without a saloon in the place. Not a drop of liquor to be had." Then we sang,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

All the principal towns in the State had taken up the work, or were preparing to. The flames had spread like fire in the prairies. They had lapped over into Indiana and Pennsylvania. The sparks had flown on the wings of the wind—or flashed along the wires—and caught in the prairies of Illinois and Iowa, and in the timbers of Michigan. West Virginia, up in the mountains, was moving. New York city was holding meetings and soon entered into the work with such leaders as Mrs. H. E. Brown, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. McClees, who have continued steadfast and faithful to the present. And so with Brooklyn, where Mrs. Hart and Mary C. Johnson were active leaders. In Philadelphia a most remarkable work was done, Mrs H. N. K. Goff and other competent ladies leading the hosts.

The Pacific coast was falling into line. A spark had flown wild and lit way in the mountains of East Tennessee, and kindled a blaze in Greenville, the home of Ex-President Johnson. Rev. R. D. Black, an Ohio man, was stationed there; and his wife, a talented and pious lady, upon hearing of the glorious work in Ohio, called the Christian ladies together, organized, and led them out. And they succeeded in closing out all but one or two of the drinking places in the town. The Ex-President would come and stand at a respectful distance, with his hands in his pockets, using language more forcible than refined in regard to that "—— Yankee woman who had come down there to make the Southern ladies unsex themselves." There might have been some little personal solicitude in regard to the equalizing of supply and demand.

Yes, the glad news is sweeping around the world. Here comes a paper from Bremen, Germany, sent by some unknown friend, telling all about the "Womens' Whisky war in Ohio." The one all-absorbing topic is the Ohio Crusade. Ministers preach about it and pray for it. In stores, places of business, street corners, club-rooms, the fireside, the theme of press and people is the Crusade.

It has been my purpose to convey, as far as possible, a correct idea to the reader of the influences that set in motion and controlled the women's uprising against the liquor crime. And yet I feel all the time that I am not succeeding.

It is, indeed, almost an impossibility for one who has not been a participant, or at least an eye-witness of the movement, to form a correct judgment of it. Many have visited the scenes with their minds prejudiced against it, but I scarcely ever saw one such who did not change his opinion upon seeing it for himself.

I have in my travels met persons who declared very emphatically that they "did not approve of, did not believe in the Crusade." But a little inquiry would disclose the fact that they only had their knowledge from hearsay.

The following from the editor of the *Springfield Republic*, who was, from the first, a close observer and warm supporter of our work, will perhaps convey the true animus of the work better than I am able to. He says:

Certain journalists at a distance are criticising the women's movement in Ohio with some severity, and the immense amount of worldly wisdom they exhibit is something fearful to contemplate. These persons are well-meaning and clever fellows, doubtless, but the fact is that they don't know anything about the matter!

The telegraphic reports and newspaper accounts that come under their notice have failed to give the spirit of the movement, and have certainly failed to give an adequate idea of its power. Our friends abroad may as well understand at the outset that a mighty revolution is in progress in Ohio; and such a revolution as has not been seen on the face of the earth in a hundred years—or in fact a thousand years. We are having such a great awakening as men now living have never known before. Persons heretofore having no belief in the supernatural, or faith in what is known as prayer, have become converted by the spirit and power of this movement,

and are glad to feel and to acknowledge that the women are inspired by God's Spirit and nerved and strengthened by Almighty power. Liquor-sellers say "We don't know what to do. We can't resist these praying women! If the men would approach us we would kick them out,"—and they would, too, if their muscle proved equal to their desire. "But, these women pray and sing so beautifully that we cannot resist them! If they keep coming we will be forced to surrender." Can any man clothed in his right mind object to such a work as this? It may be that things are said and done by persons that are not judicious. This cannot be avoided. The spirit of the movement, however, is Christ-like and grand.

It was a source of grief and many tears that "some persons," as the editor observed, said and did unwise things. Many were swept into the movement by the excitement and the eclat that seemed to attach to a Crusader, but did not comprehend the deep, spiritual meaning and significance of the work. They seemed to see in it an opportunity for acquiring a little notoriety, or possibly of displaying talents they thought they possessed. Of course such elements, wherever found, created discord and did harm. But such things are encountered in every channel of benevolent work, proving a trial of patience, but there seeming to be no way to avoid it. These were not of those who continued in well-doing.

On Wednesday, February 18th, another all-day prayer-meeting was held, the interest being sustained to the close. And at the same time the visiting of saloons was prosecuted with great enthusiasm. This evening I was called to "Congress Hall," a very excellent neighborhood, some three miles from the city, where the ladies

organized themselves into a sort of relief corps, to assist their sisters in the city, and passed the following resolution:

> We, the undersigned ladies of Congress Hall, send greeting to the ladies of Springfield, bidding them God-speed in their noble work against the liquor traffic. And we hereby form ourselves into a voluntary committee, ready to march to their aid whenever called upon.

To this, nearly the entire audience of ladies appended their names. And they did come and give valuable aid, as did the ladies of other neighborhoods.

These good ladies also passed a resolution pledging themselves not to buy any goods or groceries of any one in Springfield who also sold liquors. This was a very telling stroke upon some of the grocers, especially the redoubtable Zischler, who had a large country patronage.

At the close of our meeting, I went out to take the carriage for home, and lo! the whole horizon in the direction of my house was illuminated, and great tongues of fire were leaping up against the western sky. "Oh," I exclaimed, "My house is on fire." The friends tried to allay my alarm, but to little purpose. My husband and niece were both out that evening and my house was alone. The liquor men knew I was doing all I could to ruin their business, though they had no reason to think I would do them or theirs any personal harm. But I presumed they had taken advantage of my absence to set fire to

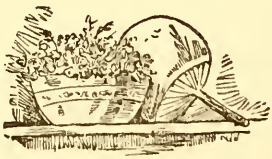
my home. I requested my friend to drive as fast as he could. He tried to quiet my fears by telling me the fire was quite beyond my place, was too far south. But by this time I could not talk. How slowly the horses crept over the ground. Oh, I wished they would rise and fly through the air. I had, when I entered upon my work, so foolishly said I had "laid all upon the altar." How little did I know what that involved? I had, indeed, expected that the liquor men would slander me and say evil things of me; but my beautiful home I had not thought of. No stately palace, but *my home*, and the last of what was once at least a comfortable competence, and dearer, now that I, as I supposed, saw it crumbling into ashes, than ever before. And there were my worldly goods, the furnishing that made it home. My books, precious souvenirs and keepsakes of dear ones who had gone. There was my mother's old wedding ring, a lock of her golden hair, though she had been in the grave more than fifty years. Oh, why didn't the horses fly? When we reached the city limits, I directed the gentleman to strike into such a street as would bring me soonest home—the shortest route. Striking into High street, my friend said, "Why, there is no one on the street." I thought "No, everybody knows Mother Stewart's house is on fire, and the whole city is there."

By this time the smoke and cinders were enveloping us; and not till we turned into my own

street, a square from my house, was my agony of alarm relieved.

Thank God, my home was safe. I had, indeed, wrongfully suspected the saloon-keepers. It was an unimportant building, though in a line with mine, farther west. But by that experience I learned some important lessons. One was that we do not know till we are placed in the crucible, how strong are the influences that control us. And another was that when we are in dead earnest, we are not likely to hesitate as to ways or means, but will take the shortest and most effective way to accomplish our purpose. And thus will it be when the Christians of this nation come to see the liquor curse in its enormity, with its woe and misery.

They will no longer parley as to expediency, or whether it will affect their political interests, but as one man will arise and sweep it off the face of this fair land.



CHAPTER XI.

First Surrender and Exciting Scenes.

I THINK the next town after those I have already mentioned, to take up the Crusade work, was Morrow, in Warren county. This town, though well situated, lying on the east bank of the Miami, with a good country surrounding, and having many intelligent citizens, was impoverished and demoralized to an alarming degree by the saloons,—being fifteen to eleven hundred population. The ladies, hearing the wonderful news of the work in those towns, sent Miss Henrietta G. Moore as their embassador to the ladies of Wilmington, with the Macedonian call, "Come over and help us!" They accordingly sent over two of their most efficient workers, Mary Hadley, a minister of the Friends' denomination, and Mrs. Runyan, wife of the Methodist minister, who, with their glowing reports of their work and success, their enthusiasm and encouragement, soon had a band of sixty women organized and marching through the streets and visiting saloons,—the brethren, as usual, remaining in the sanctuary to pray. Among those who tarried at the altar

that morning was the venerable, war-worn soldier, Louis Fairchild, who had met the enemy in many a fierce conflict, and had been treated to their strong knock-down arguments, rotten eggs and accompaniments, for more than a generation. But he was still full of hope and zeal, and ready to help forward this new method of dealing with them. But the field was a hard one, and the liquor men, or saloon-keepers more correctly, for one, at least, was a woman, were unyielding. Henry Schied, proposing to follow the example of Dunn, brought suit against the temperance people for interfering with his business, naming over a hundred ladies, with several gentlemen, in his appeal to the courts for protection in his "legitimate business and orderly house." The case was tried at Lebanon before Judge Smith. Forty ladies marched in Crusade file to the hall of justice. The ladies of Lebanon furnished them a sumptuous banquet, and the interest in the case was intense.

The temperance friends had the best of counsel, and the Judge, deciding impartially on the merits of the case, dissolved the injunction, holding that the women's singing and prayers in or before a saloon could not be considered as illegally interfering or obstructing his business. The people of Morrow made it an occasion of great rejoicing; the band paraded the streets, playing their most inspiring music, followed by a great procession of men, women and children. All the church and school-bells in the town pealed

forth their most exultant clangor, while two or three locomotives lying on the tracks, joined in with screeching whistles and bell accompaniment. The Crusaders hastened to the sanctuary with prayers, songs and speeches, to express their gratitude to God for their victory. Hundreds of the people in the surrounding country, hearing the tumult from afar, supposed the town must be in flames and hastened to the scene and swelled the crowd and the glad discordant jubilation.

But it was too much for the respectable saloon-keeper, Schied — he closed up and left the town. I neglected to say in the proper place, that in the list of obstructionists that the respectable liquor-vender presented, were Dio Lewis, VanPelt and others, who happened that morning, February 17th, to be passing through the town, and while the train made its necessary halt, they stood on the platform shaking hands with the Crusaders and saying words of encouragement. It was not long until the council passed the "McConnelsville Ordinance," and closed out the business in Morrow—for the time.

Among that faithful and determined hundred women was a young teacher of rare talents and ability, who had suffered much through those dear to her, at the hands of the liquor-sellers, and lost her position—though so competent a teacher—through the revengeful influence of some of those "noble, generous-hearted fellows" in the School Board. But she was destined for

a much wider field of action. She has long since proved herself one of the most powerful advocates of our cause before the public, everywhere winning laurels for herself and the cause to which she has devoted her life,—Miss Henrietta G. Moore.

At Greenfield, a very pretty little town in Highland county, the women began their work on January 12th, and in six weeks eleven saloons were closed and three druggists had signed the dealers' pledge; and it was not long till all were closed, a blessed work, by the combined efforts of women and men. And here, as everywhere, were incidents of most touching character that I would be glad to relate, and my readers to know, but the fear of swelling this volume to undue proportions restrains me. If admissible, I could write on and on of these wonderful scenes. Greenfield has had a peculiar and varied experience on the liquor question. In 1865, a very great excitement was caused by the murder of a worthy young man as he was quietly passing a saloon on the street; a shot aimed at some party in the saloon found a lodgment in the young man in the street, with fatal results. The victim was the son and only support of an aged and feeble widow. There was no law to reach the case, but a large number of the respectable ladies of the town, after some secret counsels, accompanied by the bereaved mother, proceeded to the saloon and with axes and other weapons knocked in the heads of barrels and casks, and demolished bottles and fixtures

There was law in our great State to meet this case. It called them a mob, rioters, disturbers of the peace, destroyers of valuable (?) property; they had interfered with a man's lawful business. The prosecution, in the list of ladies complained of, named one who stood at a distance, in no way participating, but seeing the liquor leap out of a barrel as a lady brought down the ax upon it, she clapped her hands,—she was, *perse*, an abettor; but he was very careful not to name the mother of the murdered young man. Of course the women were arrested and had to appear before the Grand Jury. But by the good management of their counsel, Hon. Mills Gardiner, they were acquitted, after a hearing of a week. No! let no woman presume that she may lift her puny arm to protect her boy from those dens of destruction. She may not exercise even the mother instinct given the dumb brute for the protection of her young; neither shall she have the privilege of helping to make such laws as would close those places! Oh, no! that would be shocking, unwomanly, a thing not to be thought of. But thanks be to the Lord, in our extremity He devised a way. What wonder that on every street in all the State floated out on the air in plaintive strains—

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer."

And what wonder we held with such tenacious

faith to the arm of Omnipotence while we pleaded that He would avenge us of our enemy.

But the blessed Crusade is no longer restraining men from their deadly work; they are doing a thriving business in crazing men and exciting their baser passions to deeds of violence and murder.

During our campaign for the prohibitory amendment, I was passing through Greenfield, when a man boarded the train and proceeded to tell the passengers of a terrible, double murder that had been committed near there two nights before, and saying that the murderer was then undergoing his examination. He had come into town on Saturday and became intoxicated. On going to his buggy to start for home he found some one had taken his buffalo-robe. Parties standing near suggested that it might be a couple of young men—naming them—who also lived in the country, and were in the habit of coming into town on Saturdays and, of course, getting drunk, and often committing some mischief, more for the love of it than from viciousness. There was no proof, however, that in this instance they were the offenders. But the man was just in the condition to be greatly excited over the supposed offense, and upon reaching the home of the young men, he called to them to come out. One went out to him, when he deliberately shot him; the other followed and was also shot, but the wound did not prove to be immediately fatal. The murderer rode on home

and the poor, widowed mother went out and dragged her dead boy in, and by some superhuman power got him onto the bed; then the wounded and dying boy was brought in. And through the weary hours of the night she passed her time in going from one to the other with her plaint of woe. When discovered by some of the neighbors next morning, she was still going from one bed to the other, so nearly insane that she did not seem to know which was dead or which dying, with her heart-rending wail: "Oh, who could hurt my poor boys! Oh, who would murder my darling boys! They were all I had, and they were so good and loving!" They were, indeed, known to be industrious, taking good care of the farm and devotedly loving and tender towards their mother. But like so many other young farmers, and old ones too, they had the habit which led to their destruction.

A few weeks later I was called to Greenfield by the W. C. T. U., when I learned that the murderer was out on bail and was at one of my meetings. I never heard the finale, but suppose he was acquitted, as he boasted he would be. Oh! will men never, never come to a sense of their duty in regard to this accursed traffic in the souls of men?

At Xenia Dio Lewis organized the women's praying bands, or Crusaders, on February 11th, before coming to Springfield. Being blessed with a large number of ladies of superior intelligence and sterling piety, who were backed by a

strong force of men worthy of such wives, nothing less than glorious victory was to be expected. Before me lies a letter addressed to the *Cincinnati Gazette*, dated February 13th, from which I copy the following:

If anyone has the impression that the women engaged in this work are not of the best and most influential in Xenia, there could not be a greater mistake. If their names were given they would be recognized as the equals of the first women in any city in the United States, but they would shrink from any unnecessary publicity. Judged by the standard of intelligence, social position, financial standing and Christian character, they rank among the foremost. Their meeting, this dreary, wet morning, at 9 o'clock, was full of ardor. Many encouraging facts were given, showing how fully the movement has the support of the citizens. Mr. Davis Piper had offered to furnish carriages from his livery stable, to be placed around the "Shades of Death," for the accommodation of the women, if they wished to hold the situation later in the night. Mr. Richardson offered his large omnibus to move the ladies from one point to another during the work. Mine host Bradley, of the St. George, also tendered a carriage for the same purpose.

The women's meeting sent their greetings to their sisters in Springfield by a telegraph dispatch, citing First Corinthians, 15th chapter, 58th verse.

Says the *Commercial* reporter:

I left Xenia with the impression that it was too rigidly conservative for the temperance war; a week after I returned and found the city ablaze with excitement,—at least five hundred ladies were in the movement, either directly at work or assisting those who were.

Every respectable family in the place was represented. The Scotch Seceders, who are numerous, were peculiarly active. Ladies who had obeyed St.

Paul's (supposed) injunction most religiously, now prayed in the streets with the fervor of Methodist exhorters. Ministers who had written elaborately to prove that Christians should sing only the metrical version of the Psalms, in accordance with the creed of that church, now sang the song to the inspiring tune of "John Brown's Body."

The wall of separation between the various churches seemed completely broken down. Heretofore the attentive observer hearing a prayer could distinguish by the tone and style whether it was Seceder, Methodist, or other Sectarian; but now the nicest ear could not distinguish—all prayed just alike. All seemed as sisters in Christ, and the sanguine were led to hope that this movement would even lead to a complete union between the sects. I was witness to one most remarkable scene, probably the most thrilling in the course of this movement. On Whitman street, in a space of six hundred yards, were nine saloons, several of such bad repute that they were known as "Shades of Death," "Mules Ear," "Certain Death," "Hell's Half Acre" and "Devil's Den." Visiting this locality I found five bands of ladies at work.

Miss Laura Hicks, teacher, had brought her entire school of young girls to the work for the afternoon, and they were singing in front of Gleason's saloon. On each side extended a long line of spectators, leaving only a narrow space in the middle of the street. Led by their teacher, the children were singing—

"Say, Mr. Barkeeper, has father been here?"

Those familiar with that song will remember that the child is represented as seeking his father through all his usual haunts, and finding him in jail for some offense committed when drunk; that he then intercedes with the jailor and finally convinces him that it was not his father who did the deed, but liquor that drove him wild.

There was more than one among the spectators to whom that song represented literal fact. Again the children sang, then extracts from Scripture were read, and a lady with a clear, sweet voice offered the following prayer:

"Oh, Lord, our hope in time of need, we prostrate ourselves in the dust before Thee to beg for the lives of our fathers, our brothers, and our sons. Oh, God, help us to save dying men; help us to rescue the idols of our love;—dying men are all around us, they crowd us in the streets; we look upon them in our homes, we shed tears of bitter anguish because we cannot save them from this traffic of death. Oh, Lord, our God, consider our tears, our breaking hearts, and send us help to fight this monster of intemperance. How long! oh, Lord, how long! must we suffer on and on, while we have left the power to suffer? Oh, God, consider the tears of the oppressed, for on the side of the oppressor is power, which Thou alone can crush. Give us, oh, give us back our brothers, who are swept away by this torrent of intemperance; come, dear Lord, and touch the hearts of the dealers in ardent spirits; send down Thy spirit on this poor man who still turns a deaf ear to our pleading,—he will not listen to us. Oh, do Thou soften his heart that he may know our agony and cease to put evil in the path of those we love. Give us access to the heart of this man; bless him, Lord, bless him with the riches of Thy grace. Send Thy ministering Spirit upon him and his family. We know not how to plead as we ought; we know not the way to his heart. Oh, grant that no weak or foolish act of ours may injure the cause of Christ or throw discredit on our good work. Do Thou guide and control us, make our weakness strength and teach us how to pray and labor as we ought. Oh, Lord, our God, wilt Thou not listen to the prayer of those made desolate by rum? Here, bowed before Thee, are widows and orphans, made such by this traffic we must call accursed, for Thou hast cursed it in Thy holy word. Oh, God, withhold the hand of him that would put the bottle to his neighbor's lips. We feel encouraged to labor on against this traffic, which Thou hast condemned. Oh, teach us how to work and give us the victory; grant that the rule of law and temperance may be set up, and that righteousness may flow as a river, and the knowledge of the Lord cover the whole earth: then will our sons no longer fall before those who lie in

wait for their souls; and bring us all, both the dealer and those who fall by the traffic, to see more clearly the light of Thy truth, and finally unite us at Thy right hand, we ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

I had just returned to the hotel after this scene when I heard a great shout in the street, and soon after all the bells in the city commenced ringing. At the same time there arose a prolonged cheer from the Granger's Convention just across the street from the hotel, and it was evident that something unusual had happened.

Going out I saw crowds of people thronging towards Whitman street, and heard on every hand in joyful accents, "The Shades of Death has surrendered!" The good news proved true, and I found Whitman street thronged with people. A little before 3 o'clock, as it appeared from the general account, Mr. Steve Phillips, of the "Shades of Death," invited the ladies to enter, and announced that he gave up everything to them, and would never sell anything intoxicating in Xenia again. Then the ladies, joined by the spectators, sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," while the liquors were rolled into the street. A half-barrel of blackberry brandy, the same of high-wines, a few kegs of beer, and some bottles of ale and whisky were soon emptied into the street, amid the shouts of the enthusiastic multitude. The leading lady then announced that if Mr. Philips went into any other business in Xenia, they should feel it a duty to support him. A dispatch was sent to the Grangers (the State Grange was in session in Xenia at the time,) eliciting three cheers, and all the bells were set ringing in honor of the first victory. When I arrived the liquor had mostly collected in one depression in the street, and such a stench went up—"a rank offense that smelt to heaven,"—as made me think it a very fortunate thing for somebody's stomach that the liquor had been poured out. Of the women around, some were crying, some were laughing, a few alternatly singing and returning thanks. One elderly lady in the edge of the crowd was almost in hysterics, but still shouting in a hoarse whisper, such as one often hears at camp-meeting: "Bless the Lord! O, bless the

Lord!" She had the appearance of a lady in good circumstances, and a citizen informed me that she is ordinarily one of the quietest, most placid of women. One of her sons died of intemperance, and another is much addicted to liquor.

On every side nothing was witnessed but smiles, laughter, prayers, hand-shaking, and congratulations. The "Shades of Death" was considered by the temperance people as the "back-bone of the rebellion," and within twenty-four hours four more saloons surrendered. The movement continues with unabated vigor, and only twelve more saloons remain. Twenty-nine have been closed.

Many of these elect ladies I know personally and count among my warmest friends. The leader—and inspiration, I may say—of the movement from the beginning, Mrs. Monroe, is the wife of one of the leading business men in the place, a devoted member of the United Presbyterian Church, and a lady of most charming and winning manners. The attitude she took is the more remarkable when we consider the extreme conservative views always maintained by the church in which she was reared, in regard to woman's position and work in the church. But she gives us the key, when referring to those remarkable days,—which she never does without manifesting the deepest feeling. She says that to the kindly e couragement and advice Dr. Marley, one of the Methodist ministers of the city, she chiefly owes her attitude then, and as a consequence, her work of the subsequent years. She has continued faithful and true to the present time, and is at this writing filling the office of State President with peculiar competence and

acceptability. I also recall Mrs. Judge Winans, Mrs. Dodds, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Wilson among that goodly company of Xenia Crusaders. Of the ministers who gave their prayers and counsel, were Rev. Dr. Marley, Revs. Bedell, Ralston, Carson, Morehead, Schaffer and Starr, and of citizens a regiment.

South Charleston, a pretty and prosperous town in our county, Clark, opened the war on the saloons the same day we did. Of the work in this town, I find myself possessed of a description written, at my request, about the time I sailed for England, by Mrs. Virginia Holmes, one of the most active leaders. Reading it this morning, more than a dozen years after the events so vividly portrayed, my heart thrilled and the tears sprang to my eyes as it brought back the scenes of those wonderful days.

She says:

The women of to-day have, through a baptism of suffering, developed a new phase in the history of their sex. Men for ages have been worshiping, not God, but a hideous serpent, whose mammoth proportions have enabled it to swallow relentlessly myriads of votaries, who have offered themselves living sacrifices to its insatiable demands.

The mother or wife readily recognizes in this creature Strong Drink, and in its victims, father, husband, sons. In the fear of the Lord, and praying for his guidance and protection, taking the sword of the Spirit, and the shield of faith, with the helmet of salvation, and the banner of our Savior's love over us, we marched straight into the presence of our enemy. He raised his head, shot out his forked tongue and thought to frighten us.

But we said in the name of the Lord Jesus and suffering humanity we come. And as the mouths of

the lions of old were stopped, so was the power of this beast to harm restrained, and the semblance of death fell upon him for about the space of four months. But, alas, even in this seeming death he deceived the too confident, who were thereby thrown off their watch-tower. Nevertheless the nation has been aroused as never before, and though we did not succeed in entirely conquering our enemy, we did awaken the public sentiment, and the work goes on, and will till we do gain the victory.

Fancy the strangeness of the work; we, who had never in all our lives entered one of the dens, where the beast made his lair, were brought face to face with him day and night, till his hated visage became familiar. We did also make the discovery that some rum-sellers at least were susceptible of better impulses than their business engendered or fostered. Though we watched their bars incessantly to prevent the traffic, they treated us with uniform courtesy with but few exceptions. One instance I think of, on a bitter cold morning, when our patrols were almost perishing with cold, two ladies entered one of the most dreaded saloons. The keeper professed great solicitude for their comfort, and proceeded to close all ventilation, and with bar-room stove at white-heat, and about a dozen stalwart tobacco chewers spitting all over it, the situation was fearful. They came near fainting, but they did not yield their post till, fortunately, a couple of their sisters hearing of their situation, came and called them away to another point. The wife of this man assisted him in the sale of liquor, and vindicated the female character even in wickedness, for while the men were usually polite she was abusive.

But the charity that endureth all things, hopeth all things, sustained this consecrated band of women through all trials, whether of patience, faith or physical endurance.

Our Crusade lasted eight weeks, in the months of February and March, in the midst of the most inclement weather. Day after day we marched the streets, watching inside and out of saloons, never allowing a moment in which an unobserved sale could be made. We met alternately at the two churches

for prayer and business meetings in the morning, and again in the afternoon, in order to form our line of march to the saloons, at each of which we formed our positions into two lines, one on each side of the pavement. Then we sang those precious hymns that will always be remembered as the rallying cry of the army that expect yet to take the citadel of this arch-enemy of mankind. And then such petitions would ascend as have seldom touched the great heart of the Father, because they were carried straight to the throne on the strong pinions of faith in His beloved Son, and direct answers came as a benediction to all hearts.

We were armed with the various pledges for saloon-keepers, property-holders, druggists and drinkers, and constantly presented them through committees appointed for the purpose. We sought in all our intercourse with those engaged in the business to have our hearts controlled by the charity that suffereth long and is kind, that is not easily provoked. And we relied firmly upon our Savior's promise, "My grace is sufficient for you," and we were not confounded. Our male citizens did all they could under the circumstances for our comfort and the advancement of our cause. In one instance they achieved almost a miracle. We held two mass-meetings each week in the Town Hall, which were the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever held in our place. It was at one of these, after the work had been progressing some time, and the weather bitterly inclement, that a large-hearted gentleman proposed to raise funds for the building of a church right in the enemy's stronghold, there being a vacant lot just suited for the purpose. This occurred on Friday night. The money was raised, and all the carpenters and men gave an herculean lift to the wheel, and the next day—Saturday—at 2 o'clock, our church was regularly dedicated to the service of God, and stood there before us a monument of faith and works, with floor, roof, windows, seats and glowing stove, all complete.

How thankful we felt for this special providence in our favor. Our Church overlooked the whole rum traffic in our place. From it the saloon-keepers could

hear the voices of prayer and supplication ascending in their behalf, and in its erection they saw a determination of purpose that thoroughly awed them. It was not long till they began signing our pledge, one at a time, till every saloon was emptied, swept and garnished—scrubbed out, I should say, and groceries put in.

Never shall I forget the night on which we received the intelligence of our first very important surrender. Our meeting was unusually crowded that night, and near the close a messenger brought us the glad tidings, when instantly all were on their feet; and accompanied by our brass band, we poured forth like the sound of many waters,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

We then formed a triumphal procession, and men and women and children marched to the saloon. The band serenaded them while those most interested shook hands with and congratulated them as they stood in their door. Who will blame us for feeling unspeakably happy? for we saw the light gleaming over the hill tops.

At each surrender we had all the church and school-bells ring out their loudest peals. All our ladies who could, went into the work, for this was no partisan movement; all distinction of church, politics and cast was ignored, and the sound of thanksgiving went up as that of one voice. Religiously speaking, we had a short millennium. Oh, how glorious it was!

But this sin-cursed world of ours is not well adapted to a millennial condition. The arch enemy has not yet been chained, or entirely shorn of his power to hurt, or work evil. What a consolation it is to the weary toiler that the Savior has said, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," with the blessed assurance, "Ye shall reap if ye faint not" After our village was entirely purged, we found our work very much damaged by a small country saloon about three miles out. So we called a council of war and decided to march against it. And here again our brethren came to our aid. They hauled great quantities of wood and piled it near this house, and furnished us with con-

veyances. Thus aided, we boldly moved out into the woods and weather, and commenced our camping gypsy-fashion. We made a log fire well heaped up, drew our conveyance near the fire, and having provided ourselves with heavy wraps, we commenced our picket guard, never omitting our religious services.

The melting snow made the ground uncomfortable, so we procured some boards, and what with our buffaloes and comforts we managed nicely. The many had by this time dwindled to the few, the true and the tried, those who had put on the whole armor. A strange sight we must have presented in our gypsy camp, minus the tents. Singing, praying and eating, for we did not forget each day to partake of our picnic dinner, jointly contributed. Our hearts were warm and glad. For were we not instruments in the Father's hands for the pulling down of the strongholds of crime and sin?

I must tell of one bitter morning when the snow had fallen so deep, and it was altogether so unpropitious that only two of us went out. We found no blazing fire, but dead, black logs, all covered over with snow. I went through the snow and asked for a broom, which was kindly lent me. We then swept off the snow as well as we could, and with some kindlings we had brought with us, we proceeded to kindle a fire. Slow work, but accomplished at last. We drew our carriage near the fire, then unfastened our horse and found him as sheltered a place as possible. But the poor creature was a pet and a hot-house plant, and protested vigorously against crusading in such dreadful weather. We encouraged him with kind words, and did our own duty and came home at night with health unimpaired, which seemed to us a most special providence. Several similar demonstrations of determination convinced the besieged that we were inexorable as fate, and in two week's time we had the pleasure of bringing his liquors to our church, where with singing, prayer and much thanksgiving we poured it into the street, fondly but foolishly hoping that the last stream of poison that had so long desolated our fair heritage was forever dried up. For a short time our village seemed

an Eden. But soon the same old serpent lifted his head again, and our forces were no longer in the field to dispute his right. Well may we cry, "How long, oh Lord, how long?"

LONDON.

Among the earliest to fall into line was London, the county seat of Madison county, a town of some three thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by a wealthy farming community. At the breaking out of the war there were six churches and twenty-five saloons. A peculiar feature of the county is the monthly stock sales, which brings, on such occasions, a large concourse of people not only from the county, but from the surrounding counties, and from other States. This fact will largely account for the large number of saloons as compared with churches and population.

The leading citizens were more than usually intelligent and energetic. And so, as might be expected, the work was entered upon by men and women with a determination that meant victory.

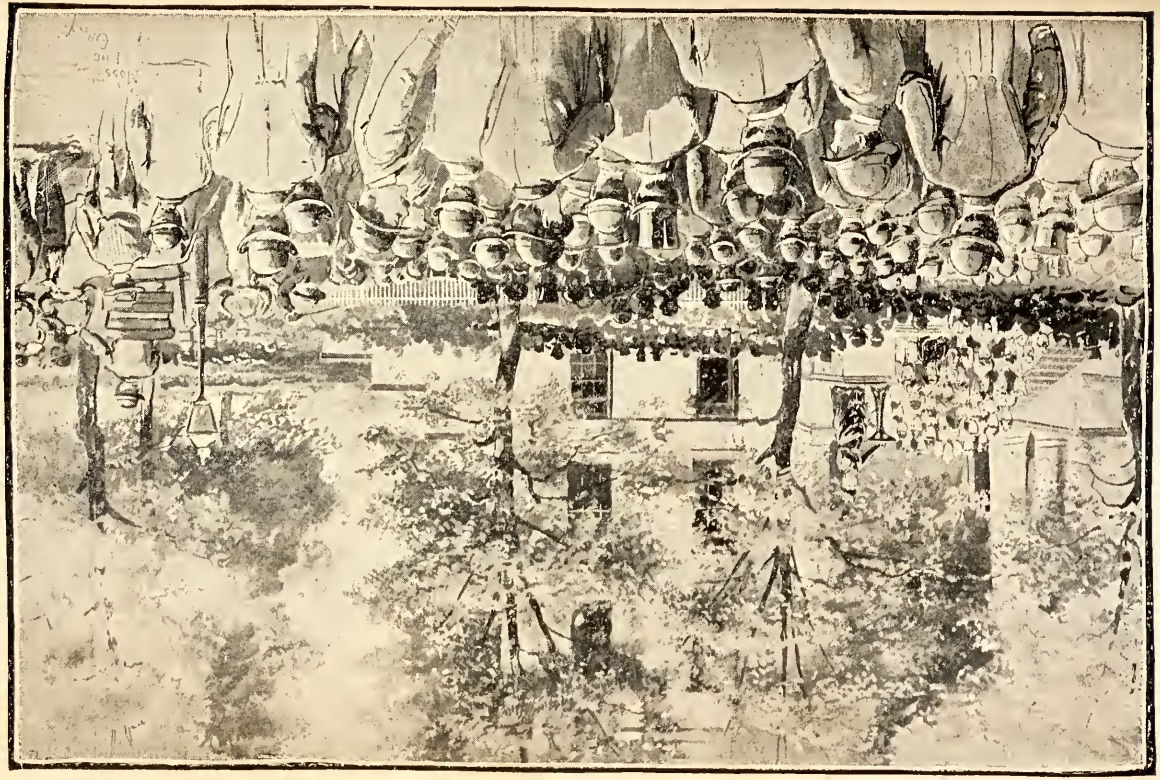
In the list of ladies I note Mrs. B. T. Custer, Mrs. B. Custer, Mrs. Toland, Mrs. Dr. Sharp, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Col. Ross, Mrs. Dr. Jones. Of the ministers, Rev. C. W. Finley, a saintly man of the Presbyterian church, who has since received his discharge and gone home to the kingdom of the blessed; Rev. T. H. Munroe, of the Methodist, who has also passed over, and Rev. Glover, of the Universalist church. The Catholic church, with Rev. Father Conway as their leader, also did

a grand work. It was a noteworthy fact that the first surrender was made by Howard, a member of that church. The women were also backed by all the prominent business men of the place. But the struggle was a hard one, for the liquor fraternity manifested quite as decided a determination to maintain their ground. But through the signing of the pledge, for nearly the entire community signed, their business was badly crippled. The men rolled up a big guarantee fund for emergency, and during the hour of morning meeting, business was suspended. Everything was done to aid the Crusaders and contribute, as far as possible, to their comfort. In a report before me, dated February 3rd, the writer says, "The surface of the ground, this morning, was covered with a slippery sheet of ice, making it difficult and even perilous to navigate, but some one had thoughtfully sprinkled salt before the various saloons, so that the ladies might be at no inconvenience during the devotional exercises."

The weather much of the time was extremely cold and inclement that winter, and, as it was generally the order for the saloon-keepers to lock their doors upon the women, the brethren put their sympathy into tangible shape by constructing a tabernacle and mounting it on wheels, putting in a stove and making it quite comfortable.

When the ladies wished to visit or devote any time to a special place, horses were hitched to

this unique meeting-house and it was drawn in front of Mr. Saloon-keeper's place of operations, and here the ladies would watch and pray and sing as long as they would judge expedient. Then the horses would be again hitched on and they would move forward to the next point of attack. On one occasion, while the ladies were praying in front of the door of one of the gallant fraternity, he attempted to set a ferocious dog on them. But the dog, more human than the human, or less animal than his master, refused to obey. If he could have had the power of speech, he would probably have said, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" At all events, he manifested a wonderful interest in the ladies' performance and stood by good-naturedly wagging his tail while they sang and prayed. As I am a warm friend to dogs, I take great pleasure in recording that as between the ladies and the saloons their sympathies were always unmistakably manifested on the side of the ladies. I am more than half inclined to believe they are more capable of judging between right and wrong, what is respectable and what is not, than we give them credit for. The ladies in their visitations soon discovered that the baker they were patronizing, under the guise of a grocer, also sold liquors. So they declined to patronize him any longer, and arranged that those who did not go out onto the street should bake the bread for those who did. But the work soon became so absorbing as to call out all their forces,



so that they had to give up their baking and sent their daily orders over to Springfield to our Brother Berry, for temperance bread. Of course victory perched on their banners, as they richly deserved.

ATHENS.

My old home began the Crusade visiting the same day that we did, February 10th. Many of the scenes and incidents were most thrilling. The work was prosecuted with great energy and vigilance, but with a spirit of Christian charity that led those refined, delicate women into the lowest and vilest places, and by their appeals, songs, prayers and tears, changing them into sanctuaries, where the proprietors and inmates joined in the songs of praise for their deliverance from a life of sin. Among this noble band I recall Mrs. M. C. DeSteiguer, Mrs. Angela Brown, Mrs. Alice Brown, Mrs. A. C. Brown, and many others of my co-workers and friends in that other war. One of these, of my little "Needle and Thread Band" of those days, I heard of not long since way down in Alabama, charming the ears and captivating the hearts of those Southerners for her cause, Mrs. Angela C. Davis.

Lancaster also began work on February 10th. It was a hard field, but the hosts were led and cheered on by such grand women as Mrs. General Ewing and Mrs. Reece, sister of General and Hon. John Sherman, and much effective work was accomplished.

CHAPTER XII.

Enlisting the Children—Columbus Convention

IN CASTING about for ways and means to advance my work and to reach and enlist all classes, my thought was early drawn to the children. I felt the great need of such influences being brought to bear directly upon their minds, to counteract and fortify them against the saloon, that was an ever-present snare and source of temptation. And I visited the Sunday-Schools, as my time would permit, for this purpose. Then, as others entered the work, we appointed a committee of ladies to take charge of this work, visit the several Sabbath-Schools and enlist teachers and children as far as possible. We have always found that it is not hard to enlist the children in a good cause, if we care to make the effort. Our children had become greatly excited over our work, especially after our Crusade began. We accordingly arranged for a children's meeting on Sabbath afternoon, February 22nd, at 3 o'clock, in Black's Opera House. The reporter says of that meeting:

What would have been the result had Sunday afternoon been at all pleasant, is difficult of imagina-

tion. The Boston Jubilee building would hardly have entertained all the boys and girls in the city who would have turned out for that mass-meeting at the Opera House at 3 p. m. As it was, the house was packed to the very limit. Away back in the gallery a crowd of little fellows were hanging on by their eyelids to the windows, and every aisle had its ranks of persons standing, and still many went away disappointed of even a glimpse. There was that in the eye and manner of even the young people which showed that they knew why they were there; and meant all they expressed in their manner. And the speaking and singing were strictly in accordance with the attendance. Altogether it was a grand affair, and such a meeting as gives support and stability to any good cause and those engaged in it.

This was the first children's meeting of the Crusade, and at it I remember that great mass of boys and girls at my call sprang to their feet to pledge themselves for temperance. One bright little girl came to me, and in a whisper asked if she could sign the pledge and eat mince pies. "Why, yes, my dear," I answered, "if your mamma will not put any brandy in her pies. She could then sign the pledge and eat mince pies too." "I have signed the pledge" she replied. I told her to ask her mamma not to put brandy in any more, so she could eat mince pie without breaking her pledge. The mother of that little girl was a Christian lady, but had not dreamed of the stumbling-block she was putting in the way of her child. The child, though so young, saw the inconsistency.

Some of our Crusaders found that they had a little crusading to do at home before they could with much success appeal to the saloon-keeper.

They would be met with the very pertinent question, "Have you crusaded your own cellars and closets before coming to me? What about your home-made wine, your wines and brandies for your pies, cakes and puddings?"

They would quietly withdraw and have a little liquor pouring of their own, not down in the bills. Not, however, making as clear a sweep of it as my friend Mrs. Parker and her husband of Dundee, Scotland, after hearing Gough upon his first visit to that country. They went home, gathered up all their bottles of wine, poured out the wine, broke the bottles and sent the goblets after, not supposing the goblets could possibly come into use if they had no liquor.

I found there were a good many women who did not quite take in the full meaning of the injunction, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." One poor woman who was having a sad time with her husband because he was being ruined by drink, appealed to me to help her prosecute the liquor-seller. I began investigating, lawyer-fashion, to see what there was in the case, with the leading question, "Do you know that man sells whisky to be drank on the premises?" "Oh yes," she said, "I *saw* him selling to Mr. M—— when I had gone in to buy some brandy for mince pies." "Why," said I, "my dear, is it possible you use brandy in your pies?" "Yes'm," she answered. "Don't you ever do it again. Will you promise me?" "Yes'm." Here, this woman had been cultivating her husband's appetite with her own

hands, then turning and crying out to me to help her save him from the consequences. Besides, she had given away her power against the liquor-seller by patronizing him herself. Some years after the Crusade, being called to one place where the women had done a grand work in the campaign, I incidentally heard of one of the good sisters saying a few days before, "If it were not for the looks of the thing, I would go to the saloon across the street and get some brandy for my mince pies." Not even yet had she learned to "shun the very appearance of evil."

And this reminds me of a good minister in Michigan whom I heard vehemently denouncing the liquor and the liquor-seller and the whole business. "Why," said he, "I would not be seen going into one of those places. If I had occasion to go I would send some one else!"

MARYSVILLE.

The calls for help are pouring in. The day is breaking and the long night of sorrow, may we not hope, is passing away.

On the evening of February 21st, Saturday, upon my return from my day's work, I found my friend, Mrs. Sharp, of Kingston, awaiting me. She had been commissioned by the ladies of Marysville to come and bring me to them, to organize and lead them out. I sent them a dispatch to be in their Church on Monday at 3 o'clock, and I would be with them; that being the first train by which I could reach them.

Arriving at the place, we went immediately to the Church and found a good audience awaiting us. In an hour I had them organized, the band formed and marching on the streets, while the bells pealed out the news, "The women are marching."

Oh, those inspiring bells! The "Bells of Shandon on the river Lee" never thrilled the heart of the poet as did those Crusade bells the hearts of the Crusaders. Two ladies living on the outskirts of the town had not heard of the meeting till the bells told them the women were marching. They hastily threw on their wraps and came, almost running, to join their sisters.

In that band of eager, devoted women I noticed one bowed nearly half down with some spinal affliction. Yet she was laboriously keeping up with the rest. Her face told of much physical suffering, possibly mental, too. Yet she could not forego the happy privilege of joining her sisters in that holy warfare. Dear Jesus, Thou hast many such who would follow Thee even to the cross as they of old.

As we made our several calls, we found one man who was disposed to draw the ladies into a discussion on the healthfulness of his beverage of the beer tub, and one lady caught the bait. She assented that beer was "in sickness very beneficial," and added that she was herself using it for her health. I saw the good lady was giving her cause away to that saloon-keeper and hastened to the rescue. I told her it would be well

for her to give up its use, as it was all a delusion about its possessing the health-giving properties ascribed to it. She said her doctor advised it. "Then," said I, "change your doctor." I learned afterwards that the physician was her brother. In the course of my lecture that evening, I took occasion to speak of the manufacturing and handling of the stuff; stealing a glance towards the lady, I noticed this caused quite a grimace of disgust.

Our mass-meeting at night was a grand affair. I was requested at the close of my lecture to call for a guarantee fund. The responses came in briskly for a time, but at length began to slacken up somewhat. Just then a gentleman called out, "I see I made a mistake. Put me down for another hundred dollars." Another called out, "I am as rich as he is, put me down for another hundred." A third said, "I have no money, but I have a good horse and buggy, put them down for me." A fourth said, "put me down for a horse and buggy." And thus in a few minutes a fund of several thousand dollars was pledged to the work.

I tell you those guarantee funds were potent persuasives. The saloon men understood and felt the force of money, sometimes, when they were not moved by prayer. They knew that meant enforcement of law, and they knew they broke the law every day. I had told the ladies I would give them just nine days in which to close out the half-dozen saloons in their town.

But that guarantee fund, added to the women's prayers, pleadings and songs, finished up the work in six.

The last saloon was closed, the bells were ringing! Oh, how they rang, how they reverberated out over the plains for miles and miles away. They kept on the glad peal after peal. The country people dropped their work, caught up their horses, their carriages, their wagons, everything available; and men and women and children hastened away to the town. And still the bells pealed on. The town filled with people, the women were marching and the people fell into line, and truly there was "great joy in that city." One of the saloon-keepers having rolled out his liquors, and insisted that the Crusaders should themselves have the happiness of knocking in the heads with their own hands, swept and garnished his place and prepared a sumptuous dinner for the Crusaders, with the invitation for each to bring a friend.

When the repast was ended, the ladies seeing where an after-piece would come in nicely, two of them taking each a hat, passed among the guests, received a very nice donation, which they tendered their generous host, quite sufficient to enable him to open up a more respectable business. Another of the fraternity, finding his occupation gone, and now that his better self had an opportunity to assert itself, began to feel ashamed of his business and himself for having been engaged in it, declared he was going to "do

what the devil had never done,—leave Marysville." And he departed with the intention, as it was understood, of finding a more respectable business elsewhere.

But a fearful testing-time came to many a poor toper. After the excitement subsided they found that tyrant, appetite, was still alive, and the more imperative because of the enforced abstinence. There was not a drop of liquor to be had, not even a drug-store where they could get it without an order from a physician, so read the druggist's pledge. A physician told me some of his experiences which were at times very amusing. Their pleas were often quite ingenious, some bordering on the pathetic. A man would hasten in, apparently much excited, and report that his wife was very ill; would the doctor make him out an order for some liquor for medicine? But the doctor being shrewd enough to suspect the true state of the case, would propose to call and see the sick woman first. This would put quite a different aspect on the affair, and the thirsty husband would withdraw, remarking that he did not think it would be worth while.

What a bitter cold night was that 23rd of February! Though my kind hostess did her best to make me comfortable as possible, I did not get warm the whole night. Up, however, by the first dawning, and driven by the Rev. March some eight miles in that crisp, stinging atmosphere to take the train for Columbus, where our

great State Convention, which had been called by Dr. Lewis, met that day.

Though I write all the time with the fear of seeming too minute and tedious in detailing the work and scenes of the Crusade, I yet desire to give as clear an idea of it as possible without wearying the reader. I also wish to make this all too imperfect history sufficiently accurate for a sort of reference in years to come. For this reason I give the reports as I find them in the papers, wherever I can, rather than from my own memory. And I now quote, though the report be rather extended, the account of our first State Convention in the interest of the Crusade.

The morning meeting, Tuesday, February 24th, was given to the work in Columbus, helping the ladies to organize and encouraging them. I felt, however, that rather a serious mistake was made in the decision to rule the brethren out from any participation. There were some of the best men, ministers and laymen, in Columbus, to be found in the State. I need only to mention Revs. Keene, Gardiner, Wallace, with many others whose hearts were overflowing with sympathy for the Crusaders, and whose knowledge and judgment were most necessary in that peculiarly hard field. I learned, indeed, that in the course of a month the ladies saw the mistake and invited the brethren to their councils. Diversity of gifts and labors, but community of interests. "Ye twain shall be one flesh." Neither

man nor woman alone, but unitedly we shall take this world out of the hands of Satan and wicked men and rule it in righteousness. From the press of the next day I copy:

The Temperance Convention this afternoon, for more perfect organization of the woman's work, was the most harmonious and enthusiastic, as well as the best managed Convention which has met here for many years.

By 2 P. M. most of the seats in the City Hall were filled, there being at least *1,200 persons, representing all parts where the movement has been in progress, and where it is not yet started. The Convention was called to order by the Rev. W. B. Chadwick, of Columbus, and on his motion Dr. Lewis was unanimously chosen Chairman. C. M. Nichols, of the *Springfield Republic*, and Rev. Mr. Badgely, of Millersburg, were named as Secretaries. Mother Stewart, of Springfield, was then escorted upon the stand and offered prayer. This somewhat unusual proceeding was most happily conceived, and the audience preserved a deep and reverent silence during the short and touching supplication. The assembly then sang,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Dr. Lewis invited the delegates from all places where the women's war had been carried on, to send their most active workers upon the platform, and some fifty ladies came forward.

On motion, a committee on permanent organization was named, consisting of five ladies and three gentlemen. Mrs. Eliza Thompson, Chairman; Mrs. B. J. Custer, of London; Mrs. Mary Brown, Mrs. Conway, of Cedarville; Mrs. McCabe, of Delaware; and Messrs. Stewart, Gardiner and Keene.

The following were named a Committee on Resolutions; Mother Stewart, Chairman; Miss Lizzie McFadden, of Cadiz; Mrs. M. W. Baines, of Springfield; Mrs. Lowe, of Xenia; Mrs. Dr. Sharp, of London; Mrs. Sarah Pollard, Columbus, and Messrs. C. M. Nichols, Fuller, and J. M. Richmond.

*It was estimated that there were 1,500 or 1,800 delegates besides citizens.

The Committee retired, and the Chairman called for volunteer speeches from old workers. The first call was for Mr. VanPelt, who came on the stand and spoke very briefly. One delegation sent forward Mrs. Timmons, of Clarksburg, Ohio, who gave an account of the work there. After singing, the Xenia delegation sent Mrs. Findlay forward to represent them, who gave an exceedingly interesting account of the work there. Dr. Lewis read a letter from the women of Lancaster to the women of Columbus, announcing that a thousand women in the former place were willing to work in the cause. The assembly indulged in three cheers. Mr. Talmage read a letter of encouragement from Mrs. Reese, sister of General Sherman. The assembly sang "Glory, glory Hallelujah," and Miss L. Sewell was called to the stand and spoke at some length. Miss Kate Dwyer, of Greenfield, was called to speak for that place, and gave a most affecting account of six weeks labor there,—all dealers having signed the pledge but one, and she hourly expected a dispatch announcing his surrender.

Miss Sarah Butler being called to represent Franklin, gave a relation so plaintive and touching that half the audience were moved to tears. She gave an account of an instance where a saloon-keeper had employed some men to furnish the music for a dance he intended to have. When these musicians appeared the ladies were engaged in singing and praying before the saloon. These men were so affected by the scene that they told the saloonist they did not think that playing and dancing and singing and praying were intended to go together, and they went away and had no dance.

The Committee on Permanent Organization now reported the nominations:

President—Mrs. H C. McCabe, of Delaware.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. E. J. Thompson, Hillsboro; Mrs. Rose Stewart, Cedarville; Mrs. M. G. Carpenter, Washington C. H.; Mrs. Amanda Clark, Newark; Miss Kate Dwyer, Greenfield; Mrs. Rev. Wyant, Mt. Vernon; Mrs. Rev. Dr. Hatfield, Cincinnati; Mrs. John Walker, Logan; Mother Stewart, Springfield; Mrs. Rev. Runyan, Wilmington; Mrs.

Z. T. Walters, Marietta; Mrs. Gen. Ewing, Lancaster; Mrs. Granville Moody, Ripley; Miss Kate Shallcross, Gallipolis; Miss Virginia Copeland, Zanesville; Mrs. E. Shurr, Bellefontaine; Mrs. L. C. Allen, Tiffin; Mrs. E. C. McVilly, Mrs. Judge Mayo, McArthur; Miss Rebecca Rice, Professor in Antioch College, Yellow Springs; Mrs. Rev. Joseph Clokey, Middletown; Miss Henrietta G. Moore, Morrow; Mrs. Rev. Wm. Jones, Findlay; Mrs. David Spangler, Mrs. Brown, Athens; Mrs. Hortensie Beeman, New Lexington; Miss Maggie Beatie, Ashland; Mrs. A. W. Swapel, Mrs. Rev. Wm. Herr, Dayton.

Secretary—Miss Kate Gardner, Columbus.

Treasurer—Mrs. Mary Brown, Columbus.

Executive Committee—Mrs. Maria Bates, Mrs. R. A. S. Janney, Mrs. A. E. Tremaine, Mrs. L. Desselum and Mrs. Joan Galloway, all of Columbus.

Advisory Committee—A. A. Stewart, Hon. Chancey Olds, Hon. E. E. White, all of Columbus.

The Committee on Resolutions, through its President, Mother Stewart, made the following report of Platform, which was adopted section by section, by a rising and unanimous vote.

Resolved, That the success of the Ohio women's movement in behalf of the temperance reform has given us substantial assurance that the traffic in and use of intoxicating drinks can and will be removed from the State and Nation.

Resolved, That in the prosecution of this work, we rely on Divine assistance, secured through fervent, persistent, and importunate prayer to Almighty God, offered in faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and with hearts filled with love for souls.

Resolved, That faithful and persistent prayer must, as an inevitable result, be accompanied by efficient personal and organized work.

Resolved, That in addition to contributions of money generously and freely given, it is recommended that the men aiding the women's work to suppress intemperance in our communities, and the women who carry on the work, avoid all envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, all bitterness of speech, and denunciation of the men engaged in the

liquor traffic, to cultivate their acquaintance and kindly feeling, and by all honorable and practicable means to assist them in changing from a business injurious to society, to some other remunerative to themselves and beneficial to community.

MRS. E. D. STEWART,
MISS SARAH POLLARD,
MISS LIZZIE MCFADDEN,
MRS. H. J. SHARP,
MRS. M. W. BAINES,
C. M. NICHOLS,
H. J. FULLERTON,
J. M. RICHMOND,
Committee.

After considerable miscellaneous business and an able speech from Mother Stewart, the meeting adjourned till 7:30 P. M.

The evening meeting was quite as enjoyable as that of the afternoon, and still more encouraging. Some 1,500 people were present, and all were interested. Senator Goodhue was called to the chair and prayer was offered by Rev. George Carpenter, of Washington C. H. Volunteer speeches were called for, and the audience called out several speakers, there being frequent singing between the speeches. After short addresses by the Chairman and Dr. Lewis, VanPelt was called and spoke briefly.

There was a persistent call for Mrs. M. McC. Brown, but she was worn out with the work and could not speak. Miss Moore, of Morrow, gave an interesting account of the work there, with their peculiar difficulties.

Mrs. Eliza J. Thompson, of Hillsboro, daughter of Ex-Governor Trimble, spoke, like a brave lady, of the conflict there, and stated that what had been done had just taught them how to work. Loud calls brought Mother Stewart to the front, who spoke with her usual power. She told of many ladies who had entered upon the work in feeble health, and were much improved, and she thought this work would save the women as well as the men of the country.

(What I said was prompted by the call for "strong lungs." I responded that I thanked

the Lord that I had strong lungs, and spoke of the benefit that many women who thought they were confirmed invalids, had already received from the out-door exercise, as well as the stimulus received from living for a purpose, devoting heart and talent for the welfare of mankind. When I had taken my seat, Dr. Lewis sprang up and came to me with the enthusiasm of a boy, saying some kind words about the practical common sense, and that my assertion in regard to the improvement of the health of the women was invaluable to our cause. It was just in the line of his teaching as a health reformer; and many had been prophesying that the women would kill themselves by the fatigue and exposure.)

Miss Stone, of Marietta, spoke briefly of the work in general, but could not report much progress in Marietta. Rev. Mr. Hamma, of Springfield, was led forward and introduced by Mother Stewart, to the intense delight of the audience, and gave an eloquent resume of the work there. Rev. W. M. Grimes, of Cadiz, spoke briefly, and Dr. Lewis set forth a plan of work for the campaign; and by a rising vote the meeting returned the thanks of Ohio to Dr. Lewis, who was now returning to Massachusetts, and this enthusiastic meeting closed, everybody feeling that they had been greatly encouraged by this glad interchange of greetings and experiences to return home and prosecute the work with renewed vigor.

To my friends, Beadle, of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and Brown, of the *Gazette*, I am chiefly indebted for the foregoing generous but strictly truthful report of that great meeting. And those two papers, as nearly every other in the

country, daily devoted column after column to the wonderful work. But alas! and alas! these two, now combined with the two editors in one sanctum, have no generous word of encouragement for our cause.

I received many more calls at this meeting to "come and help" than I could respond to. Two ladies had come to Springfield to take me to their town, Coshocton, to help them organize and lead them out; but I had left for Marysville. As soon as I could see—as I thought—the time to go to them, I telegraphed, asking if they still wanted me. They answered, "No, we are at work; do not need outside help." Thus, while the ladies in many places shrank at first, as feeling their own weakness and need of aid, yet by some strange, impelling influence they were constrained to go forward, so many of them, too, astonished beyond measure at themselves.

I wish the reader to pause for a moment and reflect that the wonderful meeting above reported, the spirit and life of which was contributed by the women, was almost fourteen years ago (I write this November 29, 1887), and that the women had not had the training and experience of the women of to-day. Indeed, many of them, till their lips were unsealed in the saloon or on the street, had never publicly spoken a word for their Savior or heard their own voices in prayer. But oh! what showers of blessings descended upon them! What joy and peace came into their hearts!

A SPRINKLE OF POLITICS.

The Prohibition State Convention met the same week of our Convention, February 26th, at Mt. Vernon.

I have already intimated that the politicians were watching our prayer movement with no little solicitude as to "How will this affect our party?" They were also anxiously, though very cautiously, putting forth their hands to steady the ark. Now that the Prohibitionists had come together in their annual convention so soon following ours at Columbus, they thought they saw some sinister meaning in it, and began loudly to charge the Prohibitionists with wanting to "lug in politics," "trying to gobble the crusade!" and expressed a good deal of holy indignation. Considering these facts, the following extracts, taken from a report of this Convention as found in the *Cincinnati Gazette* of the 27th, may not be uninteresting:

The history of the Prohibition party of Ohio is getting to be an alarming study for politicians. A few years ago Jay Odell, a wealthy and benevolent citizen of Cleveland, who had spent large sums of money in relieving the wants of widows and orphans, the victims of intemperance, became convinced that he could do better service for humanity by directing his means to the suppression of the traffic which caused all this misery. He therefore stopped short in his charitable and educational bequests and threw his whole energies into the prohibition movement. The nucleus of a party was soon formed; money was raised to publish a paper, distribute tracts, and keep lecturers in the field. In the first election in which the party appeared, it cast two thousand votes;

at the next, over four thousand, and last fall—as Republican politicians knew to their sorrow—upwards of ten thousand.

The record of such a growth was sufficient to encourage the leaders in the movement, and they were going on to another vigorous campaign, when help came from an unexpected quarter,—the woman's temperance movement suddenly broke out. What the men had been vainly trying for years to accomplish by legal coercion the women began to do by moral suasion. But widely different as are the principles of the two methods, the prohibitionists could not fail to see that the women were preparing the way for their work better than they could ever hope to do it themselves. Therefore many of them came forward and wanted to father the movement and carry it in their arms. True friends of the cause saw danger in this, and politicians hailed it as an opportunity. An attempt was made—such as I described at Columbus—Wednesday, to set the two factions by the ears. And the effort was well-nigh successful. Men of one idea have always been intolerant of anything that crosses the path of their purposes, and so the friends of prohibition in the Columbus meeting Wednesday morning, developed a spirit of obstinacy that threatened a conflict straightway. (Viewed from the other side a different conclusion was reached.—M. S.)

At the convention, yesterday, however, the advocates of the law insisted that they were in full sympathy with the gospel method of operation, and there the difficulty will likely stop.

THE PROHIBITION CREED.

In conversation with an intelligent member of the convention, yesterday, I gathered some ideas which may serve to illustrate their faith and purposes.

A prohibition law now would be of no use. The attempts to carry out even the existing temperance laws prove failures, because the burden of enforcing them falls on a very few men in every community, who cannot stand against the combined strength of the liquor interest. First of all, temperance officers must be put in place of the corrupt party men, who

now have the execution of the laws in their hands. The second condition of success is an unquestionable law on the statute books, prohibiting the manufacture, importation or sale of intoxicating drinks in the commonwealth. But, neither prohibition officers can be elected, nor a stringent law enacted, until the prohibitionists as a political party are in power in the State. Therefore, the chief aim for the present is to accumulate votes. The gentleman acknowledged there could be no lasting success of the prohibition movement until all the political parties of the country resolve themselves into temperance and anti-temperance elements, and formed two great national parties, divided on the issue of prohibition.

Furthermore, the prohibition party must exist permanently, and always be in the majority; for the moment the anti-temperance men get in power prohibitory laws will be ineffective, because not enforced. In Maine and Massachusetts,—where it is claimed prohibition has been a failure—the law was executed by its enemies. Put it in the hands of its friends and that will be the last of whisky. Nothing can be expected from either of the present political parties, because temperance can never be made more than a side issue in election contests. Prohibitionists insist on a square fight on the sole question of temperance, and all overtures or attempts at compromise from either Democrats or Republicans will be rejected with scorn.

On woman suffrage prohibitionists were divided in their own ranks, and very likely would not have carried it any longer had not the late temperance crusade burdened them with so heavy a debt to the women. There will be no retreating from that issue now, and prohibition and woman suffrage in Ohio, at least, must sink or swim together.

He also gives the following resolutions of indorsement as adopted by the Convention:

WHEREAS, The manufacture, sale and consumption of intoxicating liquors is in open violation of the law of God, and antagonistic to the moral, social and political well-being of society; and

WHEREAS, The Christian women of Ohio are

seeking to eradicate this evil, by the instrumentality of prayer to Almighty God, and Christian, womanly entreaty with liquor-sellers against their destructive traffic; therefore

Resolved, That we, as delegates to the State Convention of the Prohibition party of Ohio, in convention assembled, do hereby congratulate the noble, self-sacrificing women of Ohio in their success, and assure them of our sympathy and co-operation with them and all other agencies of the temperance reform.

Resolved, That we will not only unite our prayers with our sisters, to Almighty God, but we will call upon our brethren in Ohio to assist in making permanent the benefits of this moral uprising by the execution of law against all engaged in the liquor traffic, and to seek through the ballot-box the speedy enactment of such prohibitory laws as shall extinguish the evil of intemperance from our State.

It was no doubt disappointing to the temperance party, considering that they were the first political organization to indorse the prayer movement, that the Crusaders not only declined to recognize their overtures of co-operation, but turned the cold shoulder. What would have been the consequence to-day if the women had then taken their stand by their natural allies, is a question of solemn interest.

The women have grown marvelously since; but so has the liquor power. Those who were so industriously manipulating the Crusade to "save the party," have great occasion to congratulate themselves. The party was saved, and so was the liquor traffic, and it is stronger to-day than ever before.

I am glad to record here, besides the Hon. Jay Odell, mentioned by the reporter as among

the first Prohibition standard bearers of our State, and the strong friends and supporters of our organization from the first to the present hour, the names of Hon. Gideon T. Stewart, Rev. A. M. Thompson, D. D., Professor of Otterbein University, Rev. E. K. Brown, D. D., President of Wesleyan Female College, and husband of our brilliant Mattie McClellan Brown, Hon. Ferdinand Schumacher, Hon. J. H. Doan, Bro. Silver; our D.S. Morrow,—who will not belong to a church that will not give the same privileges to his wife that it would to him,—our venerable Father Ware, Thomas Evans, Jr., A. A. Stewart, and Dr. Barnes—a good array of strong and true men, of which any party or cause may justly feel proud. Brothers Evans and Stewart have recently passed away. How the veterans are falling!

CHAPTER XIII.

Westville, Middletown, Bellefontaine, Kenton, Sidney, Marion, Ashland.

WHILE we were absent at Columbus, those who remained at home to "hold the fort," had not by any means been idle. The band work went on, and on Wednesday, another "White Wednesday," they took possession of our new headquarters in the Stone Church, so generously put at our service by Mr. John Bookwalter. And with appropriate ceremonies, conducted by Dr. Clokey, it was dedicated to our work.

Henceforth, from here, after the morning season of prayer, they formed their bands and marched out, returning at noon for lunch and a short season of rest, then re-forming and out for the afternoon; often also making special visits in the evening. I wish I could give the entire list of these hundreds of honorable Christian women who did such faithful work reaching into the long months. But their record is on high.

There were many ladies who did not find it possible, either from lack of health or other reasons, to join the street work. But they formed

committees on refreshments, divided the city by wards, and the committee for each ward—there being five wards at that time—prepared a nice noon-day lunch at headquarters for a week at a time. And thus, throughout the long weeks of the campaign, the toilers on the street—and the work was very wearying—were supplied with the best the city afforded, by their sisters. Among these servers of tables were ladies occupying the highest positions in the land; one, I think of, whose husband sat on the Supreme Bench of the Commonwealth. And another who has since occupied the enviable position of "First Lady of the Land."

And this was the case in other places as well. I will here, however, take occasion to correct a statement that I have met in the East, that I had the honor to be associated with Mrs. President Hayes in the Crusade. While our beloved Mrs. Hayes was in fullest sympathy with the Crusade, as she always is with every good work, she was at that time occupied with the duties of her position, her husband being Governor of the State. Some of her relatives entered actively into the work. An aunt living in C——, being in too delicate health to go out on the street with the other ladies, would take some bit of work in her hand and drop into a saloon near, and chat kindly with the keeper, very much, however, to the detriment of his business.

No one, however thirsty, who had a particle of self-respect remaining, would brave the pres-

ence of that refined, Christain lady, by calling for a drink.

Speaking of my friend, Mrs. McK——, "reminds me of a little story," as our Lincoln used to say, at my expense. I had, by exposure in my work, contracted a severe cold, with sore throat and hoarseness, that threatened to silence me for a time. A prospect rather alarming, for I was hastening from point to point to rally the forces and urge on the battle. Mrs. McK——, seeing my condition, kindly prepared me a bottle of vinegar, white sugar and cayenne pepper, such as she had found beneficial in relieving a rather serious cough with which she was troubled. I put it into the outside pocket of my waterproof, for convenience, that I might if possible relieve my hoarseness by the time I reached my next appointment. But it was urged, I must call at the *Gazette* office before I left, to see "the boys," one of whom had been my student in other years, but now needing to sign the pledge, which with the others he did. The editor had taken a cold that was giving him much trouble, and about which his mother felt a good deal of solicitude. In the midst of my interesting conversation with the young men and their signing of the pledge, she bethought her of my medicine, and stepping up to me, fished it out of my pocket, and holding it up, insisted upon "Will's" tasting it. She was sure it was just what he needed. But oh, my! what a laugh it raised among the boys. And I—I could not just see

where the laugh came in. I think, if I remember, the boys called it "sold." I concluded thereafter to "shun the appearance of evil" by keeping my bottle out of sight.

But the enemy was far from indifferent all this time. In the very beginning of our work many of the saloon-keepers appealed to the law to protect them in their "rights." And it was frequently found that the servants of the people, placed in office to execute the laws, were so in the power of these men that they were able to find a great deal more law to protect them in their nefarious business than to protect the women in their pious effort to save souls. We have already recorded, as one of the first moves in our city, that over 600 women had appealed to the council to pass the McConnelsville ordinance, a just and righteous measure; and it would have proved of incalculable benefit to the city, saving tens of thousands of dollars, as well as the infinite gain in health, happiness and morals. This petition was signed by the best women in Springfield. But the council, without any public remonstrance, refused to grant it, giving, as we have shown elsewhere, the most unique reason for their non-action ever rendered by men laying claim to a common amount of brains.

But now comes a petition to this august body, signed by some 250, seven-tenths, at least, of them being of the foreign, German and Irish population, and mostly saloon-keepers, demanding of the Council that they instruct the mayor and

police to enforce the law, keeping the sidewalks unobstructed. This, of course, was meant for the Crusaders. The petition was granted by a vote of seven to three. There had been no complaint made or notice taken of the obstructions on sidewalks before, though often the obstruction from building material, dry goods boxes, bars of iron, whisky barrels, beer casks, was such as to not only endanger one's apparel, but their limbs as well, especially after night.

The law was enforced, and the Crusaders gave the prescribed space—four feet—standing and kneeling on the curbstone or in the gutter. A wonderful thing is the law and free government of which we have made such boast. I remember of hearing of a gang of slaves, chained together, being driven through the streets of Richmond, Virginia, on their way to the Southern sugar and cotton plantations, on a Fourth of July, singing as they marched,

"Hail Columbia, happy land."

No one now living will ever witness such a sight again in this country, for our boys in the blue and the gray together, though in opposing lines, washed out the foul stain of the crime of slavery with their blood. But long since that, here in the North, boasting of freedom and liberty,—have the best women of this or any land been arrested, imprisoned, mobbed, spit upon, abused, wounded by infuriated beings in the shape of men, set on by the liquor-dealers, only because they went in the name of their Master to plead

with them to give up their soul-destroying business. All this time the politicians crying out against the, "Negro outrages in the South;" while the laws at home were inadequate to protect their own wives and daughters from these worse than southern slave-drivers in their native towns. And this same power has the nation by the throat to day.

On the 26th, two days after our Convention, I took the train to Urbana, was met by Rev. Calbfus and driven some six or eight miles to Westville. Met the ladies in prayer-meeting. Had a large mass-meeting at night, organized everybody for the work; and next morning led out the little band to visit the three or four places, including the tavern.

How precious was that season of prayer as we knelt on the frozen ground before that village tavern, and how I wanted to shout aloud the praises of Him who had called us to this blessed work.

I do not believe that little praying band will ever forget that morning. It was not long till they reported the liquor business closed out there. After seeing the sisters well started in their work, I was driven back to Urbana and took the train down through Springfield, not stopping. Mr. C. M. Nichols boarded the train to accompany me to Middletown. Looking out, I saw the sisters on duty; some marching in that solemn, silent fashion, others before some saloon. Reaching Osborn, where I had organized and

led the sisters out, I stepped onto the platform to see if they were at their post. Brother Massie seeing me, motioned with a sweep of his hands to the other side. There they were across the square, faithfully at work. On, down, coming to Franklin, while the train halted Mr. Butler came in, and throwing up my window, said, "Look, Mother Stewart, see the women keeping guard over Munger." I have no language to express my deep emotion as I looked upon that scene. These women by prayer and faith had closed all but this one gate of death. This one man had stubbornly refused to yield. He had many times laid himself liable to prosecution by his flagrant violation of law; and the men had said "give him up to us and we will find a shorter way to close him out." But they begged, "Let alone, peradventure the Lord will give us that man's soul." And so, in sunshine or storm, days and weeks, there they sat outside that dreadful place. Angels, keeping guard over a man's soul. Yes, angels, though clad in the habiliments of earth, and I think their kindred of the upper skies must have looked down with intensest pity and sympathy on that sight. It was not long after this, however, till the men, unable to bear it longer, brought suit against the man, and he was sent to prison and his place closed. But behold how soon the sympathy of the community is excited in behalf of this class of law-breakers. It was not long till it was reported that Munger's prison life was seriously

affecting his health. A petition was circulated and numerously signed and presented to the authorities for his release, and the prison doors were thrown open to him. No such sympathy or leniency for any of his many victims that I ever heard of, though they might lie in jail, week in and out, and their helpless families become a public charge, or starve.

We were met and entertained at Middletown, by Rev. Joseph Clokey and lady, who had made arrangement for the meeting.

It is enough to say that this earnest young minister was the son of our Dr. Clokey, and what a combined host for every good work were he and his intelligent lady.

It seemed that the whole city had come together for that mass-meeting. The reporter said it was a "grand success."

The hall accommodates nearly two thousand people, and was crowded to its utmost capacity. Every inch of standing room, even in the aisles, was occupied, and hundreds stood for two hours and a half. Upon opening the services with music by the combined choirs of the town, and prayer by Rev. Jos. Hill, Mr. C. M. Nichols, of the *Springfield Republic*, being introduced, delivered a short but witty oration, which met with great applause, after which Mother Stewart told what she knew of the work, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Clokey both spoke, Mrs. C. most effectively. Rev. Mr. Graham also spoke. A guarantee fund was desired for carrying on the work, and I was requested to make the appeal for it, which I did. During this exercise a poor, broken-down specimen of the liquor-

seller's workmanship made his way through the crowd and gained a position near the platform, and called out that he would give "five cents!" The poor fellow grinned as if he thought he had done a real cute thing, and there were enough who were ready to raise the laugh. I felt not a little solicitude lest the rabble should get away with the solemnity of the meeting. Raising my hand I stood in silence till they quieted down; then I called their attention to the poor, dirty, illy-clad, intoxicated man standing there, made in the image of his Maker, but all marred and ruined by the liquor-seller; an object of pity and compassion rather than merriment. Though so intoxicated as to be simple, yet he was able to see that I was calling attention to him. A sense of shame and mortification crept over his face, and the audience was most respectful thereafter.

The Crusaders opened up their work the next day and accomplished a great deal, though this was one of the hardest fields. I very well remember the dear friends here gave me $20 for my services. It was the first that approached anything like that sum, and I was really almost frightened over it, and counseled with Brother Nichols about it. I was afraid I might come to place my thoughts too much upon the——oh, dear!——might become "greedy of filthy lucre" in my work. But he assured me it was all right for me to take it. It has not been very often that I have been subjected to this kind of temptation. But it is not of this that I am writing, and I do not complain.

Tuesday afternoon, March 3d, Rev. Mr. Hamma and I set out for Bellefontaine, arriving in the rain and near meeting time. I had sent a card to the Cincinnati papers saying I had lost my memorandum of engagements, and on that account might fail to fill some of them; and so the friends here were uncertain about my coming till we arrived. But the word went out, and though the rain came down, the largest church in the city soon filled and overflowed, and another church a square away was opened. I stood and talked for an hour at the first, while Brother Hamma spoke in the other; then we exchanged pulpits, passing each other on the way. Next morning at 9 o'clock I met the ladies at the Court-house—their headquarters—for prayer and business meeting.

Here, on her wheeled couch, lay a poor, little sufferer of long years, having been brought up so she could join the sisters in their prayers and songs, and with gentle, loving words encourage the repentant saloon-keeper or drinker; and here she tarried for a week, giving with her sweet patience in suffering, and bright, hopeful countenance, inspiration to the dear Crusaders. Very tenderly did the blessed Savior carry this little, suffering pet lamb in his bosom through the weary years of pain and trial. The world has long since heard of, and many a saved railroad man and his family are praising God for Jennie Smith.

At ten o'clock we formed our procession and

moved out to visit the saloons, led by a brass band playing the airs of our Crusade songs. The tears would well up and overflow as I marched. Who could help being affected by such scenes? The streets were muddy and the sidewalks wet, but some of the good brethren ran and brought strips of carpet and spread for us to stand and kneel on. One keeper stipulated that we must only come within certain limits of his door,—that was the "dead line." I went up to him, however, shook hands and talked with him, and found he was not near so terrible as he wanted to make us believe, though he reiterated that his prescribed line was the "dead line." I told him it should yet prove the line of everlasting life to him. I stepped back and stood with my sisters. After looking at me for a few minutes, he turned to his clerk and ordered him to "bring out a chair for that old lady; the rest must stand,"—his way, I suppose, of showing a bit of grim humor, or, his better nature may have been touched by the sight of so aged a woman out on such a peculiar mission. Though he assured me, over and over, that he never would surrender, it was not many days until he did.

We called at one place owned by a man that some had assured me was a hopeless case. We were led to think there was little hope there; but we went in, he making no objection, and had our usual services. When I turned to shake hands with him, upon leaving, he said he would

like to have a private conversation with me. I was taken very much by surprise, and from the impression given me was in doubt as to his sincerity. I told him I would have to take the twelve o'clock train;—but Sister Shurr invited him to come to her house, where I was stopping, and see me after we had visited the other saloons. Before we got home he was there and sent for me. Our interview was a most solemn one, and to me a very instructive one.

The poor man was stricken with deep contrition and wept freely as we prayed. He said he had kept a saloon for fifteen years, and part of the time had kept a very bad place, but no one had ever before come to him to tell him he was doing wrong. They had prosecuted him "over there"—the Court-house was just across the street—and had made it cost him a great deal; and the attorneys, too, while prosecuting him, would at the same time have a bottle in their pockets. But no one had ever talked to him before about it.

I was obliged to leave him and take the train for Kenton. A fearfully rainy time! Mr. Miller, editor of the *Republican*, met me and took me to his home. It was still raining when we drove to the church. A lad near the door said as I ascended the steps, "Ye can't get in there! You couldn't get a seat if you did!" But I managed to get in, though the house was densely packed—almost walking on the people, for even the platform was crowded. But that

boy outside was on my mind. I told the sisters about him, and said I wished I could meet all their children. They were wonderfully quick in those days to grasp an idea and act upon it. "Let us have a children's meeting to-morrow morning?" they said. They asked the superintendent of the schools to permit the children to come at nine o'clock for half an hour.

After returning from the meeting, the weary, but happy Crusader was delightfully serenaded by the brass band.

The next morning, upon going to the church, there were those dear, bright boys and girls waiting for me, and they cheered me roundly as I stepped upon the platform. They seemed, too, to understand, or guessed where the cheers ought to come in as I talked, for they were frequent and hearty. This was the first children's meeting (excepting the Sunday mass-meeting in my city, already mentioned) in the Crusade, and from it resulted a flourishing Band of Hope that was kept up for many years,—until the superintendent's health failed.

Sometime after this as I was passing up the road, upon reaching Kenton, I threw up the window to see if any of the friends I knew might be at the train, when a lot of the dear boys I had addressed that morning gathered around, and with great enthusiasm began to tell me what they were doing in the temperance work; the girls were also circulating pledges and getting signers.

Last fall I was called to a town to speak, and after meeting closed, a young man came and introduced himself, saying he was one of the boys I addressed that morning at Kenton, and had been a member of "Mother Stewart's Band of Hope," as it was called. He was engaged in teaching; was an intelligent and interesting appearing young man, and I learned was highly esteemed for his moral and Christian character. And again, being at our National Convention in Minneapolis last year, I met another of those Band of Hope boys, who was there filling a place of usefulness in life. Who can ever know how far the streams of blessing shall reach that started in that Kenton Children's Meeting?

After the children's meeting I met the ladies in their morning meeting, then marched with them to the saloons. At one place, as I talked to the proprietor, the tears trickled down his face as he exclaimed, "Oh, I know so much better than you do the enormity of this traffic," and he turned away to hide his emotion. He was an American, while his partner was a German and did not seem to be in the least affected by our visit or appeal. This was quite generally the difference between our native-born saloon-keepers and the foreigners. Those of the old countries had always been accustomed to their beer in their homes, at their meals, everywhere, from childhood, and it was very hard to make them see that there was any harm in drinking or selling it. Many of the native-born had gone

into the business without thinking much about it, only that it was an easy and quick way to make money. But when visited by ladies whose standing they knew,—many of whom they knew personally, and in whose sincerity and piety they had unbounded confidence, it troubled their consciences and made them ashamed of their business. Dry-goods merchants have said, "If the ladies should visit my place of business with such songs and prayers I should conclude it was a bad business, and get out of it as quick as possible." Again, when these men heard the plaintive voice of prayer and our songs,—some of them the same that mother had sung in the old home, in the days of their childhood,—it was not so surprising that repentance and forsaking their sin followed the awakening of conscience.

After we had made our calls, the band escorted me to the depot, and sang as we waited—

"Nearer my God to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee."

And as the train sped away they sang—

"Shall we gather by the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever,
Flowing by the throne of God;
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God."

I stood on the platform catching the last dying cadences of the song, being held by that saintly man, Dr. Waddell, who has since gone over to

"gather with the saints by the river." When we ran into the depot at Bellefontaine, Rev. Mr. Williams sprang on, exclaiming, "Oh, Mother Stewart, I want to tell you the good news first! J—— J—— has surrendered!" As the train stopped for dinner, I hastened off with Brother Williams to see and congratulate my friend upon his brave, manly act. I found him at his place of business, looking cheerful and happy. I spoke a few words, and away to the train for Sidney. He had gone into the morning meeting and attempted to tell his story, but overcome by emotion, dropped on his knees by Jennie Smith's couch and finished, while the tears rolled down his cheeks and fell on her hands. And there on his knees he signed the dealer's pledge. He stood bravely for a time. I remember his sending me the message, "I am standing fast; am not making as much money, *but I sleep sounder!*" I fear the friends, as in some other places, forgot to redeem their pledge to support him in his new business. Upon returning to B. sometime afterwards, I was greatly pained to learn that he had gone back to his liquor-selling. I called on him and he invited me to dinner, and I went and had a deeply interesting visit with him and his wife. When we parted he repeated over and over, "I mean to get out of the business!" and called back after me as he left, "You'll see; I will get out of it!" I am glad to say that though I did not have the pleasure of seeing him and his family on my last visit to B.—they being

out of town—I learned that he was out of the liquor business. May the Lord save him and his with an everlasting salvation.

It is a pleasure to record here that to a kind word spoken in this man's saloon for me, by a gentleman from my city, inspiring him with confidence in my sincerity, was largely due his surrender. I am sorry I never knew the gentleman's name, but glad to record the deed with its result, and leave the moral with the reader.

I reached Sidney too late to join the ladies on the street, but met several at tea, then addressed a crowded mass-meeting and assisted in a business meeting after the public meeting. Then a company escorted me to my stopping place and remained with me till time to take the midnight train.

I neglected to say that a committee of two ladies and a gentleman had been sent over from Marion to Bellefontaine to engage me to stop at M. as I passed through to Ashland, for Friday evening. I could not see how it could be done, but the gentleman had the faculty of talking me into his view of things. He figured the matter out, and they returned to announce and arrange for the meeting on Friday; and I was working up to his schedule. I reached Marion about four o'clock in the morning,—a rainy, dismal morning. My friend met and drove me to his elegant and comfortable home, where I caught a little sleep;—but up again, too ill to eat any breakfast,—and out to the nine o'clock business

meeting, then a public meeting; organized the ladies and led them out to visit the saloons, the rain still falling. It was court week, and the town was full of people, and as we stood or knelt before the saloon crying to Heaven for deliverance, or sent out on the damp, murky air the wail—

> ' Jesus lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly,"

men stood with uncovered heads in the rain, while the tears coursed down their cheeks. One, I was told, was so overcome by the scene that he had to support himself by the lamp-post, and at length had to be led away. We disbanded at twelve, but met again at half-past one, and I stood and talked to a crowded house of men and women till time to take the train for Ashland,—the people said two hours,—I don't know.

Again the band escorted me to the train, and at Ashland we had another large audience. The next morning early I took the train for home. I remember I was very weary, as I fancy I had a right to be by this time, and had curled up as best I could in my seat to get a little sleep, if possible, and was just opening the gates of dreamland when the sound of sweet music fell on my ear. I started up, saying, "Oh, there is a band somewhere," when I discovered it was a mother in the coach singing a lullaby to her baby,—a case of Crusade on the brain, perhaps.

The foregoing may give a glimpse of the

excitement everywhere, and of the work that had come so strangely into my hands. I was now almost fifty-eight years old, but it seemed that my youth was renewed like the eagle's, and there was a glad buoyancy of spirit and a song in my heart, as I traveled night and day rallying the armies of the Lord and urging on the battle.

Letters of sympathy and encouragement came to me from many sources. Here is one from the sick-room:

DEAR SISTERS: How I long to be with you in this glorious war against the iniquitous liquor traffic and intemperance, but I am denied the privilege, having been confined to the house by sickness for the last fifteen years; and though I cannot give you my bodily presence, I am with you in spirit, and hope and pray that you may be successful in your good work. MRS. THOS. EDMONDSON.

The following intensely interesting letter will show that even within prison walls, and behind bolts and bars, we were watched and prayed for with deep interest.

OHIO PENITENTIARY, COLUMBUS,
February 24, 1874.

Mrs. E. D. Stewart:

MADAM: God speed the movement inaugurated by the brave women of Springfield for the suppression of the liquor traffic. May the tidal wave rise higher and higher and spread wider till the last drop of the intoxicating beverage is swept from our land. At the commencement of our chapel service on Sunday morning, our dear, good Chaplain prayed most fervently for the great work, and audible responses came from earnest and sincere hearts of the hundreds of prisoners who were brought to their present condition by acts committed when under the influence of ardent spirits. At the prayer and experience meeting, held on Sabbath afternoon, one man said:

"I was many years a sailor; have been on board all kinds of vessels, from a canal-boat to an ocean steamer; have never had command of but one vessel, and that came from the hands of its builder in perfect order, but when I came ashore I undertook to run the vessel, of which I was commander, with whisky, and that is why I am here to-day, and I thank God for it, for he has converted my soul, and through his grace I mean to be a free man forever."

Another said: "Brethren, you have all seen a steam engine,—how exact and regular in all its movements when built by an experienced workman, properly lubricated, and the steam power is employed. So with the human body, it comes from the plastic hand of the Great Master Builder, perfect and complete, and when the motive power—the heart—is lubricated with the grace of our Divine Master, it accomplishes the object for which it was made. I did not follow the teachings of my sainted mother, but in the devious ways of sin, with my machinery lubricated with vile whisky, I ran the downward road until I landed in the Ohio Penitentiary."

Of the new prisoners who come almost daily to the Chaplain's office, from the beardless youth to the hoary-headed men of advanced years, a very large proportion who answer the question, "How came you to get into trouble?" answer, "I was under the influence of whisky when I committed the act that brought me here."

A few days ago an old man, sixty-three years of age, who had been a school teacher for forty years, under a sentence of three years for stealing a horse when drunk, came to the office under the influence of liquor given him by the sheriff who brought him here.

What we want, Mother Stewart, is more and still more of the prayer suasion, for prayer is the key, which, when turned by the hand of faith, unlocks God's richest treasures. By earnest prayer and loving faith the omnipotent arm of Jehovah will uphold you in your work of love, and in due time "ye shall reap if ye faint not."

Respectfully,

———— ————

It is plain from the above letter that it is not only the low and ignorant that are brought to pay the felon's penalty through drink. The talent there manifested would bless mankind if it were not for the drink,—the accursed drink. And who shall answer at the bar for this waste of Heaven's richest gifts to man?

Akron, a business and manufacturing rival of Springfield, took hold of the Crusade in downright business fashion; and what earnestness and faith and power they developed!

A hundred women issued a call for a meeting to be held March 4th, but before they moved out, twelve days later, there were seven hundred and sixty-one enrolled. All-day prayer-meetings and evening mass-meetings were held for some ten days. Then on the 16th of March they formed into line and marched forth in the rain. I did not visit Akron during the Crusade, and so have recourse to the "History of the Great Temperance Reform," by Rev. James Shaw, for these items; also for the statement that the spring election turned upon and was carried in favor of temperance. The McConnelsville ordinance was passed April 7th; the mayor, police and city solicitor united in enforcing the laws and bringing offenders to justice, and that the *Beacon* (its editor being in full sympathy with the Crusade) rendered valuable aid. Of this host of ladies I can now recall but few names—Sisters Mann, Monroe, and Uhler. I also recall—who could forget—that grand helper

who has stood by us through all the following years, Hon. Ferdinand Schumacher, with Brothers Rhodes and Buchtel.

Alliance, with its University neighbor, Mount Union, early fell into line, led by Mattie McClellan Brown, who had for years before the women's uprising been doing a grand work as Worthy Chief Templar, and editor of the *Alliance Mirror*, and her gallant husband, Rev. E. K. Brown, D. D., now President of the Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati; Dr. Hartshorn, President of Mt. Union College; Mrs. M. B. Reese, who has long since made herself a national reputation as a lecturer, and Mrs. M. E. Griffith, who has also taken her place as among the efficient and popular lecturers of the country.

In Cadiz the work was entered upon and prosecuted with the greatest of enthusiasm, and it was not long till a glorious victory was achieved and celebrated with glad shouting, ringing of bells and firing of cannon. No such demonstration ever witnessed in the town, except upon the news that Lee had surrendered at Appomatox.

To their beloved minister, Rev. W. M. Grimes, more than any other, they were indebted for the speedy overthrow of the liquor power. For earnestness and cheerful enthusiasm, I scarcely ever saw his equal, and I never met him but I felt inspired with a new impulse for our blessed cause. But he, too, has been called

to join the great company before the Throne, leaving the world the poorer for the loss. Among the ladies were Mrs. W. C. Brown, President; Miss Lizzie T. McFadden, Mrs. Dr. Drummond, Mrs. Walter Craig, and Mrs. E. M. Slemmens.

At Jackson C. H. those eminent Christian ladies, Mrs. C. V. Long, Mrs. E. Mackley, Mrs. Robbins, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Vaughn and Mrs. Carr, were sustained in their holy work by their ministers, the editor of the *Jackson Standard*, Mr. D. Mackley—who has also been discharged and gone home—and a goodly number of the substantial business men; and a blessed work was done.

Of Ravenna, I have no record at hand, and did not happen to be called there during our campaign. But Ravenna gave us our second State President and National Recording Secretary, Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, of whom we are justly proud, of whom all the world has heard and will hear more.

How I wish there might be a biographical account given to the world of the long list of Ohio women whose hearts were fired, whose lips were touched as with a live coal from off the altar, and their intellects illuminated by grace from on high, and who have since gone forth into an hundred fields, helping to garner the harvest for the Master.

Yellow Springs, our nice, little, literary neighbor, seat of Antioch College, early entered upon

the work and prosecuted it with enthusiasm, and much good was accomplished. But they have found, as we have everywhere since, that the blow dealt with such nerve and muscle and unerring aim, did not finish, only stunned the brute for a season.

At Hamden, on the Marietta and Cincinnati road, the people, men and women combined,—husbands giving up nearly all business interests and standing by their wives,—and of course a blessed result followed. Some came in from the country to help. One devoted Methodist sister, who was so wonderfully gifted in prayer, Mrs. Foster, came some miles to help. She has gone to join the company who have no need of prayer, but are continually before the Throne, giving praise and thanksgiving to God and the Lamb. Of this band of determined men and women, the names come to me of Mr. and Mrs. Ray, Dill, my kinsman Campbell, Burtenshaw, McKinnis, Hon. H. S. Bundy, parents of our present Governor's wife, Mrs. Foraker, with their daughter, Miss "Dide"—my namesake; also my esteemed friend Ohmer, who was once a noted proprietor of a beer-garden in Cincinnati, but had come to see that money earned in honorable business had not only a much greater staying quality, but brought much more respectability and happiness.

Oh, I wish I could tell it all, *all* the wonderful story of this greatest, most glorious war of all the ages. But again I am admonished that these pages are multiplying beyond limit, and I must sorrowfully desist.

CHAPTER XIV.

Chillicothe, Emmet House, McArthur, Marietta and Gallipolis.

I FIND in a copy of the *Scioto Gazette* of March 18, 1874, the announcement that "Mother Stewart arrived in Chillicothe on Thursday, the 12th, and attended the afternoon meeting."

From the meeting we marched to Dennison's saloon, he having promised the ladies that he would surrender his liquors to be poured out, if they would buy his furniture and fixtures. When we reached his place, the liquor was carried out and poured into the gutter in the presence of a great crowd of people. The *Commercial* reporter who reported the scene said: "As the liquor ran down the gutter towards the Scioto, one poor, little bit of humanity clapped her hands and shouted, 'Oh, now my papa will never get drunk any more!'" I suppose the poor child thought that was the last of the whisky business.

From a beer-cask I addressed the people while the work of spilling went on. In studying the obliging saloon-keeper, who was quite a

young man, I was led to question his entire honesty in the matter; but it was not in our line to test the strength or quality of the liquors submitted to be poured out. I heard afterwards that he opened up again with quite improved appearances, the presumption being that he had not made a bad thing of it.

The *Gazette* reports the immense mass-meeting on the same evening at the First Presbyterian Church, addressed by Mother Stewart and Beadle, as probably the largest that ever assembled in that edifice before. The excitement was so great that an hour before the time stated for meeting the house was crowded to overflowing.

On Friday we visited some of the saloons. The ladies had said a good deal about Captain Bowers, of the Emmett House, and expressed a strong desire that I should go with them to call on him. I had not, from their remarks, been able to gather any very definite idea of the gentleman, or why they were so anxious for me to see him, except that he kept a bar in connection with his hotel. But as soon as I met him I saw that we had made a mistake, that no possible good could come of anything we could say to him; but I conducted the interview with him, since we were into it, with what discretion I could, as I saw he was disposed to be anything but courteous, and to anger me if possible.

In the course of the conversation he declared that he *would not* close his bar. I answered

that perhaps he would, notwithstanding his declaration now. "Oh!" said he, "you threaten, do you?" "No," I told him, "the good sisters would pray for him, and peradventure the Lord would touch his heart." The sisters were just then about to sing, when he strode to the door, making his heels ring on the marble floor, and throwing the door open invited us out. The ladies were greatly distressed at the unexpected turn the affair had taken, because of the insult to me. But I assured them that I did not regard it in the least, and that I knew good would come of it to our cause. They were about to move away, but I requested them to sing that precious old hymn,

"A charge to keep I have
A God to glorify,"

saying we must at least have one prayer before we left.

After the singing we knelt and offered prayer for our friend, then departed. But the end was not yet. The trouble with the affable Captain was that he would sell liquor to whomsoever would pay for it; and he did a great deal of harm by it. But he prided himself on keeping a first-class house, and to be visited by the Crusaders, as any other common sinner, was, from his point of view, a very grave insult; besides, his rival, the Warner House, was just across the way, and of course the proprietors were exulting over his discomfiture. It was almost like being stricken with leprosy to be visited by the

"OH, NOW MY PAPA WILL NEVER GET DRUNK ANY MORE."—SEE PAGE 270.

Crusaders, and thus have their sins published to the world.

When the Captain found that the sympathies of the people were with the ladies, he concluded he had made a mistake, and caused it to be circulated that he did not "invite" (?) the ladies out, but into the parlor. Accordingly the ladies inserted the following card in the *Scioto Gazette:*

We, the ladies of Chillicothe, engaged in the suppression of the liquor sale in this city, desire to refute over our own signatures, the rumor generally circulated, that Captain Bowers, of the Emmett House, tendered us the use of his parlors on the occasion of our recent visit, in which to hold religious services. Captain Bowers did not mention the fact that we could use the parlors of the Emmett House, either directly or indirectly, except in reply to a question asked by Mother Stewart, as to what course he would pursue if some of the mothers or wives of the men to whom he daily dispensed this liquid destruction were to come and seat themselves in his bar-room. He replied that he would tell them it was no place for them, but that the parlor was the place for ladies.

We take this method of refuting the rumor, because it has placed us, even in the eyes of some of our friends, in a false light.

MOTHER STEWART, Springfield,
MRS. COL. BOND,
MRS. NELSON CARLISLE,
MRS. F. E. ARMSTRONG,
MRS. HAMILL,
MRS. ABERNATHY,
MRS. W. W. GRAHAM,
MISS KATE GRAHAM.

These names were of the best families of Chillicothe. Mrs. Col. Bond was the mother of the editor of the *Scioto Gazette*, whose wife, by the way, formerly Miss Frank Currier, of Athens, was a niece of ours.

The news of Captain Bowers' discourtesy to the ladies spread far and wide over the country, and as the traveling world, as well as the rest of mankind, was largely in sympathy with the Crusaders, when strangers arrived at the depot their first inquiry of the hackmen would be, "At which hotel was it that the Crusaders were insulted?" and upon being told, would say, "I can't go there; drive me to another." I understood the Captain declared that Mother Stewart had injured him to the amount of five hundred dollars. As the children say, I didn't go to, and it is with me an open question whether it was I or he that did it.

Upon leaving the Emmett House we visited the Warner House. The proprietor met us at the door, welcomed us in, led the way to the parlor, sat down and talked with us, bade us hold our meeting there, and when we were through escorted us to the door, politely invited the ladies to call again, and bade us good-bye,—no more sincere, very probably, than the Captain, but certainly more politic. A few weeks later I was passing up by stage-coach from Portsmouth and some other points down the river, and as the coach line, as well as the Emmett House, belonged to Mr. Emmett, the Waverly distiller, the passengers were taken to this house if they did not otherwise direct. As the coach rolled up to the door the clerk sprang out to receive the passengers, but upon his offering to help me out I told him I could not stop at the

Emmett House. "Why?" he demanded. I answered that I had been turned out of that house. He "did not believe it!" he gallantly responded. I called to the driver to set me down at the Warner House, which he did, and as I bade him good-bye I requested him to give my compliments to Captain B., and tell him I was Mother Stewart. (May be this was another spasm of Topsy's wickedness, to which I am subject upon occasion.)

I suppose the proprietor had noticed the occurrence across the way; at all events he was waiting to receive me with extended arms, ushered me in and treated me to the best the house afforded, which made me very comfortable, and for which I paid value received.

But to return to our meetings. On Friday evening the Good Templars tendered me an open reception. The Worthy Chief, Dr. Frank Miessy, was one of our Ohio University boys, a grand, good fellow, and substantial supporter of the Crusaders. On Saturday morning I addressed a large meeting of the boys and girls, this being the third in the Crusade. Here, as everywhere, the children were greatly excited and interested in the Crusade. Ah, many of them knew what it meant to be a drunkard's child. Many had the inherited taint coursing through their veins, and if they did not surrender to the inborn craving they would only escape through a life-long battle. "Oh," said a lady as we entered the church that morning and looked into the faces

of those hundreds of children, "if we can only save these dear children our labor will not be in vain."

Sitting just in front of me as I talked, was a little, shrinking, thinly-clad, pale-faced boy. I needed no one to tell me he was a drunkard's child. A few years later I was again in Chillicothe, and as my friend drove me out he was telling me of the wonderful Blue Ribbon work in the town. I asked about a dentist of whom I had heard a good deal,—he had married one of my students. "Oh," said he, "he has signed the pledge and is doing well, and here he comes now." Looking in the direction he indicated, I saw a gentleman of very respectable appearance approaching, leading a couple of bright, well-clad children. The boy's eyes were fairly dancing with glee as he came up. "Oh!" said he, "I know Mother Stewart!" This rosy, romping boy was my pale-faced boy of that Saturday morning.

Our wonderfully successful meetings greatly alarmed the liquor fraternity; they began to see that their craft was in danger, and that something must be done, so they advertised a meeting for Saturday night, to be addressed by Judge Safford, who had covered himself with glory of a certain sort by appearing as the prosecuting lawyer for the renowned Dr. Dunn, against the ladies of Hillsboro. Mr. Beadle, after our McArthur meeting, returned expressly to report this very unique meeting, the only one

of its kind in the annals of the press of that or any other time. Of his vivid and lengthened description I can only give place for a part, simply as testimony from an impartial source as to the grade or class of the two elements, the Crusaders and the saloons. Mr. Beadle says he could not think of giving a full report of that gathering to his readers. He says:

The meeting this evening in opposition to the women's movement, was a success as to numbers, but in nothing else. Soon after dark the crowd began to set towards the City Hall, and in a short time a tumultuous mass filled the room with the steam of beer and the fumes of vile tobacco. I saw a dozen or twenty women walk up to the door with escorts, then pause suddenly, and after a hurried consultation, turn away with that peculiar look people have when they get into the wrong pew. But inside, a few feet from the reporter's table, sat Madame Mary Yeager, ex-keeper of a beer-garden. I was told there were three ladies in the back part of the house, but in a careful look I failed to find them. But the crowd—the masculine crowd! Descend, ye tuneful Nine, and Noah Webster, rise from the tomb to give me polysyllabic strength to describe them. Such an assemblage, in sad and sober truth, I never saw before since the days when the *Chicago Tribune* sent me to report an anti-war meeting in Wall street. Such fearful old mugs, such low-browed, stubby-haired sons of humanity as filled the front seats, it would be hard to equal anywhere outside of the large cities. I was particularly struck with the appearance of one genius with a roaming red nose, pig eye and soap-fat chin, who held an enormous club-cane in his hand and started the applause. He possessed a horrible fascination for me, and his presence so near seriously interfered with my duties. Beside him sat a nondescript,—I should have guessed him as a Corkorian, caught young and partly domesticated, or a Buckeye taken in infancy and reared on Irish whisky. These two fellows are fixed forever

in my memory. They will haunt my happy hours; they will lead the scenic march in more than one night-mare.

* * * Taken as a whole, I never could have believed that the fine, old, respectable city of Chillicothe could have vomited forth such a crowd. If any unprejudiced visitor could have seen both and compared this with that at the meeting on Thursday evening, I think he must per force have come out convinced that the wildest vagaries of the praying women's movement were simple, cold indifference compared with what the situation called for.

After some detail of the speech, which was a conglomerate of slang, profanity, blasphemy and abuse of the Christian ladies and clergy, the reporter proceeds:

I trust I am not easily excited to anger or disgust, I know I am not given to cant, and I am persuaded that those who have read these letters will not accuse me of too great reverence for religion or temperance, but I know I but speak the simple truth when I say that this night's performance has been, in all its particulars, a deep and damning disgrace to Chillicothe. The last seven weeks comprise nearly all my knowledge of the moral society of this eastern country, but in five years in the far West I never attended a meeting half so disgraceful. I have heard Brigham Young swear like a pirate in the pulpit, but that was in a rude country, with a rude religion, and he did not profess anything better.

But that such a meeting as this could have been held, or such a speech made by a Judge in a Christian country, is something I never would have believed on another's evidence In one respect only is this better than the territories; if such a speech had been made in any of the Western towns in reference to their women, the men would have snatched the speaker out of the stand and hanged him to the nearest tree. It was at once the most indecent, profane and shameful harrangue I ever listened to.

I have given this strange report at the risk of

criticism for inserting such an account in a narrative of the work of Christian women, but I have a purpose in it. This is simply an intimation of the vile and indecent spirit that was manifested by the low creatures who were instigated and set on by the liquor men, often developing in mobs, with acts of violence towards the humble, Christian women.

I may be repeating, but I must reiterate over and again in these pages, that peradventure the Christian men of the nation may be led to pause, ponder, and promptly act ere it is too late. This same spirit of mad misrule and resistance to the restraints, both of moral and legal influences, fostered by the liquor power, is as strong, yes, far stronger at the present, than in any previous period of our history. These defiers of the law have grown more bold by their successes. It is this class that controls the political parties, and to whom the demagogue and the office-seeker pander. The riots in Cincinnati and Chicago are examples of what they may do upon any pretext. And yet, for their services in helping to "save the party," men in the highest places in the gift of the people, Christian men, join in demonstrations of gratitude, in banquets, where "wine and speeches were both good," in gifts of gold-headed canes, "magnificent gold watches," to the leaders of this class. Priest and people joined hand and glove with them.

Monday, March 16th, found me at McArthur,

my old home in the days of my teaching. The meeting was held in the Court-house, a "thousand people," says my companion duvoyage. The ladies had already done a noble work, and all the drinking places but one were closed. In the audience that night I noticed old Sister S——, now over the four-score line, sitting patiently on a hard, backless seat through all the long service. When I expressed my wonder that she was able to endure such fatigue, she answered, "Oh, it seemed as though I could sit there all night!" she was so glad and thankful for the blessed work. Her youngest son, who had been keeping a saloon and had been a hard case, had been persuaded to give up the business. No wonder the poor old heart was full of joy and gratitude.

The next morning I met the ladies in the morning meeting. It was their custom after their daily prayer meeting, to visit the one remaining place and hold their services on the pavement at the head of the stairs leading down into his saloon,—he did not permit them to enter his place. On this morning I requested the ladies to allow me to precede them a few minutes. I walked in and introduced myself to Mr. O'Keif, the proprietor, who received me very cordially and was quite willing to talk, but not to promise to give up his business. I learned afterwards that he taunted the ladies by telling them that if they had "kept Mother Stewart a little longer he thought he would have surrendered;—he came

pretty near it while she talked to him," which I have little doubt was simply a new way of annoying them. Some months after this I was on a train from Athens to Logan, when a man entered the coach and throwing his overcoat on the seat in front of me, addressed me very familiarly, and asked if I did not remember him—he was O'Keif, of McArthur. He seemed anxious to talk—told me of losing his wife, and of his little daughter that he was then going to see; said he wanted to put her into a school of his church. I tried to reach him by telling him how much better it would be for his church if he would give up selling and drinking liquor. He seemed quite delighted with my apparent interest in his church, saying, "Why, Mother Stewart, you would make a first-rate Catholic," which I suppose was the highest compliment he knew how to pay me. But I doubt if he has ever given up either selling or drinking, unless the latter has cut short his life.

The ladies took me to visit the Union schools, where I addressed the children from the steps of the building while they stood on the green in front, many of their mothers—who had been my students in the days of other years—standing near me. Not a few tears were shed as we remembered, ah! so many, that in their youthful school-days were as happy and full of hope as these, but now gone, never to return.

My next point was Marietta, where, when a young lady, I had attended Seminary. Here,

too, were the evidences of time's relentless work. So many gone, so few remaining. Hon. George Woodbridge, so well remembered in those long-gone days as an active, earnest Christian, was still here, and, as was to be expected, a strong supporter of the Crusade. Soon after my arrival my hostess, Mrs. W., told me there was a gentleman living near that she wished me to see. He was of one of the best families; had a gentle, cultured wife and two interesting children. But his appetite for the intoxicating cup was getting the mastery of him, and if he could not be reached soon his friends feared it would be too late. I felt my own weakness, and my faith seemed almost to have forsaken me. I said to myself, "It is of no use; I cannot reach the case!" But I did not dare to confess it, so I went with my friend, crying in my heart to the Lord for help. The gentleman received us very kindly, and we were able at once to enter into conversation with him. The result was, that after a season of prayer he gave me his hand that he would quit his cups then and there, and he did.

It was the Lord's strength and mercy made manifest in human weakness. Dear, brave boy; he had a desperate battle before him, but his last words when I went to bid him good-bye before leaving the city, were: "I will make the fight, and I mean to stand." How my heart was drawn out to him. There is a feeling, I am sure, akin to motherhood in my heart for those dear boys that the Lord hath given me.

Here in this old "Mound City," the oldest town in the State, we had a two-days county meeting, with the usual crowd of people.

I visited the saloons with the ladies, and found one man who had been dealing out the deadly stuff for eleven years, though he was now only twenty-one. But he did not taste it himself, and was so well aware of its deleterious effect that he was careful to turn his head away while drawing or handling it for others, lest he might be affected by the scent of it.

The sisters were full of hope that this man would soon surrender. I told them he was the hardest, and would be the last man in the city to surrender. I really felt sorry when I saw their disappointment and surprise, but tried to explain to them that a man, knowing so well the consequences, and yet deliberately dealing it out to others, was devoid of either heart or conscience through which to be reached. That is the kind of man that will cut his fellow's throat for the money he will find in his pocket. He did not surrender.

I was driven out to visit the Washington County Orphan's Home, the model institution of the kind in the State. I hope to find space elsewhere to give the history of its origin as told me by my class-mate of our Seminary days, Miss Catharine Fay. Nine-tenths of these little ones, so carefully sheltered there, were subjects of the public charity because their fathers, and some, because their mothers too, were drunkards.

The children here had, with everybody else, become greatly excited over the Crusade, that they hoped was going to shut up all the saloons and stop all the drinking.

Mrs. Hart, the matron and a real mother to the little ones, as they loved to call her, told me that the children one day asked her if they too might have a prayer-meeting. She said they might; they gathered in the play-room, and as they knelt, she said, now we will first have a season of silent prayer. In a few moments, she said, a little girl eleven or twelve years old, broke out in supplication, stifled with sobs and tears, for her father, that the Lord would save and make a sober man of him. Then there was silence again, and next a little colored boy eight years old broke forth for his father; he would choke and break down, then go on again. And so the Orphan's Crusade prayer-meeting went on. It was not long till a man came to the Home to take away two of the little ones. He had been a very intemperate man, so much so that his wife had been obliged to bring her children to the Home and seek employment for herself as a servant, to obtain food and shelter. But the dear Crusaders had got hold of the man and induced him to sign the pledge. And when he came to himself, he sought out his wife and besought her to live with him again. Dr. Hart, with whom she was living, in order to encourage the man and to keep watchful guard over him, gave them rooms in his own house. There they again set up their

household gods, brought their little ones home, and were once more a united, happy family. About the same time a poor inebriate, whose wife was dead and his five children in the Home, came to see them. His children gathered about him and began to plead, "Father, sign the pledge," "father, sign the pledge," "Oh, father, please sign the pledge." The youngest was not able to talk, but it joined the rest, clapping its little hands, and with pleading, inarticulate sounds besought father to sign the pledge. It was more than the poor, broken father could stand, but he made excuse that he could not write his name. "Oh," they cried, "Mother Hart will write your name. Mother Hart will write your name," and she did.

Who would like to persuade those little ones that they were mistaken, that God does not hear even the cry of a little child? Those children learned a lesson of faith in prayer that will never be forgotten.

I reached home on Friday evening, March 21st, and hastened up on Saturday morning to learn what news of the battle. On Market street a gentleman came hurrying along and asked me if I wasn't going to the "liquor pouring." "Is there a surrender?" "Yes, around on Main street." I fell into line on "double quick." When I arrived upon the scene, the sisters and everybody else were there. Mrs. Kinney, Mrs. Mast, and others were making lively work in that saloon. And amid great rejoicing the bot-

tles, flasks, jugs and casks were brought out and hurled into the ditch. One bottle, however, my brother Spring rescued from destruction, and presented me as a souvenir. There it is in my collection of trophies of "the war." The street was full of people, and how the anthem swelled up,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

My pulpit, an empty beer-cask, being just in place, I was helped up onto it and proceeded to address the crowd. (I met a gentleman in Nashville, Tenn., the other day, who said he was in our city at the time, and present at the liquor-pouring, and reminded me that as I stepped onto the cask I remarked, "We had the enemy under our feet," but he added, "he is not yet quite under." Sad is the pity.) As I stood there, I looked down and saw the little, timid minister's wife I have spoken of before, standing near, singing and clapping her hands, apparently oblivious to all earthly surroundings, while her face shone like that of an angel. Sister Hamma has long since become an active and very efficient laborer in the missionary and other benevolent works of her church. That holy baptism of the Christian women is still bearing fruit in all the churches; and the healing streams from that Crusade fountain are flowing around the world. It is proper to say, before leaving the subject, that the woman who had surrendered was liberally helped to bear the loss of her liquors by a large contribution.

I have frequently spoken of the interest the

children everywhere took in the Crusade. In our city this was especially the case. The boys were always on hand, often acting as volunteer scouts to go forward and explore, and bring back information of the situation. I called them my body-guard, and I believe if the saloon-keepers had attempted to molest me—of which I was in no fear—the boys would have fought my battle for me.

Some of the young ladies had organized a band of little girls and taught them to sing appropriate pieces, and would lead them out to visit the saloons on Saturday afternoons. On this Saturday I led them; we visited several places, and it was a touching sight to the throng of people gathered to see and hear them. The people from all over the county were in the habit of coming in on Saturdays to witness the Crusade. What wonder that many a stalwart farmer, as he looked upon the women kneeling on the curb-stone, praying to God to soften and change the saloon-keeper's heart and make him give up his business, were often wrought up to a high degree of excitement. And seeing those little things standing there, more than one knowing from bitter experience what it meant, sing

"Father, dear father, come home,"

or,

"Pray, mister saloon-keeper, has father been here?"

was it surprising that as he furtively brushed away the tears he would exclaim: "Seems to

me it would relieve a fellow's feelings a good deal to go in and clean 'em out!"

A little later on, a Children's Association was formed under the leadership of Mrs. Guy, our Secretary, the more to interest the children and teach them to hate and shun the drink as their deadliest enemy. They met on Saturday mornings. To one of these meetings came a wee bit of a boy, in dress and long curls—Forest Lehman—with a penny to give to Mother Stewart, and with a little speech, expressing his idea of the cruelty of the saloon-keepers, that made it necessary for such aged women as Mother Stewart to go out against them. A gentleman held him up in his arms as he made his little speech.

That penny is among my richest treasures, and that baby boy is growing up to a sober young manhood.

It was becoming apparent that most of the liquor-sellers who could be reached by persuasion and prayer, had now yielded. The next thing to be done was to prevent all we could from going into the saloon, and save as many who were drinking as possible, and so the form of work called "picketing" was inaugurated, and women all over the State were seen in twos, or possibly more, standing or sitting, or more likely pacing to and fro in the bleak wind or rain or snow, with paper and pencil in hand, soliciting signers to the pledge, or taking the names of any who had the hardihood to pass them into the saloon for their drinks. It took a man of a

PICKET SCENE IN MOUNT VERNON.

good deal of courage, if he had any self-respect, to pass those ladies and get his drink. Many a man was persuaded to sign the pledge, and turned away henceforth to live a sober life. Often the pickets would be out by the early dawn, and many a thirsty fellow who hastened as soon as he was up to wet his parched throat was greatly astonished to find the picket guards quietly waiting for him. One such in our city scurried off to a rather small concern near the Market street bridge, thinking to get his morning glass unobserved. Great was his astonishment upon coming up to the back door to find himself face to face with the ladies, who were personal acquaintances. There was no retreat for him. He burst into a laugh, drew out a dollar from his pocket, handed it to the ladies "for the cause," and left with quite as quick a step as he came. The sentinels would keep their posts until relieved by a relay. Often men, touched by the sight of such patient endurance, would hasten away and bring warm boards or bricks for their feet, or lay down bits of carpet, or bring shawls and robes to wrap them in, and in the rain or snow stand and hold an umbrella over them. Some good lady would send them a cup of coffee and a hot roll. It was not uncommon for several to go out together in the evening and remain quite late, guarding places where young men were accustomed to meet for their nightly drinking, billiards, or card-playing. From a lady in one town I received a note saying, "It is night;

I am sitting here in front of ——'s saloon, the last in the town," and as she finished her letter she wrote, "There, it is midnight, and I have for the first time seen ——'s saloon closed."

A good many have criticised our picket work rather severely, saying it exasperated the saloon men, but as I have said, it was becoming manifest that about all whose hearts had not been made impervious by their business had yielded. Now the question was to save as many of their victims as possible. It required even more self-sacrifice to keep guard by the door of one of these places alone, or with one or two companions, than to march with the band; there was also more exposure and weariness in remaining at their post one, two, or may be three hours at a time, than in the band visiting.

My Sister Phillips has just given me this: She and another sister were on duty before a saloon for the noon hour, when a company of near a dozen men came hurrying up to get their mug of beer on their way from the shop, but halted when they saw the ladies. Mrs. Phillips opened her Bible and commenced reading. Some of the more thirsty concluded they would just have to slip past her and get their drinks; but as she read she slowly paced to and fro before the door. One became interested in the reading and insisted upon the others coming near to hear it. And thus she promenaded and read chapter after chapter till the men discovered they had only time to get their dinners, and hurried away.

Considering the wonderful results of the prayer method, it was not surprising that many were growing a little fanatical and disposed to treat with contempt anything in the line of law. But without the abatement of a jot of the power of prayer and the influence of the Crusade in awakening and enlisting thousands in the cause, yet withall there was need of constant watchfulness, the soundest of judgment, and the appliance of all methods to insure a victory over such a wily foe.

I had foreseen that while the brethren were all absorbed and expectant of a victory through our prayers, the saloon men would, by their political intrigue, get their friends into office and defy us. This had caused me much anxiety, and as I came and went I rang the changes on the notes of warning to the brethren at home and elsewhere, urging them to prepare in time, and watch with vigilance, or the liquor men would beat them at the polls. At length our Advisory Committee at home passed a resolution requesting me to remain at home and help them work up the public sentiment for the coming election. I accordingly recalled a series of engagements and went to work.

There is no abatement of zeal on the part of the women nor of excitement throughout the country over the "Women's Whisky War." The papers are teeming with accounts,—whole pages given to the reports of mass-meetings, organizations, bands moving out, surrenders,

liquor-pourings, closing out,—sixty, seventy, nearly a hundred telegrams in a day from as many different places; no place so hardened that the Crusade cannot reach it, and no place so given over to drunkenness and its accompanying vices but was greatly blessed, even though the saloons might not all be closed. It looked as if we were going to take the world.

I remember as I stood in our prayer-meeting one morning, the news coming in from various quarters of the glorious work, a telegram came: "Gallipolis has organized, and the women are marching." "Even Gallipolis!" I exclaimed; "Is it possible that old, French river town can be moved? Then certainly Springfield, or any other place, might have hope." It was even so, for there, too, were found men and women of piety and determination, who only needed some intimation of a way to combat the curse that held such undisputed sway in their town—a way they never had heard of, and with enthusiasm they grasped at it.

Among the ladies here I recall Miss Maxon, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Aleshire, and Miss Shallcross, and they were sustained by a corps of good, strong men.

CHAPTER XV.

Story of the White Hyacinth.

AS THE time for election drew near, our men went to work in dead earnest. A call for a temperance mass-meeting to be held in Black's Opera House, was signed by the mechanics and working men of the city, their names filling two newspaper columns. The men pledged themselves to be present and to do all they could to secure a full attendance. A request also came from the colored voters for a meeting in Black's Opera House for their benefit, before election.

And still the calls are coming for help; my correspondence has become a heavy task, and my telegrams amount to dollars per day. I must pause here and make an apology, or an explanation to some of the dear friends who felt aggrieved because I paid no attention to their calls,—sometimes being repeated. This was the case with Zanesville, Steubenville, London, West Liberty, and I think some others. These calls came in my absence, and for some reason would not reach me till it would be too late for me to respond. I can only say I was in no way

responsible, and that it was a source of much regret. I know very well that audiences dislike to be disappointed, and that it weakens confidence in public speakers. When it has depended upon myself I have never failed to meet my engagements, and never disappointed an audience,—unless prevented by illness, and then very rarely—though often to meet my engagements I have made long, night journeys, endured great fatigue, and stood before my audiences when only the oblivion to self caused by absorption in my theme, sustained me.

Matters at home were coming to a white heat. I felt that I was not needed, and that in many places the brethren were not thinking of the jeopardy that threatened them,—as some told me after election, "We did not think about the election"—so I set out again.

Having to wait a few hours at Morrow, the friends invited me to come to their meeting and address them. I went, and gave them what was on my heart, as to the coming opportunity for our friends or foes, whichever should make the best use of it. While I noticed that a few demurred at anything but prayer, the majority seemed to grasp the thought. One gentleman endorsed me warmly, saying he was sure I was right. He had overheard a conversation recently on the train among a party of the fraternity; they were saying the Crusaders had nearly scared them out of their boots; but "a reaction was coming! a reaction was coming!" Some of these

brethren—who were from other places—insisted upon my going to their towns to help awaken the voters, but my time was taken up, and I sped on my way and—fell among *friends*, who made a grave mistake, or it would have proved so if I had not swallowed down the insult for the sake of the cause for which I was almost ready to lay down my life. This was the first deep wound I received in my work. It caused me much alarm, too, lest the liquor men would get hold of it and use it against us. From only one other place, which even exceeded this, have I received uncivil or unkind treatment. A few individuals have been able on occasions to cause me great suffering, but from the hundreds everywhere I have had only love and kindness, and their love is buried deep in my heart of hearts, and will there abide for aye. But they can never know what rest and inspiration and hope they gave me, nor how much better I was able to work and endure because of it.

I reached the place in the afternoon, and found the ladies, with a large crowd of men, women, and children, at the depot awaiting my arrival. There was a saloon near, and the ladies insisted upon my addressing the crowd in front of it. I, as everywhere, endeavored to do everything the friends asked of me, though weary from my long ride, and was expected to address two other meetings—being helped onto a beer-cask I proceeded to address the crowd, a large number of whom I saw were voters. I exhorted them to

see to it that they put in nomination good and true men to be voted for at the approaching election; to stand for the right, as true and loyal citizens of this great Republic, etc. I do not remember much, however, that I did say, but it was in that vein. I then proceeded with the ladies to their afternoon meeting and addressed them. But I perceived something uncanny in the atmosphere and was sorely perplexed, but unable to account for it.

At the close I was driven to Mr. D——'s, where I was very kindly entertained. But a little before time to go to the evening meeting, two ladies called, and one proceeded in very decided tones to inform me that they could not have any party politics brought into their work,—it would break it up, for they had Democrats as well as Republicans among them. The lady with her was a Democrat. (I have been amused to notice that women are as strong partisan politicians as men, though spurning with scorn the imputation of "meddling with politics.") This lady, to whom my catechiser seemed to pay so much deference, she assured me, "would certainly leave them if anything of the kind was brought in, and they could not get along without her," and much more of the same sort. I was of course shocked at such an attack, and greatly puzzled to know what in the world I had said or done to give such umbrage. What could it be that could warrant such discourteous treatment? Upon asking an explanation, she

declared that I had urged the voters to vote the Republican ticket at the approaching election. I tried to say she was very much mistaken, but oh, no! she would not hear me;—I had said what she charged! I held my peace, but saw with sadness that they had ruined me for the evening's lecture.

The ladies had hardly left when a gentleman called and informed me that he was President of the Women's League, and that he wished to inform me that they could not have anything like party politics brought in; they were of both parties. I said I had not said one word about parties. "Oh, yes, I had; his hired girl was present and heard me, and they could not consent to my speaking if I proposed to say anything more of the kind!" I felt myself thoroughly insulted. I could not remember that I had even used the expression "this grand Republic," till some one recalled it to my mind. He insisted upon my promising not to offend any further, as the condition of my addressing the meeting. I sat there silently struggling between my sense of self-respect and the inevitable disaster to the cause, if this should reach the ears of the enemy.

It was growing late, and I had not yet settled with myself whether I could crush down my personal feeling and go to the church, when a couple of the ministers called for me. They had become uneasy and the audience was growing impatient. I conquered self for the sake of my

cause, and went with the ministers. And I did the very best I could; but who can conceive what distress I felt, and how hard the effort to give those people what would be a benefit to them, and yet not incur their further displeasure. I could not tell what would or would not offend. I was, too, by this time, getting a little into Topsy's mood, "so wicked," and turning to the *gentlemanly President*, I, with demure and subdued "demeanor," as Samantha Allen would say, asked his permission to say something I felt very necessary to be said. He very graciously gave his consent, and I thanked him for the privilege. I could not make out whether he saw the point or not—rather thought he did not.

When I had finished he thanked me for my "excellent address," as he patronizingly called it. I had no word of reply, but I thought, "You little know how much better I could have done for you if you had not so deliberately insulted me."

I do wonder if any other lecturer ever had this kind of experience. I have been told since that Horace Greeley was, in the days of slavery agitation, called upon by the lecture committee of a certain town where he had been called to lecture, and instructed that he must not touch the slave question there. This was a little comfort to me, on the principle that "misery loves company." If those good friends have paid any attention to my position as to political parties, they have long since seen the blunder they made,

but they have not had the manliness or womanliness to acknowledge it. The dullness of some persons is often amazing, sometimes amusing and sometimes not a little vexatious. I have learned, now and then, that some bright-idead man would declare that I was a Democrat, and hired by that party; and again a specially sharp man would express himself as convinced that I was employed by the Republicans. If such be the case, both parties have proved to be very poor paymasters, and I have some heavy outstanding claims. I have not as yet received a cent, and I hereby notify whomsoever it may concern, to call and settle, for I need the money awfully.

I was really glad to hasten on, next morning, and pick up heart as well as I could for my next appointment, which was Somerset, where I met a warm reception. I addressed a mass-meeting that night; next morning met the ladies, organized and led them out. They gave me to march by my side the most venerable lady in the place—a woman of sincere piety and beloved by all. She was so affected that she could scarcely stand, and I begged her to stop at a house till we returned, and then join us again. But oh, no! she insisted upon going with her sisters, though she trembled at every step. I noticed that the saloon-keepers' respect for her was such that her presence and her kind words, as she addressed them as neighbors and friends, shamed them. I was much surprised and rejoiced upon returning to this town in our "amendment

campaign," to find this venerable saint, whom I presumed had long since put off the mortal and gone up, still witnessing a good profession for Jesus.

Before going to the meeting that morning, my hostess told me she had a great sorrow on her heart, that she had never trusted to her lips before. But she felt it might be a benefit to the cause to tell it to me; and so she told of her brave and beloved brother, who had fought so gallantly in the service of his country,—had never drank till coming home he was made much of, and invited by convivial companions to join them in their social gatherings, the taste was acquired and he became a confirmed inebriate. His property went, and yet he went on down. "Often," said she, "did my husband and I watch him home on the cold winter nights, lest he would fall by the way and freeze to death." Yet he was so high-strung and sensitive that they dared not let him know they did. He became despondent, and hinted at self-destruction, in despair of ever overcoming his appetite. And still the liquor men sold him the soul-destroying poison. He had now become such a slave to his consuming thirst that he took the wood his little boys had managed to cut,—little fellows eight and ten years old, with which to buy some school-books—hauled it to town and sold it for rum to slake the insatiable thirst. But the end came. Returning one night from town very much under the influence of liquor, he went to

the cupboard and seizing the laudanum bottle drained it. Soon becoming crazed he tried to shoot his wife and children, then drove them out into the snow and cold of that bitter January night, the wretched wife on the eve of confinement. And there they had to cower till one of the little boys ran a half-mile to the nearest neighbor and brought help. The men obtained an entrance, and overcoming the poor maniac, bound him onto the bed. It was not long till he fell into the deadly slumber from which there was no awakening. Thus miserably perished the once gallant Major B——. The neighbors came to the assistance of the bereaved and destitute family; the ladies furnished the children with clothing so they could go to Sabbath-School. And when the Sabbath came they prepared to go, but the eldest, little more than a child, burst into tears and turning to his mother, exclaimed: "Oh, mother! I cannot, I cannot go;—I am a drunkard's child!" Is it possible for the world ever to know what the drunkard's children suffer in shame and mortification, even before they are able to express it in words? The silent pondering of their little, burdened minds over it; why they can not have nice, comfortable homes, clothes, nice food, and happy times, like other children, and why their mamma is so sad and cries so much, and why their papa is not nice and manly, and does not love them like other men do their children.

Oh! I cannot bear it! Will not the people ever hear the cry of these helpless innocents?

My friend went on while she pointed to a place across the street. "That man," said she, "whom we prosecuted for the murder of my brother, swore in court that he had not sold him a glass of liquor in a year, though it was proven that he sold him the liquor that caused his death. Oh," she exclaimed, "I cannot go into that place; I cannot pray for that man!" And yet that grief-stricken sister did find strength not only to go with us into that man's place, but to kneel there and pray for him! Oh, boundless grace!

We were becoming impressed with the fact that we must look beyond the present methods for extending and perpetuating our work, for to the most sanguine and enthusiastic it was becoming evident that we had entered upon a long and bitter struggle. It would be wisdom to organize and train all the forces we could enlist for the war, though it might be for years or a lifetime.

The ladies of our Executive Committee, upon consultation, decided to call a County Convention, to be held in Black's Opera House on the 3rd of April. When the day arrived, having previously requested the ladies to assemble at our headquarters, we there formed in procession, five hundred strong, and marched to the Opera House,—a solemn, affecting sight. There was a large delegation from the county—a crowded house, and the same enthusiasm characterized this that had been manifested at our first mass-

meeting at the opening of the campaign five months previous.

Looking over the old file of papers of those days, I see that Captain Perry Stewart, who had in the other war done valiant service for his country, was made Chairman of the meeting, and Mr. C. M. Nichols and Rev. J. W. Spring, Secretaries. Stirring speeches were made by General Keifer, since Speaker of the House in Congress, S. Bowman, Esq., A. R. Ludlow, D.S. Morrow and other prominent business men, as well as ministers and ladies. A county organization was effected, with Mother Stewart President, Mr. Wm. Barnett and Mrs. S. W. Cathcart, Vice-Presidents for the city, with one gentleman and one lady for each township. The duty of these township Vice-Presidents was to act as President of their respective townships, organize and superintend the work in the same. Mrs. J. A. S. Guy was made Secretary and Captain P. Stewart Treasurer. Thus was formed the first county organization in our State; Madison county, in our district, being the next. We held meetings once in three months in different parts of the county, where we reported the progress of the work and encouraged each other to continuance and steadfastness in our labors.

Now the time for our Spring election had come, and for the first time in the history of our city all minor interests were merged in this all-absorbing one of the temperance question. The nominations were made with reference to this

question alone. Of course the liquor men were becoming desperate. They had always in the past been more watchful of their interests than had the Christian people of theirs. And so it was when our work opened up, as has already been stated, we found a distiller, a brewer, and several of their sympathizers, composing our city council, and the same in kind in the minor offices.

But the better class of citizens were coming to see where they had made their mistake, and a desperate struggle was inaugurated. The liquor men finding their business so damaged financially by the Crusaders and brought into greater disrepute than ever before, saw their chief hope was to control the election and get men again into office who would paralyze all efforts towards legal restraint.

Our Advisory Committee labored diligently to put their forces into as good shape as possible. But some of them had not been trained in the school of election tactics, and it would not have fared so well for us if our staunch friend, Wm. R. Calhoun, former Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, had not come home from Pittsburgh expressly, as he said, to vote with the lovers of law and order. He fell to work, helping with his experience and might, till the polls were closed on Monday night. There is no doubt that much of the success was due to his energetic aid.

We had appointed another of our "all-day

prayer-meetings" for election day, and while the men worked outside securing votes, we ceased not to cry to the Lord of our hosts to give us the victory. The brethren came in from time to time to report the news from the field. As was our custom for such meetings, the leaders were changed each hour. I was engaged to be at Pomeroy that week and had to leave at one o'clock, but took my hour to lead from eleven to twelve o'clock.

But I was really glad to get away before the end, for it seemed to me I could not bear a defeat. I ran to the telegraph office and requested the operator, Mr. Parsons, to wire me at Pomeroy the result; I could by that time bear it, whatever it might be. The excitement and the voting and the praying went on. The sun went down, but there was no abatement, and the women still waited before the Lord. At length ten o'clock came, and the news of the result was brought in. That house of the Lord never witnessed such a scene before nor since. The men that had worked so faithfully all day came pouring in, and the wildest joy and enthusiasm were manifested. Oh! I don't know what we would have done in those days if we had not had that grand old doxology with which to give vent to our emotions. How that vast crowd of men and women did lift up their voices in—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Men who had not before participated in our war

on the whisky were swept away with enthusiasm to-day, and coming into the meeting sprang onto the pews and made ringing speeches. We had carried the city by a majority of 400. When I reached Pomeroy the telegram was awaiting me. How can I tell the joy and gratitude that filled my heart? I have not the words. But it was worth many a league of travel in the night time and the buffeting storms.

This was thirteen years ago, and to-day ('87) is election again, but it is a very tame affair. The liquor men are not disturbed over the possible outcome, for many a man that did vote against them that day now casts his ballot side by side with them for the same candidate, to "save the party!"

I took the train for Cincinnati, thence by steamer up the Ohio to Pomeroy. We did not arrive on Tuesday evening as expected, but early Wednesday morning. The dear friend of my young girlhood and of a long life, Mrs. Paine, with Rev. Mr. Davies and others, were waiting to receive me. The other friends (?) having won a victory at the polls, and hearing that I was to be up Tuesday evening on the "Ohio No. 4," concluded to get out the band and to fire off the cannon as a salute, "over the left." They drew their cannon to the brow of the precipitous hill back of the town, and fired their salute about the time I ought to have been up, but I was not in *range* or sound, and the paper, in reporting the matter, got it badly mixed up,

and made it read that the *temperance* friends serenaded Mother Stewart and fired a salute in her honor. So the saloon-keepers lost their labor, their ammunition and their fun.

A precious time did I have with my Pomeroy friends, as I always do; and the value of their love and friendship is above that of fine gold. Revs. Mr. Davies, of the Presbyterian Church, and Frampton, of the M. E. Church, were the ministers, and their competent and pious wives, with others equally as efficient, were laboring faithfully, but against fearful odds, there being a large number of saloons, and a large population of miners of foreign birth as patrons.

At Middleport, two miles below, where the Council had passed the McConnelsville Ordinance upon petition of the citizens, the sisters had but a short experience of crusading, but the enthusiasm was still kept up under the leadership of Mrs. Fisher, a peculiarly gifted English lady of the Mary Fletcher type. Here also a host of friends received me and we had crowded meetings.

Returning, I stopped at Ironton, and found the ladies, under the management of Mrs. Rev. Mitchell, doing a grand work. We announced a children's meeting for the afternoon before I was to leave, and the dear children were all wild with delight that they were going to have a temperance meeting of their very own. The little Jew children, as gleeful as the rest, were clapping their hands and saying, "Oh! we are going to

see Mother Stewart, too!" But a short time before the meeting word came that the "Fleetwood" was crippled and would be indefinitely delayed, and in consequence, to meet my next engagement, I had to take the first boat down, which bore me away just as the children were gathering. It was a real source of sorrow to myself as well as disappointment to the children, and I never ceased to feel sorry that the dear boys and girls of Ironton were cheated out of their "very own" temperance meeting.

It will be beyond the limit of this narrative to even name, much as I would like to do so, the more than a hundred places to which I was called during this wonderful campaign. I must content myself with the mention only of such as will serve to give the reader as correct an idea as possible of this remarkable women's movement, with such results and incidents as may add interest, and for which I can vouch either from my own observation or reliable information.

Among the many hard fields was that of Dayton, where was a large foreign element; and where the citizens, even a large portion of the church members, having become indifferent by long custom or through business interests dominated by the liquor power, seemed not to take much interest in the work. There were, however, a brave few that dared, even here, to take up their cross and go out to this unequal warfare.

How my heart was stirred even to pain, as

one day passing through and having to wait for my train, I went out to seek the Crusaders. I found them, under the leadership of Mrs. Dr. Herr, kneeling on the pavement. They were crying to God to touch the hearts of the liquor-sellers, and make them to see the wrong they were doing to their fellow-men, and to give up their business and turn to God, while a large crowd of rough and hardened men—largely foreigners—stood by making various comments. I could see there was little soil there for the seed, and little hope for the toilers. And yet in this city was much hard work done, persecution endured, and not a little good accomplished. One of my dearest friends, Mrs. Dr. Adams, who has long since gone over to her beautiful mansion on the glory shore, was, with her husband and family, in Dayton the winter of '73–4, boarding at the Phillips House. While she was a lady of advanced views in many directions, yet, when she heard of the peculiar form of work taken up by the women in so many places, she felt really shocked. "Certainly," said she, "it cannot be the duty of woman to so work. I cannot give my endorsement to anything so entirely out of the line of woman's work as this." But one cold, wintry morning she heard in strange, sweet measure float out upon the air from the saloon below—

> "Rock of Ages cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee."

Very plaintive to the ear of that tender-hearted

woman sounded the strains as they floated up past her toward the Throne. "Ah!" said she, "the Crusaders are in that dreadful place." After a few moments reflection, as the cry again arose—

> "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,
> E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,"

she said, "Well, if I cannot endorse the movement I can at least show those devoted women my sympathy," and she went down and stepped into the door. "Oh," said she, "what a sight met my vision! There were those consecrated women on their knees in that loathsome place, crying to God to touch the heart of that saloon-keeper with the finger of His love and pity, and to save those present from his destroying influence. They prayed for the gray-headed men, the men in the prime of their manhood, the young boys (for they were all there), who through the curse of drink were wasting their precious time and jeopardizing their souls. Oh, what a sight! The room was full of the fumes of liquor and tobacco, and the drinking and smoking went on as the prayer ascended. All my prejudice was swept away in a moment. I thought of my own darling boy, just merging into manhood, and dearly as I loved him I felt that I would gladly follow him to the grave rather than see him come to the condition of one of these." (She was a very fine elocutionist). As the band arose from their knees she commenced repeating:

"No, comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free!
I will go to my home and my children to-night,
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,
And with tears in my eyes I will beg my poor wife,
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.
I have never refused you before! Let that pass,
For I have drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

"Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and red, bloated face!
Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze,
Why, even the children will hoot as they pass,—
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

"You would hardly believe, to look at me now,
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow,
When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her pride,
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side;
But with love in her eye, she looked up to the sky,
Bidding *me* meet her *there*, and whispered "good-bye."
I will do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

"Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait
On a fellow who 's left every cent in his till,
And has pawned his last bed their coffers to fill.
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured;
And I begged for one glass—just *one* would have cured,—
But they kicked me out-doors! I let that, too, pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

"At home my pet Susie, with her soft, golden hair,
I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer,
From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were strung down;
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown,
And she prayed—prayed for *bread*, just a poor crust of bread,
For *one* crust—on her knees, my pet darling plead,
And I *heard*, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

"For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-old,
Though fainting with hunger, and shivering with cold,
There on the bare floor, asked God to bless *me;*
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will! for you see,
I *believe* what I ask for!" Then, sobered, I crept
Away from the house, and that night when I slept,
Next my heart lay the pledge!—You smile! Let it pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

"My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear, sainted mother's above!
I will make her words *true*, or I'll die in the race,
And *sober* I'll go to my last resting place;
And she shall kneel there, and weeping, thank God
No drunkard lies under that daisy-strewn sod.
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall ever pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass."

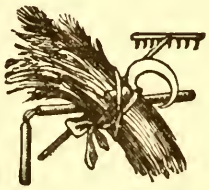
Every eye of the habitues of the saloon, as well as of the Crusaders, was bathed in tears. Her husband, a man not given to expression of emotion, stood leaning against the door sobbing aloud. As she closed she dropped on her knees and poured out her soul in a flood of eloquent appeal to the Throne of grace—the first time

she had ever heard her own voice in audible prayer.

That night she dreamed some one gave her a white hyacinth, and that she sent it down to the saloon-keeper. At the family breakfast-table the next morning, she caused quite a little amusement by telling her dream.

But returning to her room, what was her surprise at seeing her white hyacinth setting on the dressing-case! A lady had sent it in to her daughter in acknowledgment of some kindness rendered. "Oh, Pearlie!" she exclaimed, "there's my white hyacinth. May I send it down?" "Yes, mamma," said the little girl. "So I sent it," said my friend, "with the request that the saloon-keeper would care for the little plant while it remained in bloom. I thought it would be one object of brightness to cheer the women as they made their daily visits to that terrible place. It was not long till a young man —as was his custom—came in for his morning glass. But as he opened the door a new and strange odor for that place came floating to him, mingled with that of the liquors. It arrested his attention, and for a moment stayed his eager footsteps. It was to that young man as if the gates of memory had swung backward and revealed a glimpse of home and mother in an atmosphere laden with the perfume of sweet flowers and song of birds. He stood for a moment transfixed, then espying the little vase on the counter, he walked quietly forward, and

stooping almost reverently over it, he smelt the perfume and fondled the petals, then turned and walked out. He told the incident to a comrade, adding: "It carried me back to the dying bed of my mother. My mother was passionately fond of flowers, the hyacinth especially; she cultivated them,—had them in her room. As she lay dying she held a spray of white hyacinth in her hand, and when I looked for the last time upon her pale, sweet face, as she lay in her casket ready to be carried from my sight forever, she still held a spray of white hyacinth in her hand. I could no more have drank a glass of liquor there than in the presence of my dead mother."



CHAPTER XVI.

Pittsburgh—A Thousand Women on the Street.

OUR State Constitutional Convention was in session in Cincinnati during the winter of our Crusade, framing a new Constitution, to be submitted to the people for their acceptance or rejection. And among the various subjects considered by the framers, came the ever-disturbing liquor problem, and it was discovered that the liquor men were bringing all their money and political influence to bear upon the delegates to get a license clause inserted in the instrument. The Crusaders took the alarm and a call went out from Akron for a Mass-Convention of the temperance men and women of the State.

This call was sent out on the 12th of April, and on the 22d there assembled in Cincinnati a delegation of the best class of the citizens of the State. The meeting had been announced for the Ninth Street Baptist Church, but it proved inadequate to accommodate the throng that gathered, and they adjourned to Wesley Chapel, the largest church in the city. One hundred

and forty-one Leagues and seventy-three counties were represented.

My work being in the field, and the calls still pouring in, I did not expect to attend,—I have, indeed, always felt more in my legitimate work when out organizing and rallying the army than in the council chamber.

The Crusaders in Bucyrus were having a peculiarly hard time with the liquor men and their allies, which were not only the low drunkards, but the city Mayor and his officials also. So they wrote me to come to them for the evening of the 21st, but my friends at home insisted that I must go with them to Cincinnati. I telegraphed I could not go at that time. Rev. Baltzly telegraphed back: "It will be very disastrous to us if you do not come now." It was now twelve o'clock, and the train left at one. I ran to Rev. Mr. Hamma for advice. He said "go," and rising from the dinner-table, bade me sit down and eat my dinner, while he ran to the telegraph office to notify them that I was coming, and to the livery-stable to order a hack. By the time I had eaten a hasty dinner he had the hack in waiting; I sprang in and was driven a half mile to my home, made my toilet and away to the depot, another half mile, in time for my train. The sisters still insisted that I must return in time to accompany them to Cincinnati next morning.

On the Sandusky train,—but how to reach Bucyrus, which was on the Ft. Wayne road,—

or how to get out again, I did not know. The conductor, however, very kindly assisted me in making out my route. I reached Bucyrus at seven o'clock and a large committee was waiting to receive me. I told them I must leave at nine o'clock by private conveyance in order to catch the down train from Cleveland, which passed Galion at eleven.

Brother Baltzly said if that was the case he would have a carriage in waiting. I swallowed a little supper, went to the church and delivered what words of encouragement I could. At nine o'clock Brother Baltzly notified me that my time was up and carriage at the door. I left that faithful and devoted couple of temperance evangelists, David and Hannah Tatum, to close the meeting, and set off across the country eleven miles for Galion, and beat the train in by twenty minutes. When it came I boarded it and arrived in Springfield about three o'clock, drove home, caught a little sleep, and was up and at the depot by seven, ready to join my friends for Cincinnati, which we reached about ten.

I never looked upon a more intelligent and at the same time enthusiastic and determined, thoughtful body of men and women.

The chronicler says: "The church was capable of holding two thousand persons, and throughout the sessions it would be crowded, part of the time almost to suffocation."

The first subject of consideration, and that for which the Convention was called, was the license

question pending in the Constitutional Convention. The sentiment was strong and unanimous against licensing the traffic in any shape or form. A committee was appointed to draft a memorial to the Convention, and after a brief consultation a paper was brought in, and with slight modification was adopted, and a large committee of ladies was appointed to convey the memorial to the Convention.

Another subject was in reference to appealing to Congress to abolish the revenue on all intoxicants as a beverage, the object being the outlawry of the traffic by the withdrawal of its recognition by Congress as a legitimate business and as a means of raising a revenue, and also of the laws providing for its protection in common with other useful industries. But this was abandoned, and instead it was decided to ask Congress to prohibit the importation of intoxicating liquors. It was undoubtedly the timely assembly and appeal of this representative body of the Christian people that decided the delegates to submit a separate clause to be voted upon at the same time with the Constitution.

I did not remain to the close of this remarkable Convention, having an engagement for Pittsburgh on the evening of Thursday, the 23d. I reached home a little after nine o'clock, having traveled over three hundred miles, spoken at least an hour at Bucyrus, and put in a good part of a day at the Convention since one o'clock the day before. I am forgetting to say that I had

company all this time—Mrs. Dr. Holmes, a dearly loved niece, who had not visited me before for years. But being a lady of both piety and good, practical sense, she heartily acquiesced in the necessity that compelled my absence. I got a pretty good night's rest and next morning was up and off to Pittsburgh.

No doubt the question has occurred to the reader more than once, how it was that I could leave my home in this fashion at a moment's notice and be absent indefinitely. Not an unnatural question to be asked of a woman, and I do not know but this is as opportune a time and place as I can find to enlighten the minds of my good-natured readers. I shall, indeed, take great pleasure while whirling along over the country towards Pittsburgh, in telling what to me has always been one of the most remarkable incidents of my eventful life. I have already mentioned that for years I was an invalid, with expectation of living but a short time.

It was during this time that my foster brother and kinsman, Mr. Campbell, not knowing how very ill I was, became impressed that I needed some one that would be more to me, and could do more for me, than any hired help I might get. So, in conference with his estimable wife and one of his daughters, it was decided that he should bring the daughter to me. He brought her to me and from that day to this she has been to me in the richest and dearest sense a daughter. The world will never know her worth, her

devotion and sacrifice for me, for she will not permit my telling it, and shrinks from anything like calling attention to herself. She will be really distressed, no doubt, when she discovers that I have said even this. A Providence child she has been, and my right hand in all these years, so that going or coming I have no solicitude as to my home. If I and my husband are at home, we are cared for with the gentle thoughtfulness that would be given to her own parents.

If I am gone, I know Mr. Stewart is cared for as if I were at home. If we are both absent, I am sure my home interests are as safe as if we were there. She acts as my secretary in my absence, and always manifests the deepest sympathy with me and my work, and the liveliest interest in the temperance cause. Thus have I been by a gracious Providence enabled to give my undivided attention to my work, as I never could have done without her invaluable love and sympathy.

I arrived in Pittsburgh Thursday evening, and found a warm welcome and precious home with Mrs. S. B. Robison, the claim upon which I have not yet relinquished. Friday morning I met the ladies at headquarters, in the afternoon a prayer-meeting, at night a very large meeting in Dr. Noble's church.

I was booked for Fairmont, W. Va.,—up among the mountains on the B. & O. road—for Saturday, and had to leave early Saturday morn-

ing. But the Pittsburgh ladies insisted that one day's help would not serve their purpose; the work was languishing, and the liquor men were influencing the press to say the Crusade was a failure and that the work was dying out in Pittsburgh. They said if I could not remain, then I must return to them. I told them to announce a County Convention for the next Wednesday, work the matter up well, see that all the bands of both cities, as well as those of other parts of the county, were on hand in full force, and I would be back on Tuesday evening. I proposed to play a game with those brave saloon-keepers, and felt pretty confident I would win.

Saturday morning, off for Fairmont, down through Wheeling, and out among the mountains. (This day I was fifty-eight years old.) I reached Fairmont after night,—a dismal, rainy time. I was glad to rest till Sabbath evening, when I addressed a large union meeting in the M. P. Church. The next morning I met and organized the ladies and led them out to visit the saloons. Walking by my side was that eminent Christian lady, ex-Governor Pierpont's wife. When invited to join us, "Yes," she said, "if my influence will be of any use I will give it cheerfully." The first man we visited, after we had finished our devotions in front of his place appeared at an upper door, and seeming to have something important on his mind, began, "Now, ladies," but as it was not our mission to "argufy" we quietly passed on, not

a little to his disgust. The last man we visited kept a tavern near the depot, and sold liquors or had a saloon in connection. The sisters were very anxious that I should talk to him. He was out, I remember, doing something to his fence. I approached him and tried as well as I could to talk to him, but while I cannot remember a word I or he said, I have still the impression that my words were pitifully weak and lacking in force, and that he seemed wholly untouched and indifferent. Oh, how weak and inefficient did I feel at such times! What miserable failures my appeals seemed to be; and for the matter of that, what miserable failures have all my efforts seemed, whether in private appeal or on the platform, or in the pulpit! Oh, how have I ransacked my brain for more earnest, more effective words to convey the thought that was burning within! and yet is any word in the English language adequate to paint the liquor business, the crime and horror of this Christian land?

Years rolled away, and one Sabbath morning found me at my church in Springfield, when a friend brought a stranger to me, saying the "gentleman wished an introduction to Mother Stewart." Upon being presented, he asked me if I did not remember him? As I could not recall him, he told me he was the man I had talked to by his fence at Fairmont in West Virginia; recalled the conversation, that it seemed he had not forgotten, and said he had long since

given up liquor selling. He had moved west, had sought and found Jesus, and was now a saved and happy man.

At night we had another large meeting in the M. E. Church, and on the morrow I set out again for Pittsburgh, which I reached about seven o'clock. Before I could take my supper a carriage with a delegation of ladies was in waiting from Lawrenceville, a suburb some four miles distant, to take me to address a mass-meeting for them. It was somewhat late, but the crowd was waiting patiently, and some gentlemen occupying the time. The enthusiasm here was so great that for once I was alarmed lest I should be picked up and carried to the platform. After the meeting I returned to the city.

On Wednesday morning we assembled in Dr. Howard's church. I conducted the meeting, calling out gentlemen and ladies, till towards noon word came to the stand that the business men had come in, on their way to dinner, to hear the Ohio Crusader, and their wish must be gratified. We adjourned to meet at the same place at two o'clock, announcing that we would then form our procession and march across the bridge to the "Diamond," in Allegheny City, and there hold our meeting.

At the hour appointed we came together and formed our line, starting with about 500 ladies, marching through some of the principal streets, adding bands and companies as we went. Crossing the bridge, all the Allegheny bands met us

and fell into line. The streets were thronged with a great mass of men, women and children. When we reached the "Diamond" I asked some of the gentlemen how many ladies were in the procession. They said "it would be safe to say a thousand." I took my pencil and paper and wrote to the Associated Press, "A thousand women on the streets in Pittsburgh; great enthusiasm, but entire order."

I won the game, didn't I? Yes, and if the politicians had kept their hands off we would have won the final victory long ago. But "our party" was of more consequence than the souls of men, and the battle is still on.

The "Diamond" seemed to be a mass of humanity, and belonging to Zacheus' family, the people were unable to see me. Some of the ladies said, "These people must see you, Mother Stewart, if we have to hold you on our shoulders." So, upon consultation with the gentlemen, boxes were brought and a stand improvised. The day, however, was so windy, that the crowd could not hear, and finally a motion was made to adjourn to Dr. McMillan's church, a large edifice near. The people did not wait to hear the motion carried, nor upon the order of their going. There we finished up, and from there Dr. Davidson took me down to his church at the "Point," and with only time for a hasty tea I addressed another audience, returning to Mrs. Robinson's after the meeting. I fancy this will pass for one day's work. Oh, it seems to me that to-day,

nearly fourteen years after, if the fire, zeal and enthusiasm were burning in the hearts of the people as on that day, even with the added years and broken health, I could do it again. Never again shall I see those days return.

On Thursday I met the ladies in morning meeting, then visited the city jail and talked to the prisoners. In the afternoon I met the ladies again, and at the twilight hour addressed an out-door meeting. At night we had what had been announced as a business men's meeting. The ladies desired me to make a call for a guarantee fund to aid them in prosecuting their work, and I made the attempt. A few responses came quite promptly, but they began to come at greater intervals. At length a gentleman came to me and said privately, "Mother Stewart, the business men sent me to say to you that a fund cannot be raised that way in Pittsburgh. The only way it can be raised will be for the ladies to get blanks printed and call on the men at their places of business and take their names, with the amount, privately. *Pittsburgh is built on whisky!*"

Alas! and alas! their words proved truer than they at that time realized. I was passing through the city on the 4th of July, four years later, and having to wait some time, my attention was called to the elegance and completeness of that great structure, the Union Depot. I also visited some of the offices, all seeming to be perfect in all their appointments. A few days later, as I stood

in Cooper Institute, New York, addressing a meeting, I had occasion to mention Pittsburgh. When I took my seat, a gentleman came to me and said, "Mother Stewart, do you know that Pittsburgh is in flames?" No, is it possible? "Yes." So I found on my return—when it became possible and safe, after the railroad strike of '78, to attempt to return to my home. Again I had to make a halt in Pittsburgh, and where I had seen and admired that magnificent building, now lay a heap of black ruins, and along the various tracks running away out of the city were the irons only of hundreds of cars, and in many places the charred remains of their freight, with great piles of grain yet smouldering. I asked a gentleman, "Did liquor have anything to do with this?" "Oh, yes," he responded. "On that next morning you could have seen a thousand drunken men lying about on those hills!" I asked another: "Yes," said he; "if the Mayor had not ordered the saloons closed when he did, in all probability the whole city would have been laid in ashes." Ah, yes, I thought, Pittsburgh is indeed built on whisky, and I fancy those good gentlemen, if they could have foreseen and averted that calamity and disgrace to their city, would gladly have given half a million of money to the temperance cause. And who knows, peradventure, if they had invested such a sum for the furtherance of the cause and the enforcement of the laws, that great destruction might have been averted?

At the close of our meeting a number of ladies and gentlemen accompanied me to the depot, and at one o'clock I took the train for home. Dear old Pittsburgh, a host of friends I claim there. How warm has always been the greeting they have given me.

The liquor dealers and manufacturers were seriously feeling the effect of our work. They had endured for a time, supposing the excitement could not last, but when it went into weeks, then months, and their customers by the thousands signed the pledge, and their sales fell off till their business seemed on the verge of ruin, they saw that something more than worrying and annoying the Crusaders must be done. Says one of the dailies about this time:

The day when the liquor dealers laughed at the women's movement has passed. Whatever the secret of its success and however ridiculous it at first appeared, it now seems very formidable to all who depend for income upon the manufacture or sale of whisky or beer. Not that they anticipate the conversion of the whole people to total abstinence principles, or breaking up of the liquor business, or any permanent disastrous effects upon them or their calling; but already they have been very much embarrassed. Hundreds of liquor stores have been temporarily and permanently closed; a large number of persons have gone out of the business. The demand for both spirituous and malt liquors has wonderfully fallen off. One place in Southern Ohio, which formerly took one hundred barrels of beer a day from Cincinnati, now takes none. There is a great change in public sentiment, as shown in the fact that in many communities liquor selling and liquor drinking are now considered alike disreputable. Many towns have passed and are enforcing prohibitory laws as strict as the State statute allows. These

things are calculated to breed alarm; they do, and the result is seen in a depression of prices and a panic among the liquor dealers in almost every town as soon as the women take up the line of march.

But these worthy gentlemen had a reserve force to fall back upon in their extremity that had not hitherto failed them—the potent, pliant politician. And now they turned their attention to the State Legislature.

Early in April a bill was introduced into the Ohio General Assembly to so amend the municipal code as to take away from town or city corporations the right to prohibit the sale of ale or beer, and the keeping open of tippling houses within their limits. This was known as the Pearson bill, and was intended to annul the ordinances that were so effectually breaking up their business in the smaller towns all over the State. Both the liquor men and the friends of temperance were watching the movements of the Legislature with closest attention, and as soon as it was known that this bill was pending they rallied their forces. The liquor men sent in their trusty representatives, armed with rolls of greenbacks and political clubs. The Crusaders sent up their praying women, with the new instruction to "watch"—they were coming to see that it would be necessary to "watch"—and pray. When the word went out that the bill was before the House, the Columbus ladies had the bells rung and in an hour the hall was filled with women who "watched the words and votes of every member with exasperating closeness,"

as said a looker-on. It was due to the vigilance of these women that the bill did not pass. On the last night of the session of the House, Saturday, April 18th, three hundred ladies "sat up with the members" till midnight, and so defeated any adverse legislation for that term,—and I suspect those solons adjourned in a soberer mood than if the ladies had not been present. I cannot help wondering how it would have been if a goodly number of those ladies had been there throughout the session, by right of equal citizenship, or how it would now be if they had been there in the years that have followed.

My publisher has just related to me a scene that he witnessed during the session of the Legislature, that is of so much interest that I feel impelled to add it here. He says, "I looked out of my window here and saw a band of Crusaders marching up the street; reaching the corner, they turned into High street, crossed over, and entering the gate of the Capitol grounds they proceeded up to the Capitol,—I, with many others, following. They marched in and formed a circle under the dome, and there sang their sweet, plaintive songs and offered up their humble petitions to God that the law-makers of our State might be so endued with wisdom and courage that they would be able to withstand the potent influences that were being brought to bear by the liquor-dealers, and to enact such righteous laws as would relieve our beloved State from the curse of liquor. Many of the mem-

bers stood by with uncovered heads and in awe-struck silence, while the eyes of not a few were dimmed with tears. As that venerable and saintly woman, Sister —— was offering up the final prayer in such eloquent strains as I had seldom listened to before, the last rays of the setting sun streamed out and poured a flood of light through the western corridor upon that strange, solemn scene. It fell upon the face of the suppliant and illuminated it as with a halo from the upper skies. It caught a solitary tear lying upon her pale cheek and changed it into a glowing diamond." "Oh," said he, while his placid Quaker blood seemed to leap through his veins with an unwonted impetuosity, "if a Raphael could have caught that scene, what a picture it would have been to give to succeeding generations of one of the most impressive scenes of the Crusade!"

And so the liquor fraternity were foiled for the time, the old topers whose supplies had been cut off were suffering the horrors of unassuaged thirst; what next could be done? Various ingenious devices were resorted to, most generally with disastrous and ignominious results.

At one place a closed-out dealer ordered up a little stock by express from Cincinnati on the sly, but by some mysterious telegraphy the news reached the Crusaders, and they were on hand at the depot to enter their protest against its delivery. It was sent forward to the next town, but by the time it arrived the ladies were

waiting for it, and as there seemed to be no possibility of eluding the women it was shipped back to Cincinnati. At another place, a man who had surrendered, apparently in good faith, aroused the suspicions of the Crusaders by certain movements, and they decided it would be well to keep an eye on him. His place adjoined a dwelling with an upper porch; here they stationed a couple of ladies to do picket duty. Provided with a dark lantern they awaited developments. About eleven o'clock a wagon drove up very quietly in front of the place, and as quietly—speaking only in whispers—some persons proceeded to unload a barrel, which they were about to convey to the cellar, when a brilliant light flashed upon the scene. There was a sudden and embarrassing pause, then the barrel was reloaded and driven briskly away. Some obliging hucksters attempted, and successfully for a time—till some one discovered their game—to smuggle a few jugs out of Cincinnati under their goods and wares, to deliver to their thirsty customers. Another device was by a pedestrian—emulating a German saloonist in his palmiest days in expanse and rotund proportions—taking excursions through the country. There seemed to be not a little mystery about his coming and going, and it was noticeable that he was always warmly welcomed by the forlorn old topers. Upon investigating, it was found that he had got a tinner to fit around him a tin vessel which held a few quarts of whisky, supplied with

a faucet, and with a cup in his pocket he was prepared, for a consideration, to wet the parched lips of Dives, or whoever was able to patronize the unique walking demijohn. "Prohibition does not prohibit." I remember having heard a temperance lecturer of the anti-prohibition kind declare that "prohibition in Maine was a failure, because to his certain knowledge *liquor was brought into the State in egg-shells.*"

Mary Hadley tells this story of crusading an ale wagon: "The women of Wilmington had pretty effectually closed the liquor out and brought the business into such bad repute that those who were still attempting to sell had not the hardihood to replenish their stock in open daylight, or in sight of the Crusaders. They knew they were on the watch for any consignment per railroad. The supply was running low, when a wagon drove into town with a load of ale and attempted to deliver to the needy dealers. But Friend Hadley saw it, and at once hastened to put herself between the wagon and the saloon, and began praying with all her might to the Lord to send some of the sisters to her help. It was not long till a reinforcement came. The driver was in a great dilemma; he attempted to move on to another saloon, but the ladies also moved on; another, and the ladies kept by his side; yet another, and they also moved on. He concluded to give it up and leave, when a not very bright lad sprang forward and caught the horses by the bridle and held them. By

this time the news of the situation had reached the church, where a meeting was in progress, and the Crusaders came in a body to the scene of action, and surrounding the driver and his wagon in the street, there sang and prayed with him until he seemed at his wit's end. Sister Worthington, the President, had hastily prepared a pledge for him to sign that he would never enter the town again on such business, when the marshal appeared and ordered the boy to let go of the horses. The man whipped up his team and fled, not stopping till he put a good many miles between him and the Crusaders.

The boy being a little below ordinary intelligence, the obstruction on his part was not actionable. Though not very bright, his sympathies were with the women, as was always the case with such, as well as the boys of the street everywhere."

CHAPTER XVII.

Outrage Upon the Crusaders—Whiteley's Speech.

FROM the reports that are coming in from the hundreds of battle-fields, all of which would be intensely interesting if our limits would permit, I find it not a little difficult to select so as to give a clear statement of the progress of the movement. At hand, however, is a stereoscopic view of a street scene in Mount Vernon, which also recalls the report given of the work in this very pretty county seat of Knox county, by Mr. Handy, of the New York *Tribune*. The view represents a picket-house or shanty standing against the wall of a building and in close proximity to the inevitable saloon door. Two good-looking ladies are sitting inside and three others are standing near; the ubiquitous boy in the foreground, with some men in the rear. In this town the Crusaders closed twenty-three saloons in twelve days. Mr. Handy says:

This thrifty town may well claim the championship for a remarkably successful fight with the liquor dealers. When I visited it less than two weeks ago, I found twenty-eight places where liquor was sold. The most prominent and influential business men in the place advised the women not to begin the movement, believing that failure was certain and that

failure in Mount Vernon would greatly retard the progress of the movement in Northern Ohio, where it was just being introduced. Dio Lewis came, however, and in two days persuaded the women to make the trial.

The women went on the streets, while the men showed their sincerity by closing their places of business and repairing to the churches for prayer. The enemy took fright at once. The saloons considered most formidable gave way first, others followed in rapid succession, and to-day I find that of the twenty-eight liquor stores here twelve days ago, only five have not surrendered.

With some curiosity as to what the late liquor-sellers thought of the movement and its effect, I went to a billiard-room which, when I was here before, was the most popular drinking place in town, being crowded every night with young men who rank high in Mount Vernon society. The proprietor, an Irishman with the physique of a trained prize-fighter, had told me that "the thing would not work in Mount Vernon, and that they (meaning the ladies) had better not try it on." I now found him in a much more tranquil frame of mind, as he stood dispensing lemonade and soda to old topers, who have now to be content with such mild substitutes for the old-fashioned toddies and punches. "How do you feel after your surrender?" I asked. "Never better—never so well in my life," was the prompt reply. "I don't know anything about getting religion, but a fellow who has just been converted must feel something like I have felt for the last week. I actually enjoy going to church. Somehow or other everything looks bright. The best day's work I ever did was hanging out the white flag on my saloon." "But you will go into the old business again when this excitement dies out?" "Not if I know myself. I wouldn't be able to hold my head up if I did; I couldn't look a lady straight in the face! No, sir, I don't know what has come over me, but whisky selling don't appear to me now as it used to. Besides, everybody seems to look upon me so differently now. The very men that used to drink at my bar think more of me, and as to the ladies—why, sir, some of

the best ladies in this town have been in my dining-room with their husbands to dinner since I closed out." "Has your business suffered by your stopping the sale of liquor?" "Not a bit of it, so far."

This man, when making his change and clearing up for a refreshment house, placed on the wall in conspicuous letters, "God bless the women."

At the hotel I found the landlord actually bragging that he had been the first man to surrender, while his wife was putting on her bonnet and shawl to attend the daily prayer-meeting. A commercial traveler was about leaving the hotel with a bundle of samples under his arm, when the landlord exclaimed: "You need not go out at this time of day, sir; you won't find a respectable store in town open now!" "Why?" asked the astonished drummer. "Because it's prayer-meeting hour," was the reply. "Every day, between nine and ten o'clock, everybody goes to the prayer-meeting." Surprised, myself, I went out on the street and found that the stores and shops were indeed closed at this hour, when merchants, mechanics, and housekeepers in country towns generally are busiest. I went to the Episcopal church. Few places of amusement are ever more crowded. Every seat was filled, and men and women stood in the aisles and thronged the vestibule. The inclosure within the altar-rail was occupied by clergymen, every denomination appearing to be represented. The meeting, to use a homely Western expression, run itself. Nobody presided. The meeting progressed with the greatest religious fervor till a young man suddenly made his appearance and crowded his way to the pulpit, where, facing the audience, with an excited gesture he called their attention. "Ladies," he said, "I have come to tell you that I can't hold out any longer; I, too, give in. I shall not sell any more liquor, and I want to sign the pledge."

The scene may possibly be imagined, but hardly described. It was but a few moments till the sexton was in the steeple, and with swing and

clang and reverberation the bell was proclaiming "another surrender!" and the other bells in joyful chimes pealed back "we are so glad! we are so glad! thank God! thank God!" thus giving expression to thousands of hearts. It looked as if the victory would soon be won. Ah, me!

Troy, our very pleasant neighbor in Miami county, twenty miles west of Springfield, opened up the Crusade with great earnestness, led by Mrs. Dr. Meeks, Mrs. Riley, the venerable mother of Mrs. Monroe, our present State President, Mrs. Lewis, and a goodly number of other ladies equally as devoted and determined. Being also supported by all the best men in the place, they did a blessed work in closing saloons, obtaining signers to the pledge, visiting the prisoners in the jail, and holding prayer-meetings every morning. These morning meetings they kept up some years after the Crusade had passed away. Among the saloon-keepers here was a German, who, because of his imperfect knowledge of English, got a very confused idea of the whole matter. For the better understanding of the case it is necessary to explain that in the band that daily made the round of the saloons, was dear Sister P——, who, by an injury, had been affected so that her head nodded incessantly. Being locked out here, they stood in line on the pavement in front of his saloon. The old beer dispenser, supposing Sister P——'s affliction to be a part of the whole, told his worriment after this fashion:

"Dem Crusader vimmens, dey comes here und dey sings Rockenages shplit for me, und dot old voman she shist shtand dere und keeps a nodden her head und a nodden her head, und I can't rest, 'cause I hear dem vimmens a singin' Rockenages shplit for me, und I see dot old voman a nodden her head und a nodden her head. I goes to bed, but I can't schlafe, for all de time I hears dem Crusaders a singin' und I see dot old voman a nodden her head, und I tells my frow to light de gas, but it do no good, I shist hear dem vimmens a singin' Rockenages shplit for me, und I sees dot old voman a nodden her head, und a nodden her head, und I sells out und goes away," which was just what the good women wanted.

I was standing in the church one night in Eaton, Preble county, addressing everybody—for everybody attended temperance meetings in those days—when a telegram was handed me, saying: "Richmond has closed its last saloon," and of course "everybody" sprang to their feet and sang our grand, old doxology. Richmond, a neighbor, a few miles distant, and across the line in Indiana, had early taken up the Crusade, and through the leadership of Sisters Dennis and Martha Valentine, and a strong force of helpers, had done a good work, the faithful women not being exempt from the severe trials that tested the faith and courage of the Crusaders nearly everywhere. But I think the telegram was premature, and indeed I believe they did not

finally succeed in closing all the places, though they made the most of the "Baxter law" while it lasted,—a very effective species of license law which was passed a little later. But even this, Indiana was not permitted to enjoy the benefit of very long. It was too damaging to the trade, and it endangered the politicians' heads, too. So by the "judicious" (?) use of a few thousand dollars—I have heard it said it took forty thousand dollars—the honorable Indiana law-makers were made to see their way clear to its repeal.

Here at Eaton I found the Crusaders hard at work, but of the sisters I now only recall Mrs. Rev. Cassett, of the M. E. Church, and Mrs. Judge Chambers. They were working with great enthusiasm; had closed several saloons, and were full of anticipation of complete victory.

I never heard such prayers as those of Sister Cassett's. She seemed to reverently enter into the presence of the King, and as a little child, in faith and confidence, made her plea. But I found the brethren so absorbed and carried away with the thought that God had given this great national crime into the hands of the women to dispose of, that, though the spring election was just upon them, they had not thought of making any preparation to meet the issue at the ballot-box. I did my best to make them see their duty, and trust I succeeded, at least in part.

It is a singular fact that to one of the Greek letter fraternities of the Ohio Wesleyan University, in Delaware, belongs the credit of calling

Dio Lewis to Delaware, and consequently the inauguration of the Crusade in that pleasant college town.

The Doctor had been invited to deliver a literary lecture, but being so full of enthusiasm over the success of his great temperance hobby, and finding no temperance organization in the town—except, indeed, a small one of Prohibitionists that the dear, good man did not take kindly to, however—he put the question to the audience whether he should proceed with his literary lecture, as per engagement, or present the temperance question. The audience voted for temperance, and the meeting was organized by electing Dr. Lewis chairman. Dr. Merrick, M. D. Coville and Cyrus Pratt were named as an Advisory Committee.

Dr. Lewis, in a short address, presented his plan of work, and was followed by a number of the professors, ministers, and prominent business men, indorsing the movement and pledging support to the ladies, who unanimously pledged themselves to enter upon the work at once, and the next day more than a hundred Crusaders were visiting the saloons. This being the home of the first State President, Mrs. M. C. McCabe, who was supported by Mrs. Thomas Evans, Jr., Mrs. Clawson, Mrs. Lindsey, and a host of others of like piety and refinement, of course much effective work was done, and much good accomplished for the college as the result of calling the great temperance apostle. Another

grand help to the cause of temperance in Delaware, was the publishing there by Dr. Barnes and Thomas Evans, Jr., for several years, that best of temperance and Prohibition papers, the Delaware *Signal.*

This list of noble temperance workers and advocates would not be complete if the name of Dr. F. Merrick, former President of the University, were omitted. No man in the State has stood stronger, truer, all these years. Bringing his learning and piety, with voice and pen to encourage and advance every legitimate phase of the work for the extermination of the liquor curse.

Cedarville, in Greene county, had three saloons, but it also had some of the best women in the State, who organized on the 7th of February and went to work to win. It goes without saying, that they won. Mrs. Dr. Stewart, Mrs. Rev. Morton and Mrs. Harper were leading spirits here, with enough of like faith and zeal to keep the Crusade fires burning on the altar through these subsequent years. Of the brethren who worked and prayed, and have up to to-day, I am glad to record Rev. Dr. Morton, Paul Tomlinson (and writing this name reminds me that I must add, *and gave*), Dr. Stewart and Mr. Mitchell.

In Ripley, on the Ohio river, the hosts of the Lord were marshaled and led by Gen. Granville Moody, the "fighting parson," and his wife, "Betsy," with the same bravery and determina-

tion that he exhibited when leading his "74th" Ohio boys at Stone river and other fields of carnage. I remember crossing his path somewhere during our campaign. He was so hoarse from incessant work that he could only speak in whispers, but full of enthusiasm. These two servants of the Most High have both laid down the weapons of earthly warfare, henceforth to wear the conqueror's crown forever more. All denominations united in most cordial fraternity, not excepting the Catholics.

But I must confine myself to an extract from the Secretary's report of one day's work:

Mr. Hauser, the German druggist, who at first declined to sign the pledge, sent for the ladies and gave his name most willingly. Mr. Scholter promised by his country, his God and his wife, never to sell another drop of intoxicating liquor, and we know he has kept it in the face of strong entreaty to the contrary. Mr. Reinert received the ladies the first day, but the second closed his door. Down on their knees the ladies fell upon the pavement, in snow and sleet, with a most pitiless wind blowing. Men stood with uncovered heads, and the crowd wept. A commander of our navy, who has faced death and danger, said he could not endure this sight, and tears coursed over his face. Close against the pane a mother bowed in prayer, and a moment later the door was opened and Mr. Reinert said: "Ladies, I will quit the business; send a committee of your business men to me" They went, and he has arranged to dispose of his stock.

In Dr. W. C. Steel's "Women's Temperance Movement," I find a letter describing the street work in Newark, from which I must copy a few extracts, not only to convey an idea of the impression made upon the minds of men who

witnessed it, but also because of the remarkable prophecy it contains, which is even now being fulfilled. Says the writer:

Never shall I forget the touching and imposing spectacle that burst upon my view as I beheld walking, calmly and solemnly, over two hundred ladies, representing our best society, enshrined with silence and beautified by tears. The streets were crowded by thousands as they moved, and many a head was uncovered as the ladies passed as if they had a special power from God. * * * Men stood there, not in ridicule, that probably had never heard a fervent prayer before, with uncovered heads and tearful eyes, as if impressed that the angels of heaven were hovering above them. * * Even a laugh at such a time seemed to jar discordantly on such enchanting silence, for they seemed in that touching immobility as if in communion with God. Laugh as I have, ye that read my letter, at its magic power; but when one reflects that it is our mothers, our wives, our sisters, that are praying, weeping, beseeching and asking in the name of humanity, in the name of God, to overcome an evil that has ruined millions of the human race and filled our jails and prisons, unless one be destitute of feeling they cannot look upon such scenes unmoved. As the ladies passed a house, yesterday, the husband stormed and the wife laughed; but no sooner had that multitude of solemn women commenced singing

"Nearer my God to thee,"

than the husband burst into tears, and throwing his arms around his wife, he said: "My dear wife, I cannot resist that song. I am now convinced that it is the power of God that moves that column. Go and join them, and may God bless you." * * * The epoch that crowned this movement will never be forgotten. It is just in its infancy; it will not only sweep over the Republic, but knock at all the doors of Europe for admission, and women will at last, by this movement, have an epitaph written upon that which is less perishable than marble—upon the hearts of untold millions—by the touching pen of gratitude.

Urbana, our neighbor, fourteen miles north of us, a pretty, flourishing town of five or six thousand inhabitants, and enough praying women to make a strong Crusade force, early opened the work with the enthusiasm and zeal that conquers.

Mrs. Sallie Hitt, a host in herself, was made leader, and with Mrs. Smith—who has passed over to her inheritance,—Mrs. Shiras, Mrs. Beal, and a host of such Christian matrons, with a goodly number of enthusiastic young ladies, a vigorous warfare was waged and a glorious victory gained. Sister Hitt holds among her chief treasures, sixteen licenses, "scalps," as she calls them, and with commendable pride exhibits them as taken from the enemy, that many having surrendered to her their authority, granted by the United States, to kill their fellow men.

The sisters gave me this, from the many incidents that occurred in their work, as everywhere, which, if they could only be gathered up, would make a book of themselves, and of deepest interest: "A young man of a town in Indiana had married and started in life, full of hope for bright years to come. But like so many another, he had for years indulged in the fatal glass, and even after marrying, though devotedly attached to his wife, it had not occurred to him that there was any danger ahead, or that for her sake it would be well to stop. It was not long, however, till he found himself in

the embrace of the deadly serpent and powerless to extricate himself. In despair he bade his wife good-bye, saying, if he could not break the chain that bound him he should never return. He went out an aimless wanderer. Providence, however, had not forsaken him, and his steps were turned to Ohio; but on, aimlessly he went, till one day he found himself in the vicinity of Urbana, at the parting of two ways. He sat down to rest and reflect. When he arose he pondered for a while, which of the two ways that lay before him he should take, but without any reason clear to himself, took the one leading into Urbana. The Crusade was in a blaze, the Crusaders were on the streets, meetings were being held morning and night. He made his way, with everybody else, to these meetings, and some of the sisters found him and induced him to sign the pledge. Then he told it all; his ruin through the drink, his despair and his deserting his wife. Those ladies went to work, procured him employment, some better clothing, and wrote to the wife, sending her money with which to come, rented a house, and it was not many days till those two, parted by the drink fiend, were re-united by the blessed Crusaders, and started once more with much better assurance of success in life, because the husband was now a sober man.

ALL ABOUT THE LAGONDA HOUSE.

A very perplexing case was early presented to the Crusaders of our city. It might, indeed, be called very complex.

Our new Lagonda House, at which we made our first call, was owned by a joint stock company, composed of some of our most respected citizens, a goodly number of them church members. The inevitable saloon, with card and billiard attachment in the construction of the house, was of course known and assented to by the stock-holders. It was rented to a very fine gentleman, who sub-rented the basement to another very clever man, he to a third, and he to yet another the billiard department. This hotel was directly across the street from our headquarters, and we found our neighbor, the proprietor, a very affable and obliging gentleman. He frequently called over at headquarters and offered any assistance from the hotel in his power, and very generously furnished a dinner for the ladies, of which we partook with thankfulness, not forgetting the usual ceremony of a vote of thanks, nor to offer our prayers in his behalf, before we departed. But we could not shut our eyes to the fact that the saloon under the hotel was doing its deadly work, as the rest were. A committee was sent to some of the stock-holders, but they responded that they had, in renting the house, relinquished all control to the lessee. A committee called on that gentleman, but he assured the ladies that he had no control whatever over the basement; it was leased to another gentleman, and it would be the proper thing to call on him. They called on him, but while he seemed quite disposed to oblige the

ladies, it was out of his power; Mr. —— had taken the premises for a certain time, and he was powerless. He was bound by the terms of his lease, as the proprietor of the hotel was to the directors, to use said premises for such purposes and no other. The closing up would be a great loss to the share-holders, as well as lessees, etc. But if they would see the stock-holders and get them to release him——. It seemed a sort of apparatus very like the crooked hollow log in the fence, through which the historic pig made such fruitless attempts to reach the coveted corn on the other side of the fence. Somehow the ladies always found themselves on the same side of the fence they started from. Then we attempted guarding the door, but the business did not seem to be in the least damaged.

This claiming to be a high-toned concern, was patronized by a large class of young men that would not be seen in the ordinary drinking places; here clerks and others crowded to spend their evenings. At length a gentleman quietly informed me that the customers passed down through the office, and not only set the picket guard at naught, but made merry at their futile attempts to prevent their sinful indulgence. I accordingly—upon a conference with the guard—took two of the ladies into the office and asked the clerk if he would oblige me by furnishing the ladies with chairs. "Oh, certainly!" and they took up their position at the head of the stairs. Their experience, they reported, was

full of novel and rather exciting interest, and not less so seemed that of the young gents who hoped to indulge their appetites without the knowledge of the Crusaders, of whom they had come to entertain not a little fear, mingled with profound respect. But they could not forego their accustomed indulgence, especially when such a convenient arrangement offered. The ladies said they often had all they could do to preserve their gravity, as one and another would come springing along, perhaps whistling some cheerful air, just taking the first step down, when they would find themselves face to face with those quiet ladies. The sudden check in step and whistle, the look of blank astonishment, the guilty blush, the embarrassed bow and sudden retreat were really funny.

Then there came a time upon my return from work elsewhere, when some of the Crusaders asked me to try to infuse a little new enthusiasm into the work. Some were growing discouraged, and there was an impression among many that the Lagonda, or any of the more stylish saloons, should receive the same attention as the lowest. I sent a card to the evening paper, requesting a full attendance of the Crusaders the next morning. The next morning we came together in force and marched out, making our first halt in front of the hotel. It was rather a trying time for the gallant proprietor, as there was a medical association in session in the city, and many of the delegates, as well as other travelers, were

stopping with him, and of course their sympathies were with the Crusaders. But I fear the proprietor never quite forgave me afterwards. The suspicion had crept into my brain that our affable landlord was coquetting with the innocent and unsuspecting ladies in order to avert the odium that would attach to his house if the Crusaders should visit it as they did other low doggeries.

By this time it had been discovered by gentlemen looking after such matters, that this un-come-at-able saloon had, like all others, been guilty of illegal selling, and prosecutions were iminent. Now overtures were made to the Crusaders that a surrender would be made to them of the drinking department if they would interfere to arrest the prosecution, and consent to the billiard department remaining. They would fix it up ever so nice! and it would be innocent amusement! and the ladies could come in any time, day or evening, and witness the games.

A committee was appointed to act in the case, but one of the ladies thought it best to counsel with me before they should decide. I told them it would only be justice to the Crusaders who had worked so hard and endured so much, to let them, by vote, decide the question. I had a pretty strong impression that many of those sisters, if they understood the case clearly,—especially the old-time Methodists—would hardly see their way to indorsing billiard halls and billiard playing. I did not, however, give any opinion of my own,

but told the committee I would go up and learn what I could of the matter. The fact was, I did not approve of the Crusaders interfering to arrest the course of the law in such cases—though I did not say this either. We were professing not to meddle with the law, and I felt that we had no more right to meddle with the just enforcement of the law in the proper hands than we had to take it into our own. A good many of those law-breakers over the country, when they found themselves in danger of prosecution, with heavy fines and costs, suddenly became very penitent, and appealed to the ladies to stand between them and justice. But somehow, before I reached headquarters, the word had gone out (how strangely things will go!) that "Mother Stewart opposed the measure, was opposed to billiards," and all the rest of it. And so Mother Stewart again became the one to be sent to the wilderness, as she had often been before, and was many times after. Whoever thinks the path of a reformer is all strewn with roses has little knowledge of the facts. However, the little scheme came to naught. I am happy to record that the proprietor of the saloon soon severed all connection with the business, and has for years been a member of the church and an active Prohibitionist.

BUCYRUS—SECOND VISIT.

I have mentioned the fact of my first visit to Bucyrus. It was not long after this—the 5th of

May—that the ladies had a serious trouble. Bucyrus has a large population of the lower class of foreigners. Ignorant, beer-drinking, they were willing tools of the saloon-keepers, to do their bidding when told they were in danger of being deprived of their swill. Of course, in such a community, the liquor men had mayor and police of their own electing.

A proclamation was, on the above date, issued by the mayor, notifying the women—these were native-born Christian ladies—to refrain from their praying on the streets. This brave mayor, the more effectually to enforce his proclamation, swore in some fifty low, drunken ruffians, and armed them with hickory bludgeons, bought with the people's money, with which to make war on those praying women. The President of the League, Mrs. O'Fling, was a frail little body at least seventy years old, and so small that an ordinary man could pick her up in his arms and carry her as a child.

This old saint was set upon as she led her band, by those ruffians, pushed into a cellar-way and her arm lacerated to the bone, and dragged by one of them a square or more, till she appealed to a barber, and he came to her rescue. He ordered the fellow to desist, saying that was his premises, and she had a right to pray there if she pleased.

Another of the same gentlemen (?) assaulted a lady while on her knees, praying, and dragged her quite a distance from her comrades, order-

ing her to remain there. But she answered, "My mother is there, and I will go to her." Three different times he thus dragged her away, till at length she dropped on her knees and cried to God in his behalf, when he walked way, saying he would have nothing more to do with the matter. This lady, also a very little mite of a woman, was Mrs. Robinson, daughter of the President, and has since become known as among the most powerful revivalists in the United States. The ladies insisted upon being arrested if they were guilty of any offense, but protested against being set upon and pushed and dragged as if they were riotous, drunken men. Most of these special police were drunk at the time. The editor of the *Bucyrus Journal* says:

They experienced every indignity but a square blow; such cowardly blows as could be secretly given, seizures, and violent pushes, amounting in effect to blows, were given continually. But the brave band held its ground, retired from the pavement to the curb in front, stood at bay and defied the cowards, who, if they had had any manhood whatever, would have suffered themselves blows and kicks without number rather than thus to have outraged manhood by such treatment of women.

The writer was present and only writes what he saw and heard. One miserable dog, who has not done an honest day's work for years, approached two ladies, and standing opposite them, after they had brought the specials to bay and defied them, cursed and blasphemed in vindication of his manhood. (Utterances I omit.)

Such outrageous conduct from a miserable coward, sworn in to preserve order, was intolerable, and we went immediately to the mayor's office. Here the mayor was engaged in assessing a fine of five dollars, with a dollar for costs, on a stranger by the name of

Ferguson, a gentleman from Delaware, who had committed the heinous enormity of saving a lady from falling into a cellar into which she had been pushed by one of the mayor's pets.

If, now that the excitement has passed, the fine remains unremitted, it is downright robbery. We are sorry that this is not actionable. If the mayor be an honorable gentleman he will refund it; if it stands unrefunded it stands a ruffianly outrage upon a citizen's liberties and rights, without any excuse or palliation whatever. A more damnable, iniquitous series of infernal outrages were never offered to ladies, and these the wives, daughters and mothers of the best men in this community, suffering these infamous outrages because they dared to sing and pray on the streets against drunkenness.

The editor again appealed to the mayor and obtained this much: "My instructions to the special police are, to use no violence, either to the women or to the men. And if any such violence has been used, I shall instruct the police immediately to desist from it." This, the editor, Mr. Hopley, immediately caused to be printed on hand-bills and freely circulated. This informed the citizens of what rights they had remaining, and several warrants were sworn out against these policemen for assault and battery, which intimidated the ruffians so the ladies were not molested when they next went out.

But you are impatiently waiting an opportunity to ask, where were the husbands, fathers and sons of these women? Simply out of sight, or under solemn promise to their wives and mothers, under whatever circumstances might befall, not to interfere or lift hand or voice in their defence. The liquor men would have

delighted in such opportunity — would have liked nothing so well. The result would have been a general riot and bloodshed. Gentlemen told me they stood with clenched fists and grinding teeth, looking on, exerting the utmost self-control to restrain themselves from rushing into that drunken mob and protecting their defenseless wives. One man who loved his wife most tenderly, when he found the threatening storm was gathering, told her he could not let her go out and expose herself to the fury of those wretches. So she acquiesced and remained at home till the husband came in for dinner, when he exclaimed: "Wife, it is wrong for me to detain you from joining your sisters. I tell you how we will fix it. We will send the older children to school and I will remain with the baby,—and do you go and join your companions. If there is no one else to take care of the baby, I will be obliged to stay with it, and shall not see the wretches if they do insult you." And so the dear, little woman hied away to join her comrades, while the husband remained at home enduring intense solicitude for his beloved wife.

The news of the outrages upon the Crusaders at Bucyrus flashed over the country, creating great excitement and indignation.

Just at this time I was on my way to Upper Sandusky, and I sent a telegram to the Bucyrus friends to meet me at the station. When I arrived they were waiting for me; I spoke what

words of cheer I could, and sped on, promising to come to them as soon as possible. Friday, the 8th, I telegraphed them I was coming with a large delegation of ladies and gentlemen.

They met us at the train and escorted us to the church where they held their morning meetings. The poor ladies were very much depressed and discouraged, and Sister O'Fling explained that she feared I would be disappointed, but by advice of the brethren they had declared a truce for a time, and would not go out that day. The brethren had said they would prosecute some of those ruffians who had so maltreated the women. I said I would like a little information; a truce was an agreement between two hostile forces to cease hostilities for a specified time. If, now, the other party—the liquor men—had agreed also to cease their selling for the given time, it was a proper compact, and it would be all right to keep it. "Oh!" said the President, "I see!" (I saw they were in danger of letting the saloon-keepers claim a triumph over them.)

Just then Col. Butterfield, brother-in-law of the world-renowned Pere Hyacinth, arose and remarked that he had always been a conservative, but when he, yesterday, in the justice's court, saw a venerable lady bare her arm to the elbow, and expose it, all lacerated to the bone by one of the cowardly ruffians hired by the mayor to abuse those defenseless women, he became a *radical*, and he was a radical henceforth forever. "Now," he added, "I do not

propose to offer any advice, but I will express a hope, which is made up of desire and expectation: I hope the ladies will move out." Accordingly the procession was formed and the ladies took up their line of march.

As I was too weary to join them in the march, Col. B. procured a carriage and I was driven after, and came up with the band as they were singing in front of Shaw's saloon. This man had been very rough and insulting to the ladies, but it was said of him, when not under the influence of liquor, he was a decently behaved man. He stood on his step, leaning against the door, and there was quite a crowd around, but they were orderly and respectful. I studied the man while the ladies were praying, and when they arose to sing I stepped out of the carriage and approached him, introducing myself and shook hands with him. "Oh," he said, "I am a pretty clever fellow, if people treat me right." I told him I meant to treat him right, and talked with him a few minutes as well as I knew how. When the sisters had finished their song, I knelt and offered up a prayer with such utterance as came to me. I do not know what I did say, except that we did not come to set up our own righteousness above others; we were all sinners, only saved by grace. When I arose he stepped down to me, saying. "Mother Stewart, I want to take you by the hand again; that was a first-rate prayer; you can pray at my place any time." Then he corrected himself,—"Not

here, but at my house; come and pray at my house with my wife and family any time." I thanked him and said, "I would be most happy to do so when I came again," and I intended to remember the invitation and promise, but it turned out that I did not visit Bucyrus again.

After the Crusaders had made their visits to the several places, no molestation being offered, they escorted me to the public square, where a large crowd had collected, and I stood in the carriage and addressed them, then knelt and prayed with and for them. A photographer, I learned afterwards, taking advantage of the strange scene, turned his camera upon and caught it.

I have given this, as other similar cases, not simply to narrate the facts, but for a double purpose, and while I propose to avoid all prosy moralizing, I write with the hope that the thoughtful reader will see and lay to heart the moral for every loyal citizen who loves his country and the liberties our fathers shed their blood to bequeath to us. Oh, why is it that men cannot learn the lessons these scenes were calculated to teach? These poor, frail women, wherever insulted and abused, or imprisoned, were doing greatly more than they knew or thought of, in proving to the better portion of the men of the nation that our liberties have already passed into the hands of the lowest, most dangerous classes, and these are swayed by the liquor power as they will. The lesson was

not heeded; our men, for the sake of the political influence of that power, have not only permitted such outrages in silence, but have bowed and cringed to those miscreants till all our holy institutions are jeopardized, and it is only a question of time when anarchy and misrule shall triumph. Is not this the case in every city in our land to-day? Oh! would that I could utter some word that men would hear and heed!

WHITELEY'S SPEECH—A FIELD NIGHT IN THE SPRINGFIELD CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Though the petition of the 600 ladies of Springfield to the City Council, praying that honorable body to pass the McConnelsville Ordinance, had so signally failed, the women were by no means disposed to give the matter up. A few weeks later, another appeal was prepared by our very efficient Secretary, Mrs. Guy, and duly presented to the Council by a committee of gentlemen appointed for the purpose, and—laid on the table. But the ladies of the Executive Committee kept the matter in mind, and frequently urged the brethren to insist upon its being brought forward and acted upon. They were very much surprised, and not a little indignant, at length, to find that the gentlemen were not disposed to urge the matter till after election. But after a good deal of animated discussion, it being put to vote, the gentlemen carried their point, and it was permitted to lie in peace till after election.

At length, on the night of the 19th of May, in the course of deliberative legislation, the time for action on the long pending petition came up. One member was absent, and the friends of the petition, seeing defeat if brought to a vote under the circumstances, moved to lay it on the table for one week. This the opponents voted down. There was nothing for it now but the final vote and certain defeat. At this juncture Mr. Wm. N. Whiteley, who had not spoken before, arose, saying he had a few remarks to make on the subject under discussion.

It was now 9:45 P. M. He proceeded with the most remarkable temperance speech in all this remarkable campaign, or any other, I presume. It must be stated here that Mr. Whiteley is not a public speaker in any sense of the word. But I had long before this discovered, in conversation with him, that he held strong common-sense views, and was well posted as to the evils that result from tolerating the liquor traffic. Says the reporter:

> It was emphatically the champion temperance speech of the Crusade, and one of the sort sometimes heard that are not reportable. An hour passed; another, and still another, with Mr. Whiteley still in the midst of his review of the ordinance as it stood, clause by clause, and section by section, together with eloquent allusions to the temperance cause here, and the work of the women, to the surprise of the audience, who knew the speaker's resemblance to General Grant, in that he never makes speeches. The hours passed till long after midnight, the lobby thinned down to three persons, and some of the members retired to the ante-room to talk of the

prospect of a short nap before morning, or to while away the time with a cigar. About three o'clock an ample lunch was brought in from the adjacent restaurant, and through all, the speaking went on without a pause, except once, and only once, for a drink of water which the speaker took.

Mr. Whiteley declined to yield the floor except for an adjournment. He made some splendid points, proof against argument or sneers, saying that the people demanded something of the kind, and a majority had so expressed themselves at the recent election. The day dawned, the sun arose, gas was turned off in the chamber, but there was no sign of weariness on Mr. Whiteley's part. He stood as steadily and spoke his words as plainly and glibly as at the beginning.

At 5:30 a motion was put and carried by a large majority for adjournment. To the last hour Mr. W.'s effort was really grand in its eloquence and directness, his earnestness seeming to increase every moment.

It is to be remembered that this speech was addressed, not to a crowded house of enthusiastic listeners, but to less than a dozen sleepy, indifferent councilmen. "Many a polished orator," says the reporter, "might have gained a lesson from this speaker, both in language and manner."

After speaking for *seven hours and three-quarters* the gentleman declared that he felt as bright as the morning star, and could go on till noon if necessary.

And so the "day of doom" for our ordinance was deferred.

PRAYER SCENE IN BUCYRUS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Pittsburgh Crusaders Imprisoned—Riot Averted.

ABOUT the 12th of May, I received letters from Cleveland and Cincinnati by same mail, asking me to come to them, the Secretary of the Cincinnati Union saying their work was languishing and they needed to take a new departure. The Secretary of the Cleveland Union wrote (I copy from the letter before me), "We want you to speak for us at a mass-meeting Thursday evening, May 21st, on the relation of band work to the temperance movement, and to do all you can to get the ladies out onto the street to pray. We have done as well as could be expected for eight weeks, and we feel that we need a little help."

I was at the time engaged for a series of meetings in Pennsylvania, but wrote to each that I would be with them as soon as possible, giving Cleveland the first date, as I was nearer to that city than to Cincinnati. Upon my arrival I found they were not ready for me. The Secretary had been away, was weary, and sent her husband to tell me this. The good sisters did not seem to realize the value of my time, but

my calls were so urgent I felt that I could not lose any time unnecessarily, so my hostess, dear Sister P——, sent a notice to the press for an evening meeting, and though the time was so short, there was a very fine audience. I announced at the close that I would meet the Crusaders next morning. The hope had been expressed by the Secretary's husband that I might in a few days get the ladies so aroused that I would be able to lead five hundred onto the street again.

Nothing was said to me of the advice having been given to the ladies by some of the leading men to give up their street work, nor of their promise that if they would, they—the gentlemen —would take measures to enforce the laws and to prosecute any who should lay themselves liable. The women were left in uncertainty as to the best plan of prosecuting their work, but I knew nothing of all this till afterwards. There was quite a full meeting the next morning, and we had a precious season of prayer and counsel. A gentleman present—not a professor of religion —said, "there had not been such an evident manifestation of the power of the Holy Spirit since the first day of the Crusade." The sisters were wrought up to the highest degree of enthusiasm, and ready to act upon any suggestion, and I knew if I got them out, that was the auspicious time. I closed my address by asking how many ladies would join me,—I would be sorry to leave Cleveland without the privilege

of praying on the street with them. Nearly every lady in the church arose to her feet.

Just then a lady made her way through the crowded room to the platform and said, "We don't think it advisable to move out onto the street." As the Secretary had written me to come to them for this purpose, I, of course, was not a little surprised, and in the only curt tone I ever used to anyone in my temperance work I asked who she was? "Mrs. Rev. ——," was the reply. I turned to the Secretary and told her this woman had said it was not thought expedient to form the procession. This seemed to disconcert her, and she deliberated a little while, the ladies still standing. Finally she remarked that "all ladies who felt free to, would fall into line and follow Mother Stewart."

About two hundred ladies formed in line, but all felt that we had had a douche of cold water, but could not tell from whence. I learned afterwards that this lady, the President, and three or four others, remained to sit in judgment on Mother Stewart, who was still unconscious of the cause of the trouble. As we moved along, the Secretary informed me that the mayor had ordered that the Crusaders should not stop or pray on the street, but there was one saloon-keeper who permitted the ladies to go into his place, and there was a vacant lot where they had the privilege of praying. We visited those places and then marched to the public square, where, from the stand, I addressed the great

crowd that had gathered. They were quiet and respectful.

In the afternoon I met and addressed the Band on the West Side, and led them out. We all felt it to be a blessed occasion. At night we had a public meeting, but before I reached the evening meeting I found there was a fearful thunder-cloud over my head, but still ignorant of source or cause. By this time I noticed that the Secretary's manner towards me had changed.

Rev. Mr. Nast, son of the venerable Dr. Nast, editor of the *Methodist Apologist*, presided. Before opening the meeting, he asked me if I had seen the papers of that day. I said I had not. He seemed greatly disturbed, and said there were infamous attacks upon me in them. The German paper had a most indecent article in reference to me. He made a grand opening address, so kindly endorsing me, and made some scathing charges upon the press and the beer-drinking German population—he being a German himself. I followed him as well as I could, but you can imagine what my feelings must have been.

At the close of the meeting that big-hearted Brother Preston and his wife took me to their home in East Cleveland. He has since gone over to the other shore, and I believe he has received his reward, for he was to the wounded, fainting toiler, in very deed, a good Samaritan. He was so filled with indignation because of the systematic persecution that had been set upon

me, that he could not find words to express it. The next day he took me out to dinner with those blessed, saintly Shakers, who, with their gentle, loving words of sympathy, soothed and encouraged me. Friend James promised Brother Preston that he would bring a company of his household in to the evening meeting. That afternoon I met the ladies again, and after the services I saw them form their procession. Mrs. S. K. Bolton, a lady who has since won a wide reputation in the field of literature, led the band, while I was so prostrated by the experiences I had been passing through, that I was obliged to take my bed to recuperate for the evening. But lo! I had become a terror to the whole city! The mayor had been notified, and had sent out a squad of policemen to see that I did not tip the city into the lake, or do some other dreadful thing. It seemed a Providence for me that I was not able to accompany the band. One of the mayor's valiant men hurried up to Mrs. Bolton and asked her if she was Mother Stewart! Mrs. Bolton was young and handsome—Mother Sewart indeed! He was very sorry to intrude upon her, but he had orders from the mayor to see that the women should not stop a moment on the street, and he would have to arrest them if they attempted to pray on the street. One of the city papers, commenting on this outrage upon the Christian ladies, said: "That same day, three several times the writer had seen the sidewalks obstructed

by crowds, once by a dog fight, yet no notice was taken of it by the police."

That night there was a crowded house. Friend James had his company of quiet, praying women filling two pews just in front, and near me. A note was sent up before I commenced my lecture, requesting me to speak on "Radicalism versus Conservatism in the Temperance and all other reform work," with the names of fifteen gentlemen attached, and a foot-note saying, "and a thousand more." I never spoke with greater ease in my life. The cheers were frequent and hearty throughout. Did the blessed, soothing influence and prayers of those pious Shakers help me? Yes. And my Father did sustain me in that trying ordeal. Here are letters at my hand saying words too kind and flattering to repeat in regard to the success and results of my last night in Cleveland.

This was my second great wound in my work. I may possibly have been too tedious in the narrative, but the persecution inaugurated at that time did not end there. I have not had the honor of suffering imprisonment for the sake of my cause, as my sisters did in different places, but I was in perils oft, among—politicians—wasn't it? though it took me a good while to understand it. It was a matter of no little speculation with me as to *who* it was and what the motive that stirred up that commotion and set the mayor and his police to hounding me. There were not half a dozen of the Crusaders

who were not in warmest sympathy with me, and I have many times since had evidence of their abiding friendship. Mrs. P——, the lady who entertained me, told me, Friday morning, that a howling mob of ruffians passed through the street in the night and it was their presumption that they were seeking the house where I was stopping. I heard nothing of them, however.

The Cleveland *Leader* of the next day, in a very full account of Thursday's proceedings, says:

Word had been brought to the police headquarters that terrible things were to be done. It was there rumored that Mrs. Stewart was to lead a band of five hundred women upon the street; that they intended to hold services upon the pavement, and bid defiance to the police and to the law in general. That this rumor was groundless, is well known by any who are conversant with the tactics adopted by the ladies. But the police authorities were alarmed at any such demonstration, and determined to prevent it. A sergeant and six or eight men who had been present for drill, were ordered to the scene of action. The word that the police were coming soon gathered a large crowd to see the ladies arrested and enact Pittsburgh and Cincinnati in our midst. Every loafer and lounger along the street fell into line, bound to see the fun. The saloon-keepers along the route were radiant with happiness, and several of them fell into line. During the conversation between Mrs. Bolton and the sergeant, a man named A. Bradfield, who lived upon the West Side, a respectable man and a local minister, expressed the opinion that the interference of the police was uncalled for. This led to a reply from an officer, who thereupon arrested Mr. Bradfield and marched him off to the station-house. He was charged upon the blotter with obstructing an officer in the discharge of his

duty. Judge Abbey accepted bail and Mr. Bradfield was set free. * * * Consistency is a jewel that does not shine in certain quarters. A squad of eight police was sent to clear the pavement of some forty odd women who possibly might pray upon the sidewalk, while last evening some forty or fifty men stood for half an hour on the corner of Superior street and the public square, listening to the fiddling of a wandering tramp. A little while later, three crowds were gathered on the corner of Superior and Seneca streets; in the center of one another peddler was giving vent to music. In another a ventriloquist made himself heard, and the third was a quack of another stripe. It was expected that a squad of police would come in sight, but they did not, and ladies who passed those corners were obliged to step into the street on account of the blockade of the pavement.

I never have known the origin of this affair, but I have good reason to believe, and others have told me they knew it was because of my known Prohibition principles. *Cleveland is built on beer!*

THE NEW DEPARTURE COME.

The Christian women of Cincinnati commenced their work by a called meeting on February 6th, held in the First Presbyterian church and presided over by Mrs. Rev. Chas. Ferguson. They at once entered upon systematic and energetic work, and were subjected to the usual treatment of ridicule, insult, abuse, stones and mud. (Our Prohibition brethren will take notice that we got the mud before they did.) But the brave Cincinnati Crusaders went on, neither failing nor faltering. Pledges were diligently circulated and a large list of signers obtained.

Thus they aroused the public and increased their numbers and strength to take up the street work, still holding public meetings and reaching out to the suburbs and forming other Leagues, till the liquor-dealers began to see that the Crusaders meant business, and taking alarm they declared "Something must be done," for, like Demetrius of old, they saw their craft was in danger, and so, like their renowned predecessor, they turned to stir up the whole city against these women who, like Paul, were interfering with their ungodly gains.

Immediately upon my return from Cleveland I hastened to the assistance of my sisters in Cincinnati. The crisis had already come, the brave Mayor Johnson (I like to do my part towards handing these illustrious names down to posterity) and his police, instigated by the liquor men, had

"Descended like a wolf on the fold,
With their cohorts all gleaming with purple and gold,"

or something else, and arrested forty-three ladies and marched them off to prison. It was coming to be the fashionable thing to make war on women! It showed off manly traits of bravery and gallantry to such good advantage! Making war on men has its disadvantages, you know. The brave policeman may possibly meet his match in physical strength or prowess, and he may get the worst of it—get his head jammed or his regimentals damaged, or worse still, his head taken off at the next election! No such danger

in making war on women; and so Cincinnati added to her long list of grand and glorious achievements, that of arresting these Christian ladies, wives of ministers and other respectable citizens. Their offense was, that they prayed for sinners.

This execution of law, by the way, was *ex post facto*, the Crusaders not having any knowledge of the mayor's intended proclamation, and having marched out twenty minutes before it was published; I have not the list of these ladies, though many are personal friends.

Mrs. S. K. Leavitt, the leader, is the wife of a Baptist minister; Mrs. Rev. McHugh has gone up to the courts above; Mrs. Rev. W. I. Fee was especially obnoxious and dangerous—I think she must have weighed nearly a hundred pounds, maybe not more than ninety, avoirdupois—and though she is a woman of few words and low voice, she was so remarkably gifted in prayer that a reporter took one of her prayers as she uttered it on the street. Of course such a woman ought to go to jail—or State's prison. Then there were Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Huddleson, the Secretary, Mrs. Rev. Ferguson, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Whitridge, Mrs Dr. Dalton, Mrs. Bishop Clark, Mrs. Geo. Beecher and Mrs. McKinley.

What a pity Cincinnati could not have foreseen the oncoming Crusaders in time to have a frowning and bristling bastile ready for such offenders against the peace and safety of that city of pure morals and just administration of

law. I think it will be well enough for her, if she has been able to meet the expense of rebuilding her recently demolished court-house, to provide herself with a bastile. Who knows but any day again some Christian women may take it into their heads to pray that God may avert his reserved judgments that are hanging over the city. I would advise that she appropriate her saloon tax for that purpose.

I spent several days with the sisters, addressing mass-meetings in the various churches at night, women's meetings mornings and afternoons; marched with them to the Fountain esplanade, and from a table addressed the crowds there; again to some church, where from the steps I spoke to the people who still followed us. The sisters told me that in these gatherings they found poor creatures who said they had never heard of Jesus, the Friend of sinners. Yes, it was the discreet thing for the mayor to imprison these women; they were carrying to hungry, starving souls the bread of eternal life.

I remember that in one of my addresses I exhorted the sisters to cease praying for the saloon-keepers and pray for the business men of the city. Dr. F., referring to it afterwards, said: "Mother Stewart, you must have been inspired to utter that, for our great trouble here is the total indifference of the business men to the true interests of our city." I may say that the forty-three women being arraigned before Judge Marchant, pleaded "not guilty," and

after some show of investigating the case, were discharged, as the defendants were innocent of any willful intent of breaking the law. But they were admonished that they "must not do it any more." Upon what is Cincinnati built?

On the evening of May 23d I was standing addressing a great mass meeting in New Castle, Pa., when a telegram dated Pittsburgh, May 23d, was handed me. It was addressed to me, saying: "Ladies arrested yesterday, but going out in full force this afternoon, ready to die for the Master if need be. Pray for them." Signed R. E. Graves. We at once sent back a telegram of sympathy and encouragement.

I recently wrote my friend, Mrs. Lord, now of the South, but then Mrs. Hill, the very efficient Secretary of the Pittsburgh Union, for an account of that never-to-be-forgotten day and its scenes in Pittsburgh. I had it oft repeated, but desired to let one of the brave participants tell it in her own language. She writes:

Our praying bands had been on the streets for some weeks before we were arrested, though threats had been made from almost the first. The liquor trade was so affected by our street meetings that the liquor dealers became furious, and at last desperate. It would be impossible to tell the insults and outrages we received from these people. At last a majority of the wholesale and retail dealers signed a petition asking the mayor (Blackmore) to remove the praying women from the streets,—we "hindered and destroyed business, and we were common nuisances," etc. The liquor dealers' association also took action against us, so a formidable strength was brought to bear upon the mayor. We were notified if we continued our saloon visiting and praying we

would be arrested. "It was an intrusion upon public rights! *It must be stopped!* We must pray in the churches or at home!" The liquor men concluded to arrest the ladies. "Then," they said, "the Crusade would subside." But the truth was, there were so many praying women the jail could not hold them, nor the work-house, so here was a dilemma. Meantime we continued our street work, and one morning while conducting a meeting on the sidewalk in front of Liddle's wholesale house, on Liberty street (isn't that a misnomer), two policemen arrested *thirty-two of us!*

The wildest scenes ensued, and in a short time the street was densely packed with an angry mob, and threats were heard on every hand against the liquor men and the officers. (Here, it must be understood, that the masses were *with* and not against the Crusaders.) A riot seemed imminent. I climbed upon a barrel of whisky which stood upon the sidewalk, and got the attention of the people. I appealed to them to let the law take its course, and not disgrace our city by violent resistance. I talked quite a time to quiet the people, then the crowd gave way and we walked two and two behind the policemen towards the city lock-up, several squares distant. As we marched, we sang the old hymn—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,"

and the thousands upon the street took up the refrain,

"And *crown Him Lord of all.*"

Just imagine thousands and thousands singing that glorious anthem, and we marching to prison. I could not do justice to those hours behind the bars. We were not in the jail, but the lock-up,—a place of temporary confinement where vagrants are kept until they have a hearing and are sent to the work-house or set free, as the case may be. Oh! the poor, wretched beings we saw in there,—all graduates from the SALOONS—some who should have been in a hospital. My God! Never shall I forget that day! The Christian women and the poor wrecks, some of them far gone, but rum the cause of it all! There

we were, all huddled together in that filthy pen. We sang and prayed and advised them, and I hope some good was done.

In the meantime, the noise outside grew louder and louder, till it seemed like the roar of a mighty tempest. We hushed our songs and prayers and listened with trembling to the angry multitude outside. Sometimes we would hear the words "Pull them down!" "Clean them out!"—meaning the liquor houses—"Burn them down!" etc Then there came a lull in the angry tempest, and while we stood inside trembling and quaking, uncertain what was going to occur next, all at once a great cheer burst forth, and the words, "Clear the way for the ladies!" rang out.

Then was sung outside—

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Mrs. Robison had got together a large band of sisters, made her way through the densely crowded streets to the prison, and there that woman marched and countermarched her band before the prison, talked and advised as only she can do, soothed and quieted that great mass of maddened people, and no doubt saved bloodshed. The song still went up outside, and we inside still taking up the refrain. She held the people in check till a deputation came from the mayor and threw open the prison door and begged us to go forth free, so as to save the city from riot and anarchy.

The liquor men who had caused our arrest were greatly frightened; they had not counted on such an outburst of indignation on the part of the people. When we passed out of that prison, for squares and squares it was one mass of human beings.

The ladies were cited to appear before the mayor to answer to the charge of obstructing the streets and interfering with legitimate (?) business. Says an eye-witness, "The mayor, when the ladies filed into the court-room and took their places in the criminal's dock before him, was

as pale as a sheeted ghost. As he knew not what to do, and was too thoroughly frightened to do anything if he did, he referred them to the upper court. When they made their appearance before the Judge, he told them they had committed no offense and were as guiltless as he was, and discharged them. As they left the court-room, they struck up the long-metre doxology, which was caught up all along the line by thousands of voices, reaching to the headquarters half a mile distant. I never witnessed such a scene in my life." The first time, I presume, in history that the length of that old doxology could be measured by the half mile.

Thus were the Pittsburgh Crusaders imprisoned, released, and escorted in triumph back to headquarters by thousands of brave-hearted men, who with difficulty—and only upon the earnest appeal of those devoted women—were restrained from wreaking revenge upon the instigators of that dastardly outrage. Among those imprisoned women was a venerable, white-haired lady, Mrs. Black, widow of one of Pittsburgh's most beloved ministers. By her side walked her brave, devoted son, to keep oversight of his idolized mother, and he too was imprisoned—for his filial devotion. I am sorry I have not the names of all that immortal thirty-two at hand—they should be "graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever," that the fact might be given to the generations to come that the noblest women of the land and age were incar-

cerated in vile prison-pens with loathsome criminals, not for any crime committed, only seeking to rescue men from eternal ruin through the accursed drink. God grant that this thrilling recital may live and be read from one generation to another, even after this fair Republic shall have become a thing of the past, as I greatly fear me now that it will through the destructive influence of this same liquor curse, so that our children's children may know the reason why. Among the consecrated women who did such noble work for humanity in one of the hardest fields, was Mrs. S. B. Robinson, a lady of piety, refinement and high social position and influence, and possessed of the most remarkable talent of any lady I have found in the work, for managing, controlling and pouring sweet and savory oil on all troubled waters; Mrs. Collins, the first President, wife of Rev. Collins of the U. P. church; Mrs. Hill, now Mrs. Lord, of Savannah, who has proved her ability as secretary, organizer and lecturer—the latter in Great Britain as well as this country; Mrs. Matchett, Mrs. Swift, and Mrs. Watson, who as Committee of the National W. C. T. U., has done such grand work in her efforts to secure a day for temperance in the week of prayer; Mrs. Morris, Miss Pearl Star, one of my little "Needle and Thread" girls of war times, and who developed such talents for work as lecturer and writer as have made for her a wide-spread reputation; Mrs. Gormly, dear Mother Van Horn and a host of others.

In recounting these events of our Crusade, one is led to exclaim: What a curious, complicated institution is the law! Here are men, low, vile, and criminal, made so by the liquor traffic, which is sustained and protected by the law which should be for the protection of society. And here is a company of Christian ladies imprisoned in the same den for lifting their voices against a traffic that thus imbrutes humanity. Mrs. Hill says she climbed upon a whisky barrel that *was* obstructing the sidewalk, to try to quiet that throng of angry men, when the policeman arrested and led her off to prison and *left the whisky barrel standing*. I give it up, and concede, as our good husbands so often remind us, we "women don't know anything about law."

As I have, in rehearsing the foregoing experiences of myself and sisters, become somewhat exercised in mind, and, as a good Methodist preacher used to call it, "religiously vexed," I think I had better go on and "tell it all" and make a chapter of it.

THE CHICAGO MOB.

Chicago being under the control of the liquor element, the dealers, backed by a large population of the lowest, most ignorant class of foreigners, had it, of course, all their own way. To further their own interests and defy the better class of citizens, they decided to appeal to the council to repeal the Sunday saloon closing ordinance.

The Christian ladies hearing of this, five hundred of them came together in counsel, and on March 15th, a committee of one hundred and fifty was commissioned to present to the council a remonstrance signed by sixteen thousand women. Other ladies remained to pray while the delegation went on their mission. The Superintendent and Captain of police refused to give the ladies protection or place in the Council Chamber, and as they quietly marched through the streets they were set upon by a howling mass more nearly allied to fiends of the bottomless pit than human beings inhabiting a land professing to protect all its citizens, even the weakest, in their rights.

The women meekly presented their remonstrance, but immediately, and in their very faces the ordinance was repealed, and Satan and his minions triumphed in Chicago. The Chicago *Times* of the 17th says:

> The onset of a howling mob of ruffians upon a committee of respectable ladies that visited the Council Chamber last Monday night, to remonstrate against the repeal of the Sunday tippling law, cannot be characterized in the terms of condemnation that it deserves. It was the most vile and disgraceful demonstration of the spirit of ruffianism ever witnessed in this city. Probably not another city in any civilized country on the globe has ever witnessed, in time of peace, a performance so unspeakably brutal. * * * It was the outspew of the slums and groggeries and brothels; it was the grand army of pimps, loafers, blacklegs, thieves and drunken roughs, marshalled to defend scoundrelism and indecency against the protest of virtue; ladies were so terrified that some fainted, others covered their

faces with their hands and hurried away as best they could, trying to escape from that howling, blaspheming throng of thousands. They were jostled and spit upon, and the hats of gentlemen trying to protect them knocked off.

It is no use following this sickening detail further. None of those raging hyenas, as far as I know, were ever brought to account for their conduct.

I do know that a few months later I was in the city at the time of their election, and many of their polling places were in the saloons, and Christian men went in and voted with those outragers of all human and divine law; and the status is not changed to this day, neither have those Christian men learned wisdom, though, as they on that day sowed to the wind, they have recently reaped the whirlwind in their Anarchist riots and Haymarket massacres, as also did Pittsburgh reap in her railroad riots, and Cincinnati in her court-house burning and slaughter.

Does it pay to "Fear God and keep his commandments?"

PORTLAND, OREGON.

From Mrs. Izar, a Methodist minister's wife, and one of the participants, I have substantially the following: On that far North-western Pacific coast the Christian ladies caught the Crusade inspiration from the marvelous reports that came speeding over mountain and vale from their Eastern homes. It so fired their hearts that

they, too, took up the work and had good success. Some saloons were closed, many signed the pledge, and where men had always hitherto passed in and out of the saloons at all hours of the day as a matter of course, to get their liquor, it became disreputable to be seen thus patronizing a rum-hole, and the patronage largely fell off.

All the saloon-keepers but one or two treated the ladies civilly. But finally one brave fellow thought he would emulate his eastern brethren and acquire a little notoriety at the same time, and so he made his complaint and had the Crusaders arrested and marched off to prison for singing and praying on the street. The ladies calmly went on with their singing and praying. The chief of police offered to release them on their own recognizance, but they refused to leave. When the Judge made his appearance, a gentleman filed a general demurrer, and took the ground that "singing and praying" was a a devotional exercise, and that every person in the United States was at liberty, under the Constitution, to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and that the complaint on its face alleged a statement of facts that could not amount to disorderly conduct. The court promptly sustained the demurrer and discharged the ladies.

I am most happy to record the fact that one man in the United States took a correct position in regard to the Crusade, and that one judge

was found to sustain him, if we did have to go to the boundaries of civilization to find him.

CLEVELAND COVERS HERSELF WITH GLORY (?)

It was not to be expected that Cleveland would sit quietly and see so humdrum a place as Chicago acquire such a national reputation for fighting women without some sort of effort to surpass her; of course not. It was only a few days after, that the opportunity offered.

On March 19th, a band of ladies, led by Miss Bearby, M. D., marched out upon the street and at once were followed and surrounded by a great throng of ruffians that came pouring from the saloons and low dives, and began to insult and abuse the ladies while kneeling on the street in prayer. As the women bore this all patiently without resentment, it seemed rather to excite the fury of the mob than to shame them, and they thereupon proceeded to administer kicks and blows. Mrs. McCarty was struck by a wretch with his clenched fist, Dr. Bearby was kicked, and Miss Stoney fainted away.

A gentleman who tried to protect and rescue the ladies, was struck in the face by a German who had noticed his efforts. Attempting to defend himself, a crowd of more than a hundred surrounded, kicking and striking him, cutting a great gash upon his head. As he was struggling to defend himself and make his escape, bleeding and ready to faint, a couple of gentlemen, providentially it would seem, drove along in a

buggy and succeeded in placing themselves between the mob and their victim, who by this timely aid was enabled to reach his own home, where he sank on the floor, a pitiable object of wounds and bruises. He lay for some time in the doctor's hands, on the brink of the grave. The ladies were at length rescued from their perilous condition by the police, and escorted to the church,—all this because a band of praying women had gone out in a Christian (?) city, on deeds of charity intent.

I shall be told that these women were interfering with at least a legalized business, trespassing on legal rights which invited that sort of retaliation. But I answer, the women never thought of meddling with any other business; never heard of their crusading the baker or the butcher, not even the milliner, unless they happened to have a good supply of greenbacks. It must be a dangerous sort of business that arrays the Christian mothers and wives of a whole country against it, and leads them to adopt such extraordinary methods for its ovetrhrow, even in the face of its legal protectors. The women had no voice in legalizing it. If their voices could have been heard it would not to day be resting so securely under the protection of the strong arm of the law. They are not even permitted to enter their protest at the ballot-box—though every man with a thimbleful of brains knows they would, with only one chance, vote it out of existence. There was nothing else left them,—the more shame to

our fathers and husbands. And yet—and yet, these fathers and husbands, to-day, vote with this very class of wretches and for their candidates—"*to save the party!*" There is a fearful responsibility resting on a government that tolerates and fosters such an unmitigated abomination, and the reckoning has to be met. My God, where will it all end?

CALIFORNIA FALLS INTO LINE,

though a few months later. In Alameda, Cal., an election, under the provision of the Local Option Law, was held on July 2nd of this year, 1874.

The temperance ladies, Miss Sallie Hart being their leader, had a tent erected in the vicinity of the polling place, with the hope of influencing voters in the interest of temperance. The word went into San Francisco, and as soon as they could get their forces together, the German saloon-keepers sent out one hundred and fifty of their willing tools, who marched through the streets, being headed by the U. S. Fourth Artillery band, and being joined by a large concourse of similar spirits, blockaded the streets and polling place, insulting most shamefully both men and women; especially wreaking their venom on Miss Hart, shrieking, cursing and crying "down with her!" "Drive her from the streets!" "Take her home, or we will kill her!" Later in the day they prepared an effigy—(I wonder if certain leaders of one of the parties in the campaign of 1884 did not get their ingenious idea

from these high-toned fellow citizens?)—formed in procession and proceeded, not to burn, but to bury Sallie Hart in a sand bank.

Men who were familiar with the lawless scenes of the mining days said they never witnessed anything approaching the shameless proceedings of this day. The poor, infuriated wretches thought they had achieved a great victory, but they only succeeded in making themselves a by-word and a stench in the nostrils of all decent people.

I will admit that this class of "our fellow citizens" had already inspired in the breasts of the political leaders, a high degree, if not of respect, at least of wholesome fear.

Our work had been in progress but a few weeks till the ever-alert politican began to inquire, "How will this affect my party?"

Under date of February 25th, I find this in a Pittsburgh paper from a Cincinnati correspondent:

POLITICAL ASPECT OF THE WAR.

The women earnestly strive to unite religious denominations and steer clear of politics in this movement, but it cannot be without political effect, whatever may be said to the contrary. It is not uncommon to hear the remark that 'this thing will break up the Republican party if it goes on much longer." On the other hand it is a notable fact that the leading Democratic newspapers in the State have looked with something very like disfavor upon the whole movement. The truth is, I suppose that both of the existing political parties will lose strength by accessions to the ranks of the prohibitionists, who, at the last general election polled about ten thousand votes, and therefore have already a pretty respectable nucleus. In fine, the effect will be another step in the direction of

freeing men from old party ties. It still remains to be seen whether the approaching election this fall will be seriously affected. * * If the success of the women and the talk of the street are trustworthy indications of the drift of public sentiment, the temperance party will be largely in the majority."

But the fall election proved the writer of the above to be mistaken in his forecasting. The Republicans succeeded in getting what they, with quite a flourish, called a temperance plank, in their platform that season; but while it was a most insignificant expression in regard to the subject of temperance, it did hold, by the specious promise intimated, very many honest but credulous temperance men in the ranks, while it, at the same time, alienated enough of the liquor men, or maddened them so that they turned to the Democrats, and the Republicans lost the election.

Then they jerked their frail plank out, and charged their poor, Crusading wives with breaking up the party. From year to year since, the contest between the two parties has been to secure the liquor vote, each trying to outdo the other in fulsome flattery of citizens of foreign nationality, thus creating and strengthening the very distinctions our form of government was designed to eradicate.

In the name of our fathers, who bequeathed it to us, I ask what right any German, or Irish, or French, or Italian, or any other white or black citizen has, as such, to governmental or party consideration. If a man is not an American citizen,

he has no business to meddle with political affairs; and if he is not satisfied with our institutions, as he finds them, let him by all means return whence he came. If he has decided to become a citizen, let him be content with such laws and usages as the native born citizen is glad to accept. What right has he to claim special consideration above the native? If not arrested, this continual thrusting of the foreign element forward and above the natives in every political contest will bear its fruit not very far hence.

It is a very amusing game for demagogues to play at now for the sake of the offices and spoils, but let the thoughtful lover of his country look to this matter, before he finds this great fabric for which our fathers gave their lives, lying in ruins at his feet.

CHAPTER XIX.

First State Convention at Springfield.

IT WAS becoming apparent that a free interchange of views among the workers, and a thorough organization of the State, were needed. Accordingly, upon a call by the Executive Committee, Mrs. M. C. McCabe, Chairman, a State Convention met in Springfield on June 17th, at ten o'clock, in the English Lutheran Church, and was duly opened by prayer and singing.

I must stop here to say that in October of 1887 our State Convention again met in Springfield, and in the same church, thirteen years after the first one. We made it a reunion and anniversary of this W. C. T. U. State Convention. It was presided over, not by a gentleman—that would seem funny now—but by our graceful and competent President, Mrs. H. L. Monroe. We had with us our first President, Mrs. M. C. McCabe, our first Secretary, Mrs. F. W. Leiter, and our first Treasurer, Mrs. E. J. Thompson, (our second President, Mrs. M. A. Woodbridge, not being present), with a goodly number of the old war-worn veterans from all over the State. How

glad we were for this reunion, and how our hearts swelled and thrilled as we recounted all the way the Lord had led us. This Convention was only one of forty State and Territorial Conventions of this year of grace 1887, and we, though a full representation of our State, were only a fraction of the 250,000 women in our own land that are banded together, with the vows of God upon us, never to lay down the weapons of our warfare till the blessed bells, the CRUSADE bells, shall once more ring out, but with a sweeter, gladder sound than ever before, proclaiming liberty throughout all the land, to all the people, from the liquor scourge. Besides, we remembered the thousands more in all lands who have joined our ranks and are waging the same warfare with us. Behold what hath God wrought! Blessed be His name forever more. Amen.

The Convention organized by electing Mrs. E. J. Thompson, President, but she very modestly requested that Dr.——, now Bishop Walden, be made Chairman in her stead. Vice-Presidents: Mrs. S. K. Leavitt, Cincinnati; Mother Stewart, Springfield; Mrs. Bishop Thompson, Delaware; Mrs. Rev. Keep, Oberlin; Mrs. Johnson, Lima; Mrs. Reed, Mansfield; Mrs. Peebles, Portsmouth; Mrs. E. J. Thompson, Hillsboro; Mrs. Dr. Bowls, Bridgeport; Mrs. Jacobs, Clyde; Miss Kate Thompson, Alliance; Secretary, Mrs. F. W. Leiter, Mansfield; 1st Assistant Secretary, Prof. Shirtleff, Oberlin; 2nd Assistant Secretary, Mrs. H. Bartram, Marion.

There was a very general representation of all parts of the State, of both men and women; an intelligent body of Christians, and great good-feeling and enthusiasm were manifest.

A committee on business or plan of work was appointed, consisting of one from each Congressional District, in the following order: Rev. W. I. Fee, Rev. Dr. C. H. Paine, Rev. Dr. Brewster, Rev. J. H. Montgomery, Rev. S. P. Johnson, Mrs. H. L. Haag, Mrs. Chas. Beery, Mother Stewart, Mrs. E. C. McVitta, Mrs. E. Sullivan, Miss H. Maxon, Rev. D. A. Randall, Mrs. H. G. Carey, Mrs. I. R. Prichard, Mrs. A. C. Davis, Mrs. R. C. Graves, Mrs. M. E. Griffith, Mrs. M. Sperry, Rev. S. K. Dissett. A part of the duties of this committee was that of preparing the resolutions.

As always in those days, at such gatherings a portion of time was set apart for reports of the work and general speaking. Men as well as women participated in these exercises, which were greatly enjoyed and very profitable. I remember, with lively interest, the fact that in speaking of the condition and needs of the temperance cause, quite a number of men and women declared that, "now for the *first time* in their lives," they saw that women must have the ballot to help close out the liquor curse in the country. This was so noticeable that a reporter who had not himself measured up to such an advanced position, reported that the "old suffragists made themselves so conspicuous with their suffrage views that it might

have been mistaken for a Suffrage Convention." But the fact was, it was not the "old suffragists." They were equally surprised with the reporter, but held their peace. Yes, these men and women had for the "*first time in their lives*" obtained an insight into the abomination of the liquor traffic and the places where sold, the class that frequented them, the money and political power and the intrigues by which they controlled elections and legislation in their own interest. No wonder they saw the need of woman's ballot at the polls, as well as her prayer at the saloon. But the great majority of mankind are slow to come to the truth, and what is a greater pity, they are always intolerant of those who do take ground in advance of them. So in this case these advanced thinkers were subjected to such scathing criticism as to very soon silence them.

We had a very animated time over our resolutions, or more strictly, over one of them. The Constitutional Convention had submitted a new constitution, to be voted upon on the 18th of August. At the same time was to be submitted a separate clause on the license question. In view of the coming fight with our enemy over this clause, I brought in the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we, not as partisans, but as Christian citizens, will unceasingly oppose the giant evil of intemperance by personal, social and political influence, by the press, by the pulpit and by prayer."

As first presented to the committee, it lacked the explanatory clause.

There was a strong fight made on the resolution, or rather that one very alarming word, "political." I could not understand it. I supposed all understood that we were entering upon the most important contest ever waged in the State up to that time. They certainly understood that the temperance work must now take on a political feature. While we had, by God's help, done a glorious work in closing so many places of drinking, reforming so many drinkers, and even closing distilleries and breweries, yet the law was largely on the side of the traffic, and the liquor men would move all machinery under Heaven to fasten license upon us; and our last state would be infinitely worse than before our work began. I was very much astonished that any temperance worker should oppose such a resolution. I had entered into the fight against liquor with the black flag unfurled—I meant death to the trade, and I did not dream but everybody else meant the same. But I had already been subjected to some masked batteries, though I could not understand why. Now, again, there was an influence at work that I could not yet understand. The Chairman indorsed it and engineered it through the Committee, and told me that when he should read it in Convention, he would procure me permission to speak on it.

But, somehow, permission was not obtained. It did, however, elicit a very animated discussion, which occupied nearly the whole afternoon, and was adjourned over to the evening session. I was

still unable to understand the animus underlying the opposition to that little word political. I must, in justice to the Crusaders, explain that the opposition came chiefly from the brethren. Upon going up for the evening meeting, as I approached the door I saw a group of three or four men standing near, and as I approached them I heard one say, "there she is now;" and turning to me they very courteously addressed me—and—commenced feeding me taffy—(Oh, dear, dear! I beg everybody's pardon,—but I could not think what other word to use). They hoped that I, with my great influence, would go in and make a speech in favor of the proposed amendment to strike out that obnoxious word, for the sake of harmony, you know, etc. I told them I should do no such thing. I did not expect to speak again, but when it came to a vote I should certainly vote against striking out that objectionable word, as they were pleased to call it. (I wonder if the friends who are still glorying in the victory of that campaign ever guessed where the real battle was fought?) I told the gentlemen I expected to work up to the night before election, doing all I could to defeat license, and I did not propose to go about over the State with a padlock hanging to the corner of my mouth. Stupid as I had been heretofore, I began to perceive now that I was in the presence and hands of wire-pulling politicians, and was glad when I saw Rev. Spring, a man that I knew was honest and true, approaching. I called him to me and told him that here was an

impromptu caucus and invited him to join us, explaining the gentlemen's proposition. He very promptly said he should not agree to the elimination of that word. If it was voted out he should leave this branch of the temperance work and go to the Prohibitionists, which he did not wish to do. We went in, and upon opening the proceedings, dear Sister L—— was put forward. She, in the innocence of her soul, thinking it was only to pour oil on the troubled waters, made a very pathetic appeal, not devoid of a few tears.

About the close of her speech one of the aforesaid gentlemen came up to me and said in a low voice, "Now, Mother Stewart, is your time." "Why," said I, "may I speak?" "Oh, yes," he answered. The dear man had given me credit for so much more tenderness of heart than I possessed, that he thought now surely I would be so touched by that appeal, "for the sake of peace and harmony, and to please one little woman" (she wasn't little by ever so much), that I would yield. I, however, was not looking at it in that light, and wondered that he should suggest to me to follow her. I was glad, however, for the opportunity, as were a good many others. I don't know what I said, and I never could account for the flow of words that came to me, nor the result, for I carried the Convention with me, only upon the belief that the Lord helped me to frustrate those scheming men who were ready to risk the cause for which we had worked so hard,—"for the sake of the party." I know I

was as much astonished at the result as any one present

A few years since, I spoke in Carey, and after I closed a gentleman came up, shook hands and asked if I did not remember him. I was sorry to tell him I did not. "I am Mr. W——," said he. "Don't you remember that some gentlemen met you at the entrance of the Opera House in Springfield, at your first Convention, and tried to influence you in regard to your resolution? I was one of them." "Oh, yes," said I, "and that was a political intrigue." "Yes it was," said he, frankly.

Thus has it proven through all the struggle with the liquor power, that men who cared more for the success of their party than for the welfare of the people and the country, have been found mixing in with great apparent zeal and interest, but in fact to hold those in check who might be so radical, or insist upon such radical action, as would alienate the liquor men from their party and send them over to the other.

It has been my misfortune, (is it a misfortune?) to incur the disapprobation of this class of politicians, and many of the good sisters were made to think that it was very wrong to do or say anything that might injure the party to which their husbands belonged. But the Crusade form of work was passing away, and we had not entirely closed out the saloons, and some were even now in places beginning in stealthy fashion to sell again. Evidently we had not used *all* the means in our

power, and had fallen short. Now some of the Crusaders began to appeal to their husbands to *vote* the curse out. But we were told to go and pray, there were other more important questions before the people. The Southern question was not settled, the negro and the union citizens in the South must be protected. This, to many, was a very effective argument, for their sympathies were readily enlisted for the oppressed, and the sisters were not expected to know that our State or any other individual State had nothing to do with that question—of course not, when more than half the voters did not.

As soon as a political canvass came on, we were told we must not bring our temperance up now, —must let our meetings go over till after election; after the questions growing out of the war, after the tariff question, etc., then our demands should be considered. Ah, if the grand, old Republican party had, in strong, unmistakable declaration, indorsed prohibition directly upon that Crusade uprising of the women, they might possibly have lost their first election, they would certainly have parted company with a large following of the liquor men who hold their place in the party simply to control it. But they would ultimately have triumphed; for all good citizens would have rallied to its standard and the Republican party would have gone down in history as the Great Party of Moral Ideas, and with a record such as no other ever had, nor can it now have. Its blind leaders cheated it out of

its last opportunity. But this is not all; Ohio would long since have been under prohibitory law, with many another State following after.

Years have passed, and the leaders are still intriguing, and still trying to steer their political craft, which has become awfully leaky, between Scylla and Charibdis, and still many good men and women are hoping that "sometime" they will land us safely in some blessed harbor of Prohibition.

"What of the other party?" Nothing at all. They—in the North, I wish explicitly to be understood—never professed to be anything but a liquor party, never made any pledges, and consequently never broke any. They are purely and avowedly the liquor party and they never led us to expect anything else of them. And yet it is in history that about as many laws prohibiting or restraining the traffic have been passed by Democratic as Republican legislatures. The patent fact is that these parties are simply striving to retain, or obtain, control of the government, regardless of the means by which that control is obtained or of the true interests of the people. It is conceded that there are good and true men in both these parties, but that is of no consequence, since they can have no control of the party. And now, since I am on the subject, I will add that the "tax law" that the Republican party boasts of having given to the people as a temperance measure, is not what the temperance people

demanded—is not what we want. It was a measure which the large dealers gladly assented to for the hope of "taking the question out of politics," and it is an infraction of the spirit of the Constitution of our State. If this party can pass laws to restrict and regulate, why can it not pass a law to prohibit? If it is only able to do one and not the other, then it cannot meet the demands of the people and the times.

But I have wandered off a long ways from the Convention, and must hasten back. Our work had been a wonderful training school for the women, teaching them self-reliance, and developing ability to pray and speak in public assemblies, to lead meetings and bands, organize leagues, and preside over and conduct Conventions and business meetings with parliamentary precision, as well as womanly grace. Quite a number were, by this time, giving considerable time to traveling, lecturing and organizing. It was not a little surprising, therefore, to some of us, that the Business Committee should decide that it was necessary that the State Executive Committee "employ agents for the next two months to call and attend County Conventions, superintend the more complete and thorough organizations of townships, villages and local leagues."

"That the State Executive Committee be instructed to take such measures as will secure the necessary funds for carrying out the above plan." [The women had hitherto done their work, chiefly trusting to the Lord and the

liberality of the people, without stipulation.] Further matter of pondering was that these four agents were *all* gentlemen and of one political party, and some of them were of my aforesaid interviewers.

Our State Union was organized with—President, Mrs. H. C. McCabe, of Delaware; Secretary, Mrs. F. W. Leiter, Mansfield; Treasurer, Mrs. E. J. Thompson, Hillsboro.

A Vice-President for each District was elected as follows: 1st, Mrs. Rev. W. I. Fee, Cincinnati; 2d, Mrs. E. D. Moore, Cincinnati; 3d, Mrs. Belle Parshall, Lebanon; 4th, Mrs. Rev. Wm. Herr, Dayton; 5th, Mrs. Dr. G. G. Hackaedon, Lima; 6th, Mrs. Jennie Brown, East Toledo; 7th, Mrs. C. A. Beery, Chillicothe; 8th, Mother Stewart, Springfield; 9th, Mrs. Anna Sabin, Richwood; 10th, Mrs. H. Brown, Findlay; 11th, Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Gallipolis; 12th, Mrs. B. M. McMillen, Circleville; 13th, Mrs. Rev. J. F. Ohl, Zanesville; 14th, Mrs. L. M. Albright, Upper Sandusky; 15th, Mrs. Angella C. Davis, Athens; 16th, Mrs. Rose Wood, Martin's Ferry; 17th, Mrs. Mary B. Reese, Alliance; 18th, Mrs. Briggs, Wadsworth; 19th, Mrs. J. C. Bateham, Painesville; 20th, Mrs. J. C. Delamater, Cleveland.

It was not a little gratifying, in looking over the newspaper reports of the Convention, to come across the following, which I had forgotten:

Mrs. Huddelson, of Cincinnati, moved that in

view of the Christian heroism and self-denial of Mother Stewart, as manifested in her earnest and constant labors for the great cause of Temperance during the past eight months,

Resolved, That the Convention tender her its appreciation of her devotion to the cause of her Master and her race, and that it help her with its prayers. Which was adopted.

As an indication of our growth, the following from the *Springfield Republic* will be interesting to the reader:

A cloud as large, fully, as a man's hand, appeared above the Convention horizon just before the time for adjournment. Rev. J. W. Spring, of this city, introduced a resolution to abolish the use of fermented wine at church communions. A lively discussion ensued. An amendment was offered recommending that unfermented wine only be used at such service.

Mr. Middleton moved a substitute to the effect that it be recommended to churches to consider the propriety of dispensing with the use of fermented wine at communion. Mrs. ——, of Cleveland, hoped the Convention would not be so fanatical as to entertain such a resolution. Resolution, amendment and substitute were then laid on the table by a vote of 87 to 55.

It is justice to Brother Spring, who introduced the resolution, to say that he had in his ministerial work witnessed the fatal consequences of presenting the cup of fermented wine to the reformed man struggling against his besetting sin. It will also be just to the Chairman, who forestalled action upon the resolution by giving his own decision against it, to say that in a conversation with Mrs. H., a few days later, in my presence, he said that he did not at the time understand the nature of the resolution.

But haven't we grown?

The occasion of our first State Convention was one of strengthening of purposes, obtaining broader views of the work and the great battle we had entered upon. It was a grand benediction, and we all buckled on our armor with renewed hope, faith and zeal, and hastened away to our several fields of labor.

A BUSY CAMPAIGN AND HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE.

During all the summer, rarely leaving the State, giving time and such talent as I had, I did my best to help defeat the license clause to the Constitution. I organized my own District at once, then off, without waiting to arrange routes and thus shorten distances between points. The calls came from the most opposite extremes of the State, and I endeavored to fill them in the order of their dates. This caused much unnecessary travel and heavy expense, for in those days I had no favors in the way of reduced fare on any railroads, nor for many years after, being too modest to make application. I always think, with pleasure, of a single exception. I was finding my way to one of the county seats in the eastern part of the State, and had taken passage on a new road leading to the town, when a gentleman entered the car, and coming near where I sat, inquired if Mother Stewart was aboard. I answered that I was Mother Stewart, whereupon he handed me a pass over his road, he being the President. It was

not the amount—for that indeed was small—but the kindly act was infinitely more to me than it cost him. Its rarity, I may say singularity, has caused me to remember it with grateful pleasure all these years.

I am reminded here that one of the many pleasant experiences and happenings that came to me was, that a lady at our National Convention in Minneapolis introduced herself, saying she heard me lecture in Carrolton twelve years before, and remembered my peculiar subject, "A Screw Loose," suggested by the yet unsettled condition of the new road-bed. When I told her of my favor on the road by the President, but expressed my regret that I had forgotten the gentleman's name, "Yes," she said, "that was my husband."

Many other Crusaders also did valiant service in the new phase of work, that of influencing the voters to vote against license. We held conventions, mass meetings, street meetings, grove meetings, and nearly everywhere had large audiences, and some pretty exciting experiences. At Perrysburg, in the northern part of the State, I spoke in front of a store, standing on a dry goods box. While a saloon-keeper across the way, with the assistance of some lewd fellows of the baser sort, with some sort of musical instrument, endeavored to produce a discordant counter attraction. A mild-mannered missile, in the shape of a small mud ball, was sent over as an argu-

ment on the other side of the question, but it fell harmless at my feet.

From Perrysburg I went to Toledo, and spoke Sabbath morning in a church. I do not remember where, but do remember that it was a fearfully hot July day. In the afternoon I addressed an audience in an orchard in East Toledo. I fell into the hands of, and was kindly entertained and cared for by that big-hearted couple of tireless workers, both in the Church and temperance cause, D. N. Trowbridge and wife. Early on Monday morning Mr. Trowbridge took me to call on several of the temperance people, with the hope of enlisting them more fully in the conflict that was each day waxing more intense. We visited and had a very pleasant interview with Ex-Governor Lee, who manifested much interest in the cause. We also called on a minister—I am rather glad to say that I cannot remember his name—who declared very emphatically that he was not going to work unless "they" paid him. Brother Trowbridge, without a word, put his hand in his pocket and taking out the contents (of course I did not see the amount, but it was a snug little roll), handed it to him and drove away. Another call was on Dr. Tenney, a friend of my Marietta Seminary days. I met him at our recent State Prohibition Convention, in Toledo (May 24, 25, 1888), and he told me that he did, as I suggested, go out and do what he could to help win our victory. The ladies have in the years that have passed done a great deal of hard work in Toledo.

At Tiffin, I was speaking in the yard of one of the churches, when the liquor men sent a poor, intoxicated man into the audience, who made his way as near as possible to me with the purpose of saying something, when I called the attention of the people to the fact that the trade had sent us in a specimen of their handiwork in effacing the image of the Creator and substituting that of a brute. The poor creature was not so drunk but he caught an idea of what I was saying and that he was the subject, and with some degree of shame he suffered himself to be led quietly away.

At Napoleon, I addressed the people from the portico of the Court House, following that grand and eloquent man, Rev. Dr. Marine, of Indiana. A trial of a liquor case was in progress in the town, and there was great excitement. While I was speaking a few eggs were thrown into the audience, but I believe only one person was hit. A drinking man present went to Esq. Haag, who was prosecuting the case, and told him that he had been a drinking man, had always, been heretofore on the side of the liquor men, but, said he, "When it comes to this, that a lady shall be thus insulted, I am done, and henceforth I am with the other side. I have called to ask to be sworn, for I know enough to close every saloon in town."

An urgent call came from Franklin. "A horrible murder and suicide has been committed and we need you." The saloons were beginning to open up again and of course the consequences

were following closely after. As soon as I found I could go, I telegraphed them. When I arrived it was nearly meeting time, but the telegram had not reached them. But a committee of ladies came together in counsel and in a few minutes they had boys out over town with bells, crying, "Mother Stewart! Mother Stewart! at the Baptist Church corner!" and by the time to commence we had a good gathering, I standing on a platform of boxes, while my audience stood in the yard and on the street. Here was where the sisters had done such faithful work, but, as nearly everywhere, the men had failed to hold the ground the women had taken.

There was a poor woman in town whose husband was a drunkard, and when under the influence of liquor abusive and dangerous, often threatening her life. She was the sole support of herself and five children. She went to the town authorities and told her situation, saying she was afraid for her life, but they told her not to be alarmed, there was no danger. She went to some of the temperance men, but they, too, told her to go home, there was no danger. One hot July day the poor thing did a heavy washing to earn bread for herself and children. When the evening came she brought in and folded her great basket of clothes, and she and the children retired. About ten o'clock the man came in, crazed with drink, took a gun and shot his wife and then himself. The children, abed in the same room, witnessed the shocking tragedy and

gave the alarm. When the neighbors arrived both were dead and a river of blood had flowed from the bed across the room to the hearth. A saloon-keeper made a few cents by selling the liquor, two lives were sacrificed and five children were thrown upon the charities of the world. *And this is a Christian land!*

The ladies of London, wonderfully practical and rich in expedients to advance the cause, took advantage of the monthly stock sales for this purpose. These occasions always called together a large crowd of people, not only from all over the county, but frequently from long distances. The ladies sent for me to come to them on one of these occasions. With the help of our lamented Brother Finley and others, the ladies arranged for me to speak from the Court House portico, it being on the corner of two of the most prominent business streets. It was a strange, weird scene. The portico is reached by a flight of several stone steps, which made convenient seating for the ladies. On this the Crusaders found seats. Men stood wherever they could find standing room inside the Court House yard or outside on the street. Over all, the clouds hung low, ashen and sombre. The stock men were out in the main street, but in sight and sound, riding their horses up and down, crying their qualities and prices; others in a lively competition of bidding, added to the sound of voices. Mixed in were parties driving yokes of oxen, or leading patient meek-eyed cows into the throng.

On the portico stood a gray-haired woman, with what powers of oratory she possessed striving to show men the dangers threatening our fair Commonwealth if we failed to defeat the license scheme of the liquor men; and urging them, as they loved their homes and country, to vote for the best interests of the same.

So, going and working up to the day before election, I addressed an out-door meeting in the afternoon from the Court House steps in Urbana, took the train home, went direct from the cars to the City Hall and addressed a fine audience of my colored, voting fellow-citizens—or yours, I am not a voter, I am only a *woman.* I reached home at eleven o'clock at night. If I had gone the next day and offered to add my vote to my labors on the side of the best interests of humanity, I would have been fined and imprisoned and who knows what not—because I *am a woman.*

But thus it was, we fought and won the battle, and defeated the liquor clause in the constitution by something over seven thousand votes, though nearly every secular paper in the State was against us and in the interest of the liquor men. We, at the same time, did our best to defeat the Constitution, so that if we were beaten on the license issue we might escape through the failure of the adoption of the Constitution, and it too was defeated. The people of Ohio said emphatically, WE WILL NOT HAVE THIS SUM OF ALL VILLAINIES FASTENED UPON US.

CHAPTER XX.

Enumeration of the Benefits of the Crusade.

IN SEPTEMBER a call was made by the President, Mrs. McCabe, for a meeting of the State Executive Committee, to try to devise some answer to the oft-repeated inquiry, "What next shall we do?" The Crusade form of work had ceased, and in many places the women were at a loss to know what to do, or how to keep up the interest and carry forward the work. What a bewilderment of joy it would have been to those dear, tried and puzzled Crusaders to have had poured into their laps—their laps couldn't begin to hold them—the instructions, the helps, the hints, the leaflets, *Union Signal* (a whole magazine of itself), and books "too numerous to mention," that the sisters of to-day are feasting on and fairly rioting in, on the endless branches of work that have been taken up in the past years. But we were then still feeling our way, and, with prayer and tears, looking to the Lord to lead us on.

We met at Delaware and had a very pleasant session, discussing and recommending various

methods of prosecuting our work. One that was recommended by the sub-committee and indorsed by the whole, was to prepare for watching the legislature. Our McConnelsville Ordinance had been threatened the year before; and it was now evident that a desperate move would be made on the legislature by the liquor men to break down what little refuge of law we had. This plan, evolved after not a little reflection, was to instruct the county unions to select, say, three of their best members for such a mission, including at least one gentleman, holding them as "minute men," ready to go upon summons of a committee at the Capital and give a week to watching and working with the members—thus throughout the session, or at least when the liquor question should be brought forward, keeping vigilant oversight of our law-makers. But, as I have said, while this suggestion was unanimously adopted, it was not acted upon. I never learned why. Possibly it was considered too aggressive, may be looked too much like "mixing in politics." But we have long since come to see the necessity of watching our Solons. In our own State we have a little lady standing through the long session alone, watching with intense vigilance the action of the Legislature on her Scientific Instruction Bill. (Since this writing she has succeeded, though the law is not all she asked.) The prohibitory feature of the ordinance was repealed that winter, and the Adair law was so crippled by the amendment making it necessary to give ten days

*Mrs. F. W. Leiter.

notice before prosecution, as to virtually render it of no effect.

I was filling a series of engagements in Pennsylvania, when the call for the meeting reached me, the last point being Meadville. After my evening lecture, I went from the church to the depot and waited till twelve o'clock, then took the train and reached Delaware about one o'clock next day; did not get my breakfast till after one. The loss of sleep, fatigue and fasting brought on a sickening headache. But I continued to work with the committee, and we were about closing up, when a gentleman came in from a political convention that was in session in the city. He, in very polite fashion, explained that he had been commissioned as a committee of one by the convention to come and invite the ladies to visit that body. The delegates desired so much to hear the Crusaders; they did not know of our meeting when they arranged for theirs; they were very sorry. He was himself a Crusader and felt a deep interest in the temperance work, etc. It must have been that I was again overtaken with a spasm of the immortal Topsy's ailment, for I suggested to my neighbor to move that we accept the invitation, and she did. The motion was seconded and after several counts, during which I could see that the chairman was not a little disturbed in mind, it was carried, and the presiding officer, not a little reluctantly, led us in procession to the City Hall.

The speaker was in the midst of an exposition of

the evil deeds of the other party; whether it was timed for the occasion I could not say. When he was through, our chairman was invited to introduce some of her lady speakers. She presented two, who spoke for a few minutes. I think she had her doubts about putting Mother Stewart forward in a political meeting. But there seemed to be a demand for me, and she sent the Secretary of the meeting to take me to the platform. As I have said, I was very weary and my head was aching fearfully. I did not know when I stepped forward what I should say, but started out with the remark that finding ourselves mixed up in a political meeting, it would be necessary for us Crusaders to define our position, lest we might be misunderstood. Sister Reese just then came to my rescue by saying, "Step onto that plank in the platform, Mother Stewart," referring to the rather narrow and very weak plank this party had inserted in its platform that year in regard to temperance. Looking down at my feet with a blush of mortification, I responded that I could not stand on it, my feet were too large. This was more wickedness, and was not relished very well. But there were a good many gentlemen there who saw and expressed their appreciation of the point. I told them that while we gave all honor to men, in whatever party, who enrolled themselves with us, the Crusaders were all prohibitionists —whether they knew it or not, that was the fact. I had never heard a Crusader offer up a prayer, whether in the loathsome den where eternal woe

was dealt out at a few pennies a glass, or on the hard, frozen ground, but the cry was always, "Oh Lord, wipe out the curse." There were enough present to endorse the sentiments I uttered and as I passed out they said some very kind words. But I have never been invited to address a political meeting of that complexion since, and, as far as I know that was the last open attempt to "capture the Crusaders." I was, I have not much doubt, however, laying up wrath for myself against the "day of wrath," that was revealed only a few weeks later.

In October I was called to Chicago by our now world-renowned National President, Miss F. E. Willard, who had been made President of the union there, and had entered with great earnestness and enthusiasm into the work,—which earnestness and enthusiasm have been increasing with each succeeding year in geometrical ratio. I spent a week in the city,—our Sister M. E. Griffith, now temperance evangelist of Kansas, was there at the same time. Our first meeting was a citizens' mass meeting, held in the First M. E. Church, Dr. Thomas then being pastor, and Dr. Ryder, of the Universalist Church, presided. For many reasons this was an important meeting. It was among the earliest moves of our wonderfully efficient and far-seeing President. The place, the men, ministers, lawyers and business men that helped to compose that assembly, giving character to it by their unqualified indorsement, combined to make it an important initiation of

many such that have followed. But with all, Chicago stoutly maintains high license. Not high enough, however. I see the City Collector suggests that the license will have to be raised to prevent the further multiplication of saloons, but nothing said about the reduction of drinks, or of the souls sent through these wide-open gates to eternal woe. And I see that a Judge has recently decided that a saloon-keeper indicted for selling liquor to a young girl, that caused her ruin, was not guilty because the law reads *minors*, and this was only ONE! Smart people, those Chicagoans. Sensible, very! Why didn't they impose a high license on those Haymarket assassins, instead of a high gallows? I wonder if there can be found ten righteous men in this Sodom by the sea? Let us see, there is the editor of the *N. W. Christrian Advocate*, and Dr. Judkins, and Dr. Herrick Johnson, (but he opposes the ballot in woman's hand; he'll come to it beautifully, though, before this cruel war is over), Van Fleet, that mighty man with his hand on the "Lever;" Hobbs, and Geo. C. Hall, and—and—who else? I believe the Lord is counting in the women in this case of emergency. Mrs. Carse, Mrs Hobbs, Mrs. Rounds, and then our ubiquitous President, is there a good deal, too, with a brigade of white ribbon soldiers, all working and praying with their might. But what of our meeting? I will introduce the editor of the *N. W. Christian Advocate*, who will report it better than I can:

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN CHICAGO.

A great temperance meeting took place in the First Methodist Episcopal church, Oct. 29th evening, which is the sign of the opening campaign against intemperance in this city. The church was filled with people of all denominations, assembled for the one purpose of commencing a war in defense of sobriety. Dr. W. H. Ryder, Pastor of St. Paul's Universalist church, was chosen chairman. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. W. W. Everts, Pastor of the First Baptist church, Dr. H. W. Thomas, Pastor of the First M. E. church, Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the Woman's Temperance Association; Hon. Emory A. Storrs, and others. Dr. Everts thought public opinion should be directed to the one point of suppressing the four thousand saloons of Chicago. As long as these dens were in existence it would be impossible to prevent young men from falling victims to intoxicating liquors. Dr. Everts is right. But how is this "Giant Grim" to be overthrown? The doctor gave point to his remarks by instancing Evanston, a place of ten thousand people, where there is not a grog-shop in existence. Dr. Thomas expressed himself as heart and soul with the movement. He advocated the right of women to vote, as one of the means of reforming the country. Miss Willard gave an interesting account of the recent temperance Convention held at Bloomington, Ill., and announced a programme of temperance meetings for this week in various parts of the city. Hon. Emory A. Storrs, who is a lawyer of high standing in his profession, delivered a forcible address, in which he showed that the claim that drunkenness is due largely to impure liquors, was a deception and a fraud. He urged that the only safety was in total abstinence. Make drinking intoxicating liquors disreputable as gambling is disreputable, and it would be a long step toward reform. Mr. Storrs urged that complete organization of the friends of temperance must be effected and diligent work must be done.

The best speech of the evening was made by "Mother" Stewart, the woman who began "the Crusade" in Ohio. She struck several nails on the

head as follows: I come to you as a committee of one to say that the way to advance our cause is for every man and woman to exert themselves to the utmost in the suppression of the crime of drunkenness. The evil is one of gigantic proportions, but it can be put down if the people will it. I thought this evening of the text, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." I charge you with being a nation of drunkards, and you have been asleep to the existence of the evil. Many of our ministers have gone down to their graves drunkards. This is a terrible fact, but upon investigation it has proved to be correct. The church is to blame for it, and I do not charge the church wrongfully. Its members have slept at their posts, and we have what you see—a nation of drunkards. The number of saloons in every city of the United States is largely out of proportion to the number of churches. In New York there are sufficient saloons to reach ten miles, six stories high, and in your own city you have four thousand saloons. Are we a Christian people? Each one of these saloons can do more damage in one Sabbath than all your churches put together can counteract. It is a pitiful sight to see women have to rise up and plead with men only to keep the laws. What would the world have said if the men had allowed the women to turn out during the late war and meet the enemy? But women are now facing a more terrible foe than our soldiers had to face, and it is necessary that both men and women should join in this work. There is no issue involved in the present elections which so vitally affects the interests of the country as does this temperance question, and it is the duty of every man during this election to vote for men who will assist in suppressing the evil of intemperance. I say to you men to-day, the whisky ring represents you and your wives and daughters, and that ring rules you with a rod of iron. (Applause.) You are going to have an election in a few days, and many of the balloting places are in saloons. You will not have ballot-boxes in saloons when your wives and daughters have votes. Men talk so much about the policy of expediency, but I say there is no policy but the policy of right. (Applause.) What can be

more deplorable than to have our country ruled by whisky and our sons and husbands dragged to eternal woe. Your laws against drinking are merely sops thrown to you by the liquor-dealers. Among your laws you have one which provides that a man shall obtain a certificate of his good moral character before he can become a saloon-keeper. The very idea of the thing! It is an utter impossibility for such a man to have a good moral character. If women had made such a law, men would say, "It is just what we can expect from them." (Laughter, and "Hear, Hear.") I say if the liquor traffic were stopped, your taxes would soon be cut down. I want you men to understand that from this traffic, sixty-one million dollars goes into the treasury of the United States, and it takes ninety million dollars to keep up this wicked traffic. I ask you to put these figures in your hats, and when you go to the polls look at these figures and vote for the suppression of the evil which must destroy the country. I appeal to you to crush out this traffic before the country is destroyed by it. (Applause.)

There is the true ring of the reformer in these sentences, which will bear examination, as an address, which cannot be said of mere "gush." The suggestion that polling places will be removed from saloons when women vote, will prove itself true to the conscious prescience of every person. It is time we men began to see more clearly than we do the demoralizing tendencies of this alliance of politics and whisky, which is so patent to every one, when he comes to the exercise of the highest prerogative of an American citizen, the casting of a vote for the men who are to carry on the functions of his government. Before the meeting adjourned, a first-rate committee was nominated to thoroughly organize for effective work in the temperance cause throughout the city. Dear people, be moving everywhere.

It was at this meeting, to the best of my recollection, that I uttered the first word in the Crusade campaign on the subject of woman suffrage. This statement I know will surprise many who

have heard that by my "persistent lugging in of woman suffrage, I had broken up the work in my State." In response to Dr. Thomas' assertion that it would be necessary to put the ballot into woman's hand before we would be able to overcome the evil, I said, when that time came, the polling boxes would not be found in the saloons, as was the case in Chicago at that time. It does not look on the face of it as though that declaration was worthy of death, *does it?*

A few weeks after, in Eaton Rapids, Mich., the Methodist minister in whose church I spoke, having seen the report of this meeting, and being himself a warm advocate of equal suffrage, called me out on the subject. I explained that I had not mentioned the subject in connection with my Crusade work, but now, being called on for my views, I felt free to give them. Even then, and under such circumstances, it was pretty near worth my life to do it. But it was known that I held this view, which was reason enough for bitter persecution. I am not lonesome now, for I have a great army of white ribboners with me * But I cannot leave this Chicago mass-meeting without referring to one other fact that to me

* I am happy to record that at that greatest convention ever held in this or any other country, May 30, 31, 1888, in Indianapolis, the Prohibition party, with scarcely a mentionable opposition, reaffirmed their endorsement of equal suffrage irrespective of sex. And Frances E. Willard and Sam Small, hitherto leaders of the opposite wings, stepped onto the plank and stood there with clasped hands, while the Convention, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and wildest enthusiasm, drove the golden spike of eternal justice into it, nailing it firmly to the platform forever.

had much significance. It has been stated that Dr. Ryder, of the Universalist Church, presided. I, being the stranger, was last on the programme. When my turn came, the Doctor took me by the hand and led me to the front of the platform, where we stood for a few moments in silence, while the audience greeted us with prolonged applause. It was one of the happiest experiences of my life. I had seen from the beginning that it would require the united effort of *all* Christians of *all names* to overcome the enemy; and I had in a quiet way done what I could to enlist in our ranks members from all Churches, not forgetting those of the Universalist denomination. Not that they were reluctant to aid, for I have generally found both ministers and people of that church sound on the temperance question, many of the ministers among the strongest advocates of the cause. But some of our good orthodox friends were not sure whether the great call to go out into the vineyard was a general one. Here, after the toil and the tears, was my spirit cheered as by a cluster of the grapes of Eshcol. A veteran Methodist of more than forty years, and a learned divine of the Universalist Church, standing hand in hand in the blessed work, while that vast audience with a good will shouted, "Amen."

Yes, one of the most blessed features of our work was the breaking down of the sectarian barriers that had so long prevented united Christian effort for the advancement of the

Redeemer's kingdom. It was not a little amusing to hear our sisters say, after a short association in our Crusade, "Why, I don't see but they are just like us." "Why, she prays just like a Methodist," or "I never thought I could come to feel so much at home with the Methodists." "I love those Baptist sisters as well as I do those of our own church." How blessed it was to come to feel that we all belonged to the same household of faith, and were, in very deed, all one in Christ Jesus.

After closing my engagements in Chicago, I filled a series of engagements in Michigan, beginning at Muskegon, thence to White Hall, then through the dense forests thirty miles by private conveyance to Pent Water, where I first met our dear Sister E. J. Gray, who was leading the work up in that forest region. She afterwards returned to Ohio, and for several years served with unflagging zeal and energy as our State Treasurer. From Pent Water I went to Big Rapids. Here dear Sister Hood, the President, full of zeal and enthusiasm, devised quite an ingenious method of getting out an audience. Some of the good citizens had been considerably exercised on the subject of Spiritualism, and as I walked along the board sidewalks, I saw at short distances, pasted on the boards, "Mother Stewart will lecture to-night on Spirits!" Somewhat ambiguous, but we had a good audience; interrupted however by the cry of "fire!" about the time we got fairly into our subject, which soon took

our audience. In those Michigan lumber regions a fire has more than ordinary terrors. This was a business house in the most crowded part of the town. While the firemen worked hour after hour, the W. C. T. U., having organized for the purpose, stood by them with hot coffee, and guarding them from the ever present temptation, the saloon. Thus they stood guard till 2 o'clock in the morning. The business men expressed their gratitude in warmest terms, saying it was due to the ladies that the firemen were kept sober and able to at length subdue the flames without the destruction of property that would otherwise inevitably have followed. We were not interrupted the second night. In my route I spoke in one of Michigan's pleasant college towns, and was entertained by the matron of the institution, a very intelligent and pious lady. I asked her if the students gave much trouble to the professors. "Oh no," she answered, she heard of no cases of discipline. Did they have no trouble in regard to their drinking or visiting the saloons? "No," none that she heard of. The next morning, before I left, a lady who lived near the college called on me, and with so much feeling that she could not keep back the tears, said she felt that she must come and unburden her heart to me. There was a liquor-seller next door to her who was ruining the students; he had a chamber only across a narrow alley from her own, where nightly the students were in the habit of gathering, after

the professors had retired, and drinking and having what they, poor deluded creatures, called a "good time." She begged me to see if something could not be done to save them. But I had to leave. If I could have had the information before my lecture, perhaps I might have at least "ventilated" the case. So often it has occurred that the very facts that I could have used to good purpose would not reach me till it would be too late.

My last meeting in the series was at Jackson, where I was entertained by a minister of the M. E. Church, who on Sabbath morning broiled the beefsteak in most appetizing fashion, and made a delicious cup of coffee, then took a carriage and drove me to a church and preached me a good sermon. It was a woman, of course, Rev. Mary T. Lathrop, of whom all the world has long since heard.

FIRST NATIONAL W. C. T. CONVENTION.

A twelve-month had rolled around, our Crusade spirit had spread far and wide. State after State had fallen into line. But there was yet much land to be possessed and regions beyond to be reached, and the "praying women" were still looking to the Lord for guidance. One of them, Mattie McC. Brown, who had been in the field for years before the Crusade, with pen and voice urging on the Good Templar hosts, was spending a season at Chautauqua that summer. And here, while before the Lord, the thought of a National Convention was impressed

upon her mind. She hastened to communicate it to other "praying women." A counsel was held and the result was, a National Convention was called to meet in Cleveland, November 18th. This call was responded to by a large representation of women from all the States where our work had been taken up. The enthusiasm, the good feeling and loving greetings of the dear sisters, many of whom I had organized and led onto the street, others whom I had been called to help, with many others whom I had never met before, were very cheering to the weary Crusader.

The Convention was duly organized by electing Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, of Illinois, as Chairman, with a Vice-President from each State represented. Miss Aureta Hoyt, of Indianapolis, Ind., and Mrs. Mary Burt, Auburn, N. Y., were elected Secretaries; Mrs. W. A. Ingham, Cleveland, Treasurer.

A very full and fair report of the proceedings of this first National Convention was given by the various papers represented. Among these, I may name the *National Temperance Advocate*, by its editor, J. N. Stearns; the Cincinnati *Commercial*, by the regular reporter, Mr. Loomis, and the Cincinnati *Gazette*, by Col. Furay.

The various committees were appointed and in due time brought in their several reports, which were acted upon by the Convention. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, Mrs. Anna Wittenmyer; Corre-

sponding Secretary, Miss F. E. Willard ; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Mary C. Johnson ; Treasurer, Mrs W. A. Ingham ; with some twelve Vice-Presidents.

From a lengthy report lying before me, I see that upon the convention being declared organized and ready for work, Mother Stewart, of Springfield, Ohio, moved the appointment of a Committee on Plan of Work, and Mother Stewart ; Mrs. Z. G. Wallace, of Indiana ; Mrs. Allen Butler, of N. Y.; Mrs. J. S. Collins, of Pennsylvania ; Miss F. E. Willard, of Chicago, Ill., were appointed, and Mrs. H. N. K. Goff and Mrs. M. McC. Brown were added by request.

This committee, out of much free discussion, interchange of views and earnest prayer, brought forth the first Appeal and Plan of Work of the National Union. The committee working on it till time for adjournment at night, put it into the hands of Miss Willard and Mrs. M. McClellan Brown, our Secretaries, who finished it, and on their knees at 2 o'clock in the morning, first submitted it to the Lord for His acceptance and blessing ; and the next morning it was presented to the convention. The following is a copy of this :

ADDRESS AND PLAN OF WORK PRESENTED BY THE UNDERSIGNED COMMITTEE TO THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL CONVENTION.

APPEAL.

Women, sisters, mothers in all lands, give your attention to the facts herein stated and let them awaken

in your humane hearts all the noble instincts of your two-fold nature.

The liquor traffic is the greatest curse of our race. It is undermining our nation by violating the spirit and letter of its Constitution (which was framed for the protection of the weak against the strong), by antagonizing all the noble principles upon which it is founded, by paralyzing all our institutions, civil, intellectual, moral and religious, by perverting the cardinal issues of human destiny, life, liberty and love, which embody "the pursuit of happiness."

This traffic is draining our financial resources without compensation, hoarding up the millions in an unholy monopoly; collecting them pitilessly off the poor, misguided vassals of the drink-demon. The moneys thus expended every year exceed the expenditure on all the humane and intellectual enterprises of the land. It is equal every year to all that has ever been expended in church enterprises since the landing of the Mayflower. Counting the loss of time of the intemperate, this outgo of the nation's property would load a train of wagons, with a ton of gold to each wagon, thirteen miles long.

Poverty and suffering everywhere result to the lower classes. Among the highest classes, usefulness and genius are quenched in the rum-glass. Grog-shops are ten times as frequent as both churches and school-houses. To the want of improvement of the lower classes we must add a nine-fold commission of crime. The imbecility, insanity, idiocy, ignorance and wickedness of the nation are mainly due to this use. The care of these and other classes of sufferers imposes unjust burdens on good citizens. Our personal liberty is violated. Our homes, which should be the paradise of earth joy, are devastated by the curse. Our temporal existence is imperiled, and who can predict the generating power upon generations yet to be.

One hundred and fifty thousand lives are sacrificed every year in our nation alone. Nor is this a merely temporal sacrifice of the nation's kings, born to rule in the earth and over the higher realm of their own great natures; but an eternal sacrifice of the immortal sons of God, for "no drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

For this criminality there is not the shadow of an excuse. The almost universal demand for *stimuli* is abnormal and not essential.

It is the result of the stimulants themselves. The drinking always precedes the crying demand for drink, either remotely or immediately. Supply this abnormal demand, as has been the rule, and it increases *ad infinitum*. The whisky market was never glutted. But in the interests of the whole human race, remove, *abolish* the drink system and the demand is gone.

By a wonderful dispensation from the Divine Ruler, attended by unmistakable signs of power and approval, the women of this nation have been set apart as the apostles of the Temperance Gospel. The ponderous truth of this gospel is—The liquor traffic is *depressive, ruinous, criminal, and ought to engage the best energies of the people for its abolition.*

Women, whose keen perception takes in all the terrors of the curse; women, whose earnest sympathies, intensified by a love both human and divine, penetrate to the depth of human wretchedness; women, whose hope through faith in the Master Leader spans the chasm of human impossibilities; women, who respect neither "times," "seasons," "policies," "expediencies," nor "financial practicabilities," but only justice and right, because it is right; women, love-inspired, God empowered, may throw themselves into the breach between humanity and its curse, may stand in the vanguard of this great movement until the whole ruling public is borne across the abyssmal transition from the superstitious notion that "alcohol is food" to the scientific fact that "alcohol is poison;" from the pusillanimous concession that "intemperance is a great evil," to the responsible conviction that the liquor traffic is a *crime*

Filled only with aspirations for the ennoblement of our falling humanity, to its native kingship and the heritage of princes of peace, prosperity and purity—women, sisters, mothers of all lands, let us arise and go forward, doing whatsoever the hand findeth, claiming the omnipotent promise, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end."

We hereinafter submit a plan of work which will afford methods for every locality.

Respectfully submitted in the bonds of Christian love.

Mother Stewart, Springfield, Ohio, Chairman of Committee.

Mrs. Governor Wallace, President State Womens' Christian Temperance Union, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Allen Butler, President State W. C. T. U., Syracuse, New York.

Mrs. Rev. Collins, Ex-President W. C. T. U., Pittsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Dr. Black, President W. C. T. U., Pittsburg, Pa.

Miss Frances E. Willard, President W. C. T. U., Chicago, Illinois, Secretary of Committee.

Mrs. H. N. K. Goff, Corresponding Secretary W. C. T. U., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. M. McClellan Brown, Secretary Committee, and Right Worthy Vice Templar International Order of Good Templars.

PLAN OF WORK.

I.—Of Organization.

Organization is the sun-glass which brings to a focus scattering influence and temperance union in any State, city, town or village.

II.—Of Making Public Sentiment.

The evolution of temperance ideas is in this order: The people are informed, convinced, convicted, pledged. With these facts in view, we urge:

1st. Frequent temperance mass-meetings.

2nd. The careful circulation of temperance literature in the people's homes and in saloons.

3rd. Teaching the children in Sabbath-schools and public schools the ethics, chemistry, physiology, and hygiene of total abstinence.

4th. Offering prizes in these schools for essays on different aspects of the subject

5th. Placing a copy of the engraving known as "The Railroad to Ruin," and similar pictures, on the walls of every school-room.

6th. Organizing temperance glee clubs of young

people, to sing temperance doctrines into the people's hearts as well as heads

7th. Seeking permission to edit a column in the interests of temperance in every newspaper in the land, and in all possible ways enlisting the press in this reform

8th. Endeavoring to secure from pastors, everywhere, frequent temperance sermons and special services in connection with the weekly church prayer-meeting and the Sabbath-school, at stated intervals, if they be only quarterly.

9th. Preserving facts connected with the general subject and with our work, in temperance scrap-books, to be placed in the hands of special officers appointed for this purpose.

III.—Of Juvenile Temperance Societies.

Catholicism's wisest words are these, "Give us the first ten years of the children's lives, and you may have the rest."

In our judgment one of the great hopes of the ultimate triumph of temperance reform lies in the thorough training of the youths of the land in such principles and practices of temperance as will show them the fatal dangers of drinking and criminal guilt of selling liquors, and to that end we earnestly entreat the friends of the cause, and especially the pastors of churches and superintendents of Sunday-schools throughout the land, to take immediate measures, in their respective cities and towns, for the formation and perpetual continuance of temperance societies to be composed of the children and youth.

IV.—Of the Pledge.

If nobody would drink, then nobody could sell.

1st. Urge the circulation of the total abstinence pledge as fast and as far as facilities permit, life signatures being sought, but names being taken for any length of time, however brief.

2nd. Have a special pledge for women, involving the instruction and pledging of themselves, their children, and so far as possible, their households; banishing alcohol in all its forms from the side-board

and the kitchen, enjoining quiet, persistent work for temperance in their own social circles.

3rd. Earnestly recommend ladies to get permission to place a pledge book in every Church and Sabbath-school room, where it shall be kept perpetually open in a convenient place, indicated by a motto placed above it. Also that each member of our union keep an autograph pledge book on her parlor table, and carry one in her pocket.

V.—Of Sacramental Wine.

We do not see that the passage "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips," has in it any "saving clause" for the communion table. We know that many, who have thought their appetite entirely overcome by months of abstinence, have fallen by the odor and taste of the cup at the Lord's table.

We strongly recommend our unions everywhere to appoint a committee of ladies in each church, who shall seek to enlist the pastor and church officials in offering only *unfermented wine* at the communion table.

VI.—Of the Anti-treat League.

"Come, let's take something together," has been to thousands the key-note of destruction. Labor for the organization of a league which shall enroll as members those who, though not yet ready to sign the pledge, are willing to refrain from "putting the bottle to their neighbor's lips," by pledging their honor that they will neither be "treated" nor "treat."

VII.—Temperance Coffee Rooms.

If we would have men forsake saloons, we must invite them to a better place, where they can find shelter and food and company.

Let there be open small, neat coffee rooms, with reading rooms attached, which the ladies might supply with books and papers from their own homes, and by solicited funds.

When practicable, there should also be Friendly Inns, connected with which might be provided, for those willing to compensate by their labor for their

food and lodging, a manufacturing shop, comprising various trades.

VII.—Homes for Inebriate Women

Should be established in all the cities, our unions soliciting aid from the State and municipal governments and from the general public for this purpose.

IX.—The Reformed Men's Clubs,

Recently projected in New England, will be powerful auxiliaries in our work, and we urge the Women's Unions to help establish them in every community.

X.—Bureau of Information.

Already, by means of correspondence, our chain of unions has been a medium of communication between parents and their absent sons, by means of which the former in their homes lent a helping hand to the latter amid their temptations.

We suggest careful attention to this important branch of our beneficent task.

XI.—Counter Attractions of Home.

Much has been said about our negligence in rendering our homes attractive, and our cuisine appetizing; and not always without reason. We therefore recommend that in our unions, essays on the science and art of making home outwardly wholesome and attractive, be read; books on that subject circulated, and all possible effort made to secure a more scientific attention to the products of the kitchen, and a higher aesthetic standard for the parlor.

XII.—Home Missionary Work.

We recommend the continuance of private visitation to those who drink and to those who sell, being careful to go in a spirit of prayerful and helpful kindness.

XIII.—Gospel Temperance Meetings.

We recommend our Unions to hold such meetings in the streets, billiard halls and churches, protracting if the interest shall warrant it, offering the Gospel Cure for intemperance, going through the audience to get persons to come forward and sign it, to the

tune of "Jesus lover of my soul," investing the act with all the solemnity and enthusiasm of a religious service.

XIV.—Fountains.

We urge our unions everywhere to signalize the coming hundredth birthday of America, by erecting in village and town and city, fountains of water inscribed with such mottoes as shall show what sort of drink the women of America believe in, and as shall be a sermon in their persuasiveness to our fathers, brothers and sons.

XV.—Of Money.

Our cause cannot forego the sinews of all war, be it peaceful or profane. We must have money. Our financial plan asks each member to give a cent a week toward the temperance cause, and we urge this feature as one of great importance.

Let us say that all needed information under any or all of the preceding heads will be gladly furnished on application, with stamp, to our Corresponding Secretary, Miss Frances E. Willard, Chicago, Ill.

XVI.—Trysting Time With God.

Our work came forth to us from God. The miracle of the Crusade was wrought by prayer. Let us, women of America, and of all lands, dedicate the evening twilight hour to prayerful thoughts about this greatest of reforms.

Wherever we are, let us lift up our hearts, whether alone or in company, in the closet or on the street, and ask God's blessing on the temperance work and on those whom it would help. Let us form the habit of keeping sacredly at heart some moments of this hour, as our trysting time with God.

CONCLUSION.

Dear sisters, we have laid before you the plan of the long campaign. Will you work with us? We wage our peaceful war in loving expectation of that day "when all men's weal shall be each man's care," when "nothing shall hurt or destroy in all my holy

mountain, saith the Lord," and in our day we may live to see America, beloved mother of thrice grateful daughters, set at liberty full and complete forever, from our deadliest foe.

This report of our Committee must be considered, for that stage of our work, as a very good and suggestive production. It will serve, too, to indicate the phenomenal growth of this greatest branch of the world's work carried forward by women, by comparing it with the last annual address of one of this same committee, now and for the last eight years President of the National Union. This address, almost a poem in faultlessness and beauty, as well as so full of report of past and suggestions for future work as to nearly take one's breath away—not to mention the forty reports of as many superintendents of departments in this great field of portioned out labor—conveys a good idea of the work done by the W. C. T. U. in the past year of 1887. Yet I must maintain that this comely, young giantess, only now fairly entering into her teens, made, as the human infant, her most rapid growth and development in the first year of her existence. We are to consider the peculiar call and nature of the work with the fact that few women had ever had any previous training or knowledge of benevolent enterprise.

There was a good deal of disappointment among many of our women, as well as others, and a disposition to "give it all up," because it had not turned out as they expected. They had entered into the work with the confident expec-

tation that through prayer alone the liquor business would be destroyed, and not a few "went back and walked no more with us." And the repeated questions that came to us from such as were not able to see the effect in the awakening of the people, nor to take in the broad meaning of the great uprising, were, "What has been the result?" "Has it done any good?" and when they saw the saloons opening up again, it was not surprising that such should ask, "After all, has it not been a failure?" To these, the Rev. H. H. Wells, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of our State, having had opportunity for observation, gave the following answers: "These," as he adds, "being only a few of the more important things gained by the wonderful Crusade. Eternity alone can unfold the entire fruit of the work."

BENEFITS OF THE CRUSADE.

1. It called attention to the evils of intemperance.
2. It aroused public sentiment against it.
3. It made saloons odious in the eyes of young men.
4. It has resulted in organized effort against the evil.
5. It has produced a large amount of temperance literature.
6. It developed thousands of workers among women.
7. It was a great spiritual blessing to those engaged in it.
8. It has drawn *Christian* churches nearer to each other.
9. It has enlisted the church in the war against rum.

10. It has led ministers to preach on the subject faithfully.

11. It has closed large numbers of saloons in the country.

12. It has reformed vast numbers of drunkards.

13. It has resulted in the opening of rooms for young men.

14. It has awakened political action.

15. It defeated license in Ohio, August 18, 1874.

I have at hand a full report by our efficient Secretary, Mrs. Guy, by which I am aided in giving the following brief summary of the first six months' labor in Springfield:

The special duty of the Executive Board from its organization had been to appoint and take charge of all mass-meetings, arranging programs, engaging speakers, raising funds for current expenses, publishing and circulating literature, conducting children's meetings and appointing committees for special work.

This left the bands free to prosecute their saloon visiting. Pledges were circulated from the beginning, and hundreds, yes thousands, signed them; and many a saved man will forever bless the day the Crusaders found and persuaded him to begin a new life.

Upon request of the Board, one of our pastors, Dr. McKnight, of the First Presbyterian Church, wrote a very valuable tract on the liquor problem in Springfield. 5,000 of these, 3,000 in English and 2,000 in German, were put in the hands of voters. Home talent, almost entirely, was utilized, a good proportion being ladies, in conducting and addressing our mass-meetings.

The Secretary reports thirty mass-meetings, at which seventy-five different speakers made addresses. One day was devoted to the County meeting, two to the State Convention. Four all-day prayer-meetings were held. Regular prayer-meetings were held once per week for twenty weeks, twenty-two Sunday afternoon meetings, and six children's meetings were held. These, besides the prayer season by the Crusaders every morning and afternoon before moving out. Many meetings were also held in the villages and school-houses through the county. It was in going to one of these that our Secretary came near losing her life by the horse running away. She was so seriously hurt as to be disabled for two years, and, indeed, never entirely recovered from her injuries; and so became our first martyr for the Crusade. The Committee also had printed 1,000 copies of hymns and Psalms and Scripture texts for the use of the bands in their street work, with 500 hymns for use in the mass-meetings. Besides all this, the bands, assisted by gentlemen, kept up meetings nightly for a number of weeks at headquarters, to engage the young men in the shops and draw them from the saloons that were using every device to draw them back into their meshes. The saloon-keepers of our city being mostly foreigners, not many were induced to give up their business, though their trade was almost ruined. The city officials were stimulated and encouraged for quite a season to see that the laws were more rigidly enforced;

and a larger number of offenders than ever before were brought to justice.

The time—six months—having expired for which the first officers were elected, a meeting was held July 15, 1874, for the election of new officers. Mrs. Jas. Kinney was elected President; Mrs. Wm. Grant, Mrs. H. H. Morrell and Mrs. E. C. Middleton, Vice Presidents; Mrs. R. L. King, Secretary; and Mrs. I. Coblentz, Treasurer.

Of the officers for the following years, I recall Mrs. Kinney as being re-elected for a number of years, and serving with great acceptability, succeeded by Mrs. J. B. Wirtz, Mrs. Jas. Anderson, Mrs. J. A. Dinwiddie and Mrs. Wm. Burns, each in her turn, by untiring energy and zeal, manifesting her devotion to the cause. Secretaries: Mrs. J. R. Squires, Mrs. L. Hamma, Miss E. W. Bushnell, Miss Sallie Cavileer, the last named serving with faithfulness and efficiency for a number of years. Miss M. Hamilton is serving at the present time.

These, with the co-operation and prayers of a large number of women, called into the work in the beginning, and with the addition of recruits from time to time, have kept the Crusade fires—more sacred than those of "Vesta"—aflame, spite of all discouragements and through the long years, until to-day their hearts, with those of our sisters everywhere, are made glad by the glimpse of the day-star of hope arising over the eastern hill-tops, which will ere long dispel forever this long night of sorrow.

I regret that I am not now able to give all the names of the ladies who were brought out by our Committee in the organization of our mass-meetings; the arrangement being that on each programme there should be one or more ladies. Among the number, besides those I have already had occasion to mention, I do recall the names of Mrs. Thos. Bean, Mrs. Edw. Bookwalter, Mrs. J. Philips, Miss E. Ogden, Mrs. R. P. Thomas, Mrs. C. H. Dutton, Miss Lizzie Wright.

The treatment of the subject, in its various phases, seemed almost to have been worn threadbare by the male orators of the past, but women, from the woman's point of view and the woman's heart, gave it a freshness and an interest hitherto unknown. The talents these ladies displayed and the enthusiasm they brought into the work was both a surprise and an inspiration to their audiences, and it was very soon observed that the audiences elected in favor of lady speakers; and this preference was noticeable everywhere.

In other towns and cities where the work prevailed, in Ohio and neighboring States, the results were more or less wonderful. As a general footing up of the first year, I quote a few paragraphs from Rev. W. C. Steel's "Women's Temperance Movement;" though even this is a very meagre showing of the blessed results. No pen or tongue has ever been able to tell it all.

1. There is a great reduction of *moral evil*; 2,000

liquor-saloons closed, and a half a hundred (many more, indeed) cities and towns entirely freed from the rum-traffic, must result in lessening the amount of human evil to an extent that can not be estimated. The mayor of one of the redeemed cities declares that already crime has been lessened there fully nine-tenths!

2. There is a great improvement in the social condition of the people. Men have found their lost manhood; families heretofore dependent on charity have become self-sustaining; *pauperism* has decreased; schools are filling up. In one town, twenty-five children of former drunkards who never went before, are reported as regularly attending school.

3. The religious advancement of each community in the region of the Crusade is marked and glorious. The churches are filled; in Southern Ohio, it is said a hundred per cent. more people attend church than ever before. Those who filled the saloons on the Sabbath are now in the churches. *Vast numbers have been soundly converted to God;* for this has been a thorough work. Hundreds of weak-willed drunkards have bowed at the cross and become strong in God. Very many liquor-sellers have bowed at the same altar with their former victims, and are enrolled as members of Christ's church. *Christian unity* has been promoted, and those who fought together, and were companions in arms, rejoice in the fellowship of their common victory. One of the difficult problems of our Christianity—how to unite together the churches in small towns—has been solved. *Increased spiritual power* has been acquired; men, and especially Christian women, have been quickened in newness of life.

4. A sound moral sentiment has been formed, so that stringent temperance laws can now not only be passed, but will be sustained.

5. The sale of intoxicating liquors has been materially lessened. The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows a decrease of $360,000 in the tax on liquors in the States of Ohio and Indiana for the month of February.

Brandt & Co., distillers, of Hamilton, Ohio, assert that their sales have fallen off $150 a day. The de-

crease in the sale of beer and ale in Cincinnati for the month of February amounted to $130,000, as compared to January. W. L. Herr, a large wholesale dealer in liquors in Cincinnati, says his business is nearly ruined. These are stubborn facts, and point their own moral.

6. Rum-selling and rum-drinking have both become disreputable, and are under social ban. * *

Taxation has been lessened.—Clearest demonstration has been given of the fact that intemperance fills our jails, alms-houses, and lunatic asylums; so that sixty cents out of every dollar we pay in taxation is taken from our pockets by the liquor-traffic. When the saloons are closed, expenses for the weaklings and criminals of society are immediately reduced; so that already news greets us from the regions of the Crusade that the jails in some places are empty, and the heretofore dissipated drone has become industrious.

Let political economists take heed.

Churches have been purified, not by church trials, but through the moral force of a sound Christian sentiment on the temperance question. Everywhere this evil had penetrated into the churches. A prominent minister in Cincinnati asserted that if every brick put into the churches in Cincinnati by the liquor interest were removed, half the churches would tumble down. This may sound like an exaggeration, but it is a well-known fact that in some shape or form the liquor traffic has intrenched itself behind our church altars. Prominent officers in the churches, professed Christians, men of wealth, rented their buildings for the sale of wine, ale or beer, and drank it occasionally; and the canker was in the very heart of the church. But this temperance revival, religious in its character, has made thorough work in the churches where it has prevailed. Men who had been compromising with sin have confessed their folly with tearful penitence, and to-day hundreds of churches are purer and stronger than they ever were before.

CHAPTER XXI.

TALES OF THE WAR.

Quaker Humor—Incidents and Anecdotes, Amusing and Pathetic

FOR sly humor and quiet shrewdness, commend me to a Friend; and especially a Crusade Friend. In taking in the points of a situation, and in turning all to advantage for the cause which seemed a part of their lives, they could not be excelled.

Their quaint, tasteful garb, and especially that sober bonnet, with the always clean, white ribbons tied under the chin, the clean, clear complexion and placid countenance, that must be the fruit of a temperate life and a meek spirit, wholly disarm the unwary sinner; and what wonder that they have everything their own way, and enjoy it too.

I have often wished I could have been a Quaker, but the insurmountable barrier—if all things else had been propitious—is, that dirt has a perverse disposition to stick to me, and I have an unshaken faith that Quakers are born exempt from this calamity. I do remember me that Van Pelt's beer fell indiscriminately upon Friend and Methodist. But I am fain to believe, after

the evaporation around the fire in the meeting-house, the stains were less legible on Friend than Methodist. Certainly no one has ever discovered any lingering stains on our dainty Treasurer, Anna R. Hussey.

From one who was there, I have this account from Clarkesville, a small town in Clinton county, and in near vicinity to Wilmington. The women organized for Crusade work on January 11th. Shortly after this, word came that a couple of lawyers were coming down from Wilmington to defend an old woman who had been brought to trial for illegal selling.

The question with the women was, what was to be done about it. Generally, the saloon-keepers and their customers filled the court-room and had everything in their own interest. Friend Hadley, President of the Crusaders, hastened out and gathered what forces she could and had them on hand, pretty well filling the court-room when the attorneys arrived.

The lawyers looked aghast when they found themselves face to face with those peaceful-looking Crusaders. Just before adjournment, a slip of paper was passed up to the mayor, asking permission for the women to be heard a few minutes. The request was granted and Abigail Hadley proceeded to address the court, or more strictly the attorneys. One slipped out, but not beyond the range of her voice, which she made a little distinct for his benefit. She spoke of the poverty and crime they were making

themselves responsible for, and the orphans they were helping to make in defending the liquor-seller. She expressed the hope that as they lay on their pillows at night their pale, pinched faces might haunt their sleepless vigils. The ladies obtained permission of the mayor to sing and pray at each adjournment, and at the close they proposed to escort the lawyers to the train. 'Squire ——— threw up both hands and begged the ladies not to show them such marked attention, promising that he would never be seen again in Clarkesville on such business. At last reports the promise had not been broken.

But it was soon announced that another case was to be tried on a certain day, and a couple of lawyers were coming down on the train to defend the saloon-keeper. The Crusaders, led by their Quaker President, marched in procession to the train, met the gentlemen when they arrived, and escorted them up (the depot is nearly a half-mile from town), singing hymns as they marched. One lawyer found it necessary to go into the hotel; the ladies quietly followed. He came out and went into a confectionery; the ladies stood by the door and sang hymns till he was ready to move on. The energy with which he masticated the Indian weed, as they went marching along, was interesting to behold. These experiences with the Crusaders of Clarkesville have left an indelible impression on the minds of those gallant expounders of the law.

This visiting saloons was not entirely new

work for Friend Hadley. Some eight years before she had felt impressed with the duty of visiting and laboring with the liquor-sellers, and taking her Bible and other religious literature, would go in and read to them and those who were found with them. She thus continued visiting and reading in one place till the man gave up selling, removed his liquor counter, and supplied himself with a better business, the tract reading being continued. Others were visited with more or less good results, she telling them when they came up between her and God when she went to pray, she felt that she had to come to them, as she wanted no one but Jesus in that place.

BOARDING UP A SALOON.

At a small place in the North-eastern part of the State, a saloon-keeper had established himself on ground belonging to the railroad, to be convenient to the railroad boys ; so obliging—to himself. The Crusaders visited him, talked and plead with him to give up his wicked business. They sang their sweetest songs and prayed most fervently, but to no purpose. Mr. Saloon-keeper was too greedy of gain and saw too good a thing in that special locality to give it up. To all appearance he was master of the field.

But the ladies had set out to win ; and it has generally been observed that when they set out they "get there." They called a solemn council, the result of which was that a request

was quietly dispatched to the President of the road, asking a lease of that special spot of ground, and the grant came promptly. A load of lumber was forthwith dumped on the premises and before Mr. Saloon-keeper was able to take in the situation, carpenters were erecting a board barricade, ten feet high, around his castle, with no visible outlet. This so changed the face of things that the gentleman of jugs and casks was only too glad to capitulate upon terms offered by the enemy.

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

This case I had from my friend, W. E. Preston, Esq., of Cleveland. I also saw the subject myself, a short time after his reclamation, and again in November, during the session of the National Convention in that city. The poor man had now come down to the border of the grave; his long years of dissipation had prematurely aged and broken a once magnificent physical as well as mental manhood.

One day, as Mrs. John Coon and her band were out, they were accosted by a prematurely aged, white-haired man. The prayers, songs and pleadings of the women had touched his heart, and he was induced to sign the pledge. Then Mr. and Mrs. Preston took him to their own home, and though sunken so low, and so unseemly in dress and appearance, they gave him a nicely furnished room and clean, comfortable bed, such as I presume he had been a

stranger to for many a long day. "And there," said the penitent, "I found Jesus, and there I saw my mother." We may say this was the imagination of his weary brain, but he was firm in the belief, and it seemed to be a great source of comfort to him, that his beloved mother returned from the evergreen shore to welcome her wandering boy back to the paths of uprightness.

The man proved to be Col. William H. Westbrook, who was an officer in the Confederate army, and had served under General Beauregard. He married a young lady of respectable connection living in Richmond, Virginia, and for a time they lived happily. But the demon drink became his master and drove him forth a wanderer and a vagabond, and his wife and little daughter mourned him as dead. Though they had sought him long, no trace could be found till the Crusaders found him on the verge of the precipice. He had also lost the whereabouts of his family, but our Good Samaritan set about the task of finding and communicating the good tidings to them. In due time the wife came, and under that hospitable roof the two long-sundered were, with fitting ceremony, reunited, and the golden circlet again placed on the bride's finger.

I have before me a letter written by a sister of the Colonel's to the praying women, overflowing with expressions of gratitude for the rescue of her brother, and giving an affecting account of

the meeting of the returning prodigal with the venerable father of ninety-four years, who, while the tears rained from his almost sightless balls, clasped him to his heart, exclaiming, "The dead is alive and the lost is found."

A TRAVELER TELLS THIS:

"I was in Springfield during the Crusade and had gone into a saloon and called for a glass of beer, and was just about to raise it to my lips when Mother Stewart led her band of praying women into the place. Seeing me with the glass in my hand, she said, 'Young man, set that glass down,' and I set it down. Turning to her sisters, 'Let us pray for this young man,' said she, and they knelt there on the floor of that saloon, and she did pray for me. You may laugh, men, but I have not tasted or wanted a glass of beer since."

I have no recollection of the occurrence. It may have been Sister Schaffer or some of the other elder sisters, and so with the following, I cannot myself recall it, but many incidents of the kind have been crowded out of my memory by the swift following of busy work and travel. But all the same, blessed be the Lord, who did own our efforts in the salvation of many souls.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

My good Brother Minich visited New York not long since, coming back rejoicing to bring

me this message: "While in the city," he said, "I availed myself of the opportunity I had long wished for, to visit Jerry McAuley's 'Helping Hand,' and with others tried to tell what wonderful things the Lord had done for me, and mentioned the fact that I came from Springfield, Ohio. As soon as I had sat down a man arose and said, 'I have reason to praise God for a visit to Springfield, Ohio, the home of Mother Stewart. I am a commercial traveler,—have been for many years, and have traveled over a large portion of the country. In my travels I found myself in Springfield during that wonderful crusade of the women of Ohio against the liquor saloons. I was one morning just coming out of a saloon when Mother Stewart led her band up to the door. She halted me with the startling question: "Young man, do you love Jesus?" I made a confused, but not very reverent answer to the effect that I did not care anything about her Jesus, and passed on. But I never got rid of that question, "Young man, do you love Jesus?" I went on for years, traveling to and fro, but that question stayed with me always, and at last became so importunate for an answer that I was compelled to cry to the Lord Jesus for help and deliverance, and to-day I am saved through the blood of the Lamb. God bless Mother Stewart, the Crusader of Springfield, Ohio.'"

AND YET ANOTHER.

A lady of St. Paul, Minnesota, sought me out at our National Convention in Minneapolis, to tell me of a young man who came from the East and did a grand work in the temperance field. His eloquence always reminded her of George W. Bain; but his health failed and he went down. On his death-bed he charged her with a message to Mother Stewart, saying, "Tell her she found me in the gutter, in Sharon, Pennsylvania, and set me on my feet, inspiring me to make the fight for my lost manhood. To her I owe my rescue from the drunkard's grave." I do not remember, but the blessed Lord knoweth and to Him alone be all the glory.

WHY HE LOVED THE CRUSADERS.

Said my esteemed friend, Mr. L—— of Red Oak, Iowa, "I want to tell you, Mother Stewart, why I love the Crusaders. Sometime since, I was traveling in the northern part of the State, when night overtook me in the country. I called at a neat looking farm house and asked of the lady permission to stop over night. She answered that I could do so if I could take care of my team myself; her husband was absent. I was, of course, able to accept the conditions, and after a comfortable meal of the luxuries of farm life, I sat down by the glowing fire to have a chat with the lady. I noticed that though the place was evidently new, everything betokened neatness

and thrift. In the course of conversation the lady told me they were from Ohio. It was not a great while after the Crusade. So I remarked, as she was from Ohio, I supposed she knew all about the Crusade, which seemed to have proved a failure, had it not? 'Oh, no,' she answered with eagerness, 'don't say it was a failure; it was a blessed success,—certainly in our case. When the Crusade came to our place, a little town in the northwestern part of the State, it found my husband keeping a saloon. The praying women visited him and sang and prayed with him and besought him to sign the dealer's pledge. And he did sign it and poured out his liquor. It was his only way at the time of supporting his family. But the friends rallied around him and helped him. Then one kind brother told him he had land in Iowa, and if he would move out here he would let him have a farm on reasonable terms and easy payments. He thankfully accepted the generous offer, and we moved here, opened up this farm, built this house, and my husband has just gone to the county seat to-day to make his last payment. No! no! the Crusade was a glorious success.'"

CAUGHT IN A FIX.

In one town the Crusaders made a call upon an old German saloonist, taking the precaution quietly to send a squad of their force to the rear of the saloon. The old man caught a glimpse of the approaching band in front, and hastily

threw up a back window and leaped out, leaving the field to his son and the Crusaders, when lo! he found himself in the midst of the rear guard. By this time the battalion in front was taking peaceable possession of the evacuated fort, when Hans called out in great excitement, "Taddy! Taddy! come yur, I got te Crusaders!" "I can't!", the old man cried back, "I got te Crusaders, too!"

ONE THAT GOES TO MAKE UP "EVERY SORT."

This, from another town, reminds me of the quaint saying of my venerable old uncle, when referring to a person of any peculiar or singular trait of character, "If there was not that sort there would not be every sort." The Crusaders visited one saloon-keeper who was very abusive, and with much excitement and noise drove them out. In the band thus driven out was a lady seventy years old. As the ladies left, a gentleman came stepping in and inquired what all that fuss was about. "Why," said the man with white apron and broken English, "dem Crusaders, dey comes here and tamage my peesness. To you pelong to dem Crusaders?" "Oh, no," the gentleman answered, "I have nothing to do with them, and to prove to you that I have not, I will take a glass of beer." "Well, den, you treats de gompany, den I knows you doan pelong to dem Crusaders!" And he disgraced his manhood by buying the drinks and treating the rabble that had crowded in. That venerable, gray-haired

woman was his mother. "Oh, well," you say, "he was a low,worthless fellow." You are very much mistaken, my dear friend, he was a good (?) deacon in the church.

"DID THE CRUSADE BREAK UP ANY FAMILIES?"

Here is a case in point. In one place a woman, whose husband was bitterly opposed to the Crusade, joined the band. The husband forbade her going out, but she told him she must "obey God rather than man," and went on. He remonstrated, but she still said she must "obey God rather than man," and marched out with her sisters. At length, he told her that if she did not give up her crusading he would leave her, and she said she must "obey God rather than man," and fell into line. Finally he decided that he "would not bear it, so there now, and he would leave, so he would." And he packed his trunk and "lit out." In the course of a week he returned and told his wife if she would quit her crusading he would come back. She said she must "obey God rather than man," and went crusading. Oh, well, he came home anyhow.

THIS FROM HILLSBORO WAS TOLD BY "ONE WHO WAS THERE."

A half-dozen of the young men of "our set" had been out of town and were not posted as to the situation. Of course they must "drop in and have something before separating." He says, "We had just arranged ourselves in the

familiar semi-circle before the bar and had our drinks ready and cigars prepared for the match, when the rustle of women's wear attracted our attention, and looking up, we saw what we thought a crowd of a thousand ladies entering. One saw among them his mother and sister, another had two cousins, and yet another unfortunate found himself face to face with his prospective mother-in-law. Had the invisible prince of pantomime touched us with his magic wand, converting all to statues, the tableau could not have been more impressive. For one full minute we stood as if turned to stone; then a slight motion was evident, and lager beer and brandy smash descended slowly to the counter, while cigars dropped unlighted from nerveless fingers. Happily, at this juncture the ladies struck up,

'Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend.'

It made a diversion, and the party escaped to the street, "scared out of a year's growth,"

CRUSADING A BEER-CASK.

One of the early results of our Crusade was to make it not quite so desirable for the beer wagon to stop before the door in broad daylight, as had been the custom. So the discreet citizen, who was in the habit of ordering his cask, concluded that an earlier hour would be desirable. Accordingly the brewer's wagon might be heard rumbling along by break of day, and before the ordinary citizen was out. Occasionally an extra-

ordinary one would be astir, and sometimes make a note. One of these happened to see the wagon stop at his neighbor's and quietly transfer a cask of the foamy beverage to the cellar and drive on. The waggish, early citizen was at once seized with the Crusade spirit, and going into the house, hunted up an apron and tied it on—as well as a man knows how. I never saw a man that ever could tie a woman's apron on right—never; he will get it hitched up one side or skewed around half way, or slopping down over his feet. But our friend equipped himself in his apron, then donned his wife's sun-bonnet, and taking her "Gospel Songs," sallied forth and perched himself on the cellar door and began to sing Crusade songs in lusty fashion. He was a very fine singer and soon a commotion was raised in that neighborhood. The lady was seen moving uneasily about and casting furtive glances through the window at the singer. At length some one from the street called to him to know what upon earth he was doing there. He coolly replied that he was "crusading that beer-cask down cellar."

ONE ON MOTHER STEWART,

Which I have had some doubt about giving, but have finally decided to, upon the principle that the "cheerful giver" should cheerfully take. But I must beg the reader's pardon for the not very elegant though forcible form of expression.

A young acquaintance of mine was, during

our Crusade, engaged in delivering ice for an ice firm in the city. It was in the line of his business to deliver to a saloon-keeper, where he one day, upon taking in his ice, heard a man who, it seemed, was thinking of opening a saloon, asking the proprietor's advice on the subject. "Nine," said the advisor, "es ist no gute, dem Schruaters is shist awful, I wouldn't shtart a shaloon now. While dem Schruaters be about es ist no gute. Und dere ist dot Mutther Shtuart, she call efery poty her pruther und her schwister, und I *aint* her pruther und I *aint* her schwister. But she's a hell of a feller. Nine es ist no gute, I would not shtart a shaloon now."

SAITH THE WORD, "THE WICKED SHALL NOT LIVE OUT HALF HIS DAYS."

Many were the indications that He who called the women to such a strange and holy warfare had a special guardianship and jealous care over them. And to human observation many were the instances where the judgments of an offended God fell upon those who dared to molest or make them afraid. Very great were the indignities and insults heaped upon the sisters of P—— by the liquor-sellers and their loafing customers. One morning a set, to the number of six or eight, went through the sacrilegious performance of pretending to take the sacrament in the presence of the Crusaders, as they made their accustomed call at the saloon. They used beer and crackers for the sacred emblems. Some of these men, when

not under the saloon influence, assumed to be in some degree citizens worthy of respect. A few brief years after the Crusade I visited P——, when this incident was related to me, and also the startling fact that every one of those men had been already summoned to their last account, and most, if not all, had gone out by some unnatural death.

APPARENT ANSWER TO PRAYER IN JUDGMENT.

A couple of years after the Crusade, I was at Bellefontaine. Upon leaving, my friend, Mrs. Shurr, accompanied me to the train, and as we were walking on the platform we passed a rather elderly woman of medium height, dressed in rusty black. After we had passed her, Sister Shurr said, "Mother Stewart, look at that woman; turn and look at her." I did, but saw only a very commonplace looking old woman. When seated in the waiting room I asked why she desired me to look at that woman. "That woman," said she, "was struck dumb in answer to prayer. She and her husband kept a very bad drinking place here near the depot." (I had visited it with the Crusaders). "The praying bands visited and prayed with them," continued Sister S——, "and the man would have surrendered, but his wife would not let him. At length she went away somewhere and the Crusaders took advantage of her absence and induced the man to sign the dealer's pledge and give up his business. But when she returned she was furious. She

cursed the women, and swore and raved, and compelled her husband to open up his saloon again. She did not cease to curse the women, and blaspheme, till they finally took her as a subject of special prayer and asked the Lord to close her mouth or silence her in some way. One morning when she arose she found herself unable to speak, and she never spoke afterwards, though she kept on at her soul-destroying business, making signs for the price of her beverage of eternal woe." She died a year or two after, and, as far as I know, she never recovered her power of speech. My friend remarked in closing, "That is only one of many such instances of answer to prayer."

CONFESSION OF A SHIPWRECKED SOUL.

One of my co-laborers one day called on a friend and there met the lady's son-in-law, who, with his wife, was boarding with her mother. He told my friend he wanted a private conversation with her, and led her into the parlor. When seated, he in great anguish of spirit told her he felt himself on the verge of ruin from his uncontrollable appetite. "Oh," said he, "do pray for me; get some of your Crusade sisters to help you pray for me. Oh, you do not know how I blessed the Crusaders, though I seemed unfeeling and rough. I did honor them and I hoped they might close up the saloons. I have tried so hard to give up the drink. I have taken my money home and given it to Lou (his wife) and told

her to hide it, lock it away in the drawer where I could not get it, and then I would get up in the night when she was asleep, and hunt up and *steal* the money and go out and get my drinks. Oh, don't tell Lou, she don't know how bad I am. I have gone into the cemetery and thrown myself on my mother's grave and cried to God, *if there was a God*, to deliver me from the curse, but all to no purpose. Oh, *can* you help me?" We did pray for the poor fellow, and when the Blue Ribbon movement swept over the country he signed the pledge with so many others, and we hoped he was saved, and for a time he seemed to have triumphed over his enemy. But no, the saloons remained and the temptations were ever in his way. He has gone to the grave before the noon of his manhood, with the great army that no man can number, and who regardeth it?

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

A young wife, when the Crusade started in her town, declared she should die if she went out on the street with the praying bands. But all too soon her husband was brought home one evening by a policeman. Now she felt that she should die if she did not go. She went out and saw face to face the man who had sold her husband the liquor. She appealed and pleaded apparently in vain. She fell on her knees in prayer. An unseen listener was her husband, who had come again to appease his appetite. He rushed to her side and pledged himself never to drink

again; and to the joy of the Crusaders the saloon-keeper promised to quit the business.

AN APRIL-FOOL MEETING IN NEW ORLEANS.

A waggish newspaper man in New Orleans concluded to make a first of April point on the Crusade. He announced the evening before, that on the next morning at a church and hour named, Mother Stewart, the Ohio Crusader, would appear with the purpose of opening the Crusade in New Orleans. At the appointed hour a large assembly, overflowing with curiosity, had gathered, but Mother Stewart was entirely ignorant of the fact—has always been sorry, however, that she could not have been there. But long since, the successors of the Crusaders, the White Ribbon army, have invaded the Crescent City, and gained peaceable possession. On the first day of April, eleven years afterwards, I had the pleasure of sending greetings to our Committee, who were holding such conspicuous and honorable place in the great Exposition being held there. BOUND TO TAKE THE WORLD!

THE DAUGHTER WON.

In Darbyville, a little country town in Pickaway county, the women made a clean sweep. Upon visiting one place, the young daughter of the keeper joined the Crusaders, and going to her father threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming, "Oh, father, father!" but her feelings for a time checked her utterance. The man became

greatly agitated, saying, "Why, Sis, what is it?" "Oh, father, sign the pledge! Oh, father, quit selling the liquor!" she succeeded in uttering, amid her sobs. It was short work there, and the news flew to the church, when one of the young men sprang to the bell-rope and shouted as he leaped to the swing and clang of the bell, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" Another man at this place signed the pledge, quit the business and went to farming, and has not repented it since. He says, "Whereas bad luck and misfortune followed him all the time he sold liquor, and it seemed impossible for him to get on, now the tide is turned and everything he puts his hand to seems to prosper."

OUR CRUSADE DOG

Was not the least interesting feature of our work in Springfield. I have before mentioned the curious, inexplainable fact that in several places even the dogs, whose masters were saloon-keepers, invariably manifested an interest—and may I say, sympathy—for the Crusaders. As I am a friend to dogs I like to record these curious instances, where they certainly seemed able in some way to discern between the right and the wrong, and unmistakably took the right side. Tell me why. Who can?

A poor, forlorn specimen was this of the canine family, rather large and of the regulation "yellow," not prepossessing in the least when he first cast in his lot at headquarters

with us and joined the band. It was not long, however, till his new associations told on his general appearance. If he did not acquire more self respect, he certainly acquired a much more cheerful countenance and at-home manner, as well as a fuller habit and more glossy coat. We never knew whence he came nor where he lodged. It was my supposition that he had followed his master from the country into the city and became lost, and by some fortuitous accident found his way to our headquarters. But each morning he was in waiting at the door when the ladies arrived, ready to move out with the first band. He would fall into line and march by the side of the leader till we came to the first saloon, then he would sit down and patiently wait till the exercises closed, when he would take up the line of march again with the rest of the Crusaders. He manifested a decided preference for the ladies; could not be induced to make friends with men at all. Sister Patterson told me that she went out with the first band one morning, Mrs. Prof. Stuckenberg being the leader. Upon reaching the first saloon they proceeded to sing and then knelt before the saloon, Mrs. Stuckenberg leading in prayer. Being near her, she happened to look up and saw the dog sitting near Mrs. S—— and licking her cheek.

For quite a time the friends held nightly meetings at headquarters, to give the young men who had signed the pledge a place of entertainment and draw them from the saloons. More than one

lady has told me that going alone from these meetings the dog would join himself to her and walk by her side to her door, then go his way.

We had a children's band that met every Saturday morning. The last time I saw our dog was at one of these meetings. He had established himself in front of the "baby row," on the front seat, as of right, and when a gentleman attempted to remove him he told him in very emphatic language that he did not propose to be interfered with in the discharge of his responsible duties. I had to interfere in doggy's behalf, and he quietly lay down and maintained his post through the meeting. But a little while after the meeting, upon going to headquarters, some of the ladies met me in tears, exclaiming, "Oh, Mother Stewart, some one has killed our dog." It was even so; the poor creature had been disposed of by some who had not appreciated his demonstrations of friendship quite as highly as others of us had. We did really grieve for the loss of our faithful and devoted friend. It was certainly a most remarkable manifestation of animal instinct, bordering very nearly onto reason and affection, not easily to be accounted for.

SAVED AT LAST.

Rev. W. I. Fee, D. D., published the following strange account in one of the Cincinnati papers at the time of its occurrence. "One day," says he, "a lawyer came to my house. Rum had ruined him. He was not intoxicated at

the time, however. He asked a private interview. He said, 'You see what I am now. I am the son of pious Methodist parents, who now reside in a distant city. Their hearts are well-nigh broken by my prodigality. A few days since, I abandoned all hope of reform and made up my mind either to drink myself to death or to end my days in a more summary manner. I had almost lost all desire for reformation, when I learned that the bands of praying women were on the streets of this city. Curiosity led me to follow them and listen to their prayers and songs. Oh, how it revived the days of my boyhood, and my subsequent prodigality. I was filled with remorse. I felt that I was hopelessly lost. And now,' continued he, 'I will relate the strangest incident of my life at the risk of being called a fool.' Pointing to his left ear, 'Five years since,' he went on, 'I entirely lost my hearing in that ear, till yesterday, when I heard the temperance women sing.

"'Previous to this, for years I had only been familiar with the vilest songs. But since yesterday, the songs sung by those women have been sung and played in my deaf ear as if played upon an instrument, or sung by a human voice. No other songs obtrude, only religious songs are sung. This gave me hope.' Looking intently at me, he said, 'Will you believe me? I hear them now; there it is,—

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive."

"'Now it changes,—

"Rock of ages cleft for me."

"'Sung loud enough for you to hear it. Listen, now it sings,—

"Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?"

"'Now do you think there is any hope for me?'

"I answered, 'Yes, but it will not avail for you to depend on those songs, you must look to Christ.' Looking sorrowfully at me he said, 'Don't take away my only hope.'

"'He left me. A few days afterwards I was called to see him in one of the hospitals. His father was with him and a dispatch had been sent to his mother to come to the city and see him die. Although almost delirious, he recognized me in a moment, and began to talk about the songs of the women sounding in his ear. He begged me to pray for him, and to ask the praying women to pray for him also. A number of days elapsed before I could again visit the hospital. I went to learn the particulars of his death. Imagine my surprise when I learned that he was rapidly recovering. I hastened to his room and a smiling, happy face met me. He said, 'I want to leave this evening for my home.' Said he, 'I am saved. The prayers of my dear mother and the praying temperance women have been instrumental in leading me to Christ.' Said he, 'You thought that my strange experience was the result of mania-a-potu. But believe me when I tell you that these songs are now ringing in that

ear. I hear nothing else. This moment I hear,—

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.'"

A GOOD DEED REQUITED AND AN EVIL ONE PUNISHED.

The Crusaders of M———, during their work, found it necessary to prosecute a case, and went to a law firm to secure the aid of one of the company. They decided to consult the senior partner, he being not only quite a good lawyer, but a man of temperate habits, while the junior partner was quite intemperate, and was not considered as being as well up in his profession as the other. The attorney heard their statements, got all the information from them in regard to the case he could, then turned about and betrayed them, and took the case for the saloon-keeper against them. The other lawyer came forward and offered to carry their case through for them. He sobered up, signed the pledge, and from that day started up-grade in his profession and in the esteem of the people. And it was not long till he was on the Judge's bench, by the will and pleasure of his constituents.

The senior partner, by the same stages, but in inverted scale or down-grade, losing his practice, losing the respect of the community, losing his self-respect, left the place. The last I heard of him he was in one of the frontier mining towns in Colorado, keeping a billiard saloon.

The three following facts were not Crusade stories exactly, but given me during my work, and I give them here because of the important lessons contained in them.

THE FATAL DOMESTIC WINE.

This from Col. B———, the sad-hearted father of the young man, a devoted Christian and earnest temperance worker. His son was a more than ordinarily bright, wide-awake young man, but wayward and disposed to seek his comrades in the haunts of dissipation. An inevitable consequence was, he came to love the drink, and was hastening to ruin, when the Good Templars reached out the rescuing hand and gathered him into the Lodge, and kept brotherly watch over him. Then a blessed revival of religion occurred in the town, and young B——— was found at the mourner's bench, and soon professed faith in Jesus and united with the Church. Everything went well with him for some six months. But one day he and a young friend concluded to take a day of recreation in fishing. The mother of his friend very kindly seconded their project and put up a bountiful lunch.

Then she went to her closet and brought out a bottle of nice, domestic wine—her own make (she was a prominent member of the church), saying to her son, "You must have one of my bottles of wine, lest you should get wet, or for some reason should need it." "Yes," the son

answered, "mother, put it in." And so they hastened away for their day of pleasure. When the dinner hour came, the young friends sat down to enjoy the good things they found in the basket. The bottle was brought forth and uncorked, the tempting wine poured out and presented to B——. He hesitated, remembered that it had well nigh proved his ruin; remembered his obligation as a Good Templar, as a member of the church, a follower of Christ. But here the temptation came in such innocent guise,—they two alone, they were hungry and tired, the wine was ruby and aromatic; and it was "*domestic wine.*" "My mother made it herself," argued the friend. Oh! why was there no ministering angel near enough to dash that fatal cup to the earth as he reached forth his hand and carried it to his lips? No one was thus commissioned to interfere while the poor, weak-willed young man made the brief battle with his enemy and was vanquished. Though who shall say that his mother, from the battlements of her home in glory, did not look down with eyes of pity, as she saw her poor boy thus hurled from his rock of safety into the abyss again? The old, slumbering appetite was aroused as the tiger in the jungle, and must now be appeased. Upon returning to town he hastened to his old haunts and became insanely intoxicated. The barriers were swept away and on he went from place to place, calling for drinks, till at one saloon, the keeper seeing his condition,

and probably fearing the consequences to himself if he sold more to him when in that condition, refused to let him have any more, and put him out. He went away, but soon returned with a gun and discharged it at the keeper. It was fortunate for them both that his hand was too unsteady for a deadly shot, but his victim was wounded and he a criminal. He fled from home and remained in hiding for a time, then returning in the night, picked up his little effects and became a homeless wanderer, but told his father before leaving that he would make one more fight to save himself, but, said he, "the memory of that act (of furnishing her wine) shall haunt that woman through all eternity." He went out into the night and his father saw his face no more.

REMORSE.

T. Demorest, at that time Worthy Chief Templar of Kentucky, gave me the following:

"I stood," said he, "by the bedside of a young man who was writhing in the agonies of that horror of horrors, delirium tremens. His mother also stood by, enduring unutterable anguish at the sight of her son's sufferings. When not in his paroxysms she would beg him to tell her where—how he acquired the appetite for drink. He evaded her questions for quite a time. At length, as she still pressed the question, he answered: "Mother, if you must know, I learned to love the wine-cup at your own

table." The young man to-day fills a drunkard's grave, and the mother, remorse having dethroned her reason, is in a mad-house."

LAMENTATIONS, v. 7.

A gentleman told me this of a young friend of his: "He was a carpenter by trade, and an industrious and good workman. But he would have periods of drinking, and when these came on he would deliberately lay down his tools as if going to meet an engagement, and go onto a regular 'break-down.' I have asked him why he did so, and his answer was, 'I cannot help it.' 'Well, but you can help it before you begin.' 'No,' was his answer, 'I *inherited* the appetite, and when these periods come I would drink if I died.' On one occasion, under the spell of the fearful craving, he went to the town of U——, drank to intoxication, and went and lay down on the railroad track; but he probably became somewhat sobered up before a train passed, and for the time the terrible catastrophe was averted. But again the raging thirst seized him, he went to U——, drank as before, went again in despair and deliberately laid himself down on the track and in the night three trains passed over him."

"WOMEN HAVE ALL THE RIGHTS THEY WANT."

This bitter cold spell recalls another such, a few winters since, in the midst of which a sad, weary woman rang at my door and claimed my hospitality.

The snow and the cold held on and my guest found herself for a time storm-bound. During her stay her story came out. She was from Pennsylvania, was, or had been the mother of three children, and still the wife of a drunkard. Her husband had, by his continual indulgence, made her life for years one long agony. He wasted his earnings on drink, and in time incapacitated himself for earning, so that she was obliged, by her needle, to support herself and her children. But what was worse than this, even, was his furious and abusive temper when under the influence of liquor. What blood-curdling pictures were those she gave of the drunkard's home. Whole nights had he kept her and her children in terror. On one occasion he came home insanely drunk, locked the door, took his axe, sharpened and examined the edge, telling the children he was going to chop their mother up; and she and they knew if anything, however trivial, should go wrong, he would carry out the threat. He laid her on the floor and would go through the motions as if he was going to strike, the wretched victims of this horrid pastime not daring to resist or protest, the wife keeping a cheerful smile, saying, "Why, John, I know you are only in fun," while she could hear her heart beat; and this, through long, weary hours of the night, with no deliverance near, till the effect of the liquor at length overpowered him and he sank into a beastly stupor. Such a system of terrorizing threw the elder daughter

into St. Vitus' dance, and it was not long till, just as she was merging into young womanhood, so sweet and beautiful to the yearning mother's heart, death claimed her as another added to the long list of victims to the curse. Such a life became unbearable, and she found herself obliged to seek a home elsewhere.

But her children! The great Keystone State had decreed that the father is the lawful and rightful custodian of the children. Should she quietly yield her children to the hands of such a father? She set herself to devise some means of rescue. She had a brother in Kansas to whom she would take the little daughter, but how to get possession of her was a serious problem. She bethought her of a relative in this State to whom she appealed for help, and he wrote to the child to make him a visit. Then the mother followed and picked up her child on the way, and from town to town she made her way, she lecturing on temperance and the little girl reciting pieces to meet their expenses, till at last she reached her brother and placed her *stolen property* in his hands. Now she was working her way back to try to steal the other piece of her own flesh and blood. But while she bemoaned the poor little fellow's lot, saying she knew these bitter days and nights he was thinly clad, and must be suffering with cold and hunger, as the tramping father led him from place to place, she also realized that she was now a criminal, and if caught would be punished

as such a crime deserved. I never heard whether she succeeded in her second criminal attempt to steal, or whether she was caught and justly punished in accordance with the righteous and equitable laws of the great State of Pennsylvania.

"HOME IS WOMAN'S SPHERE."

Coming home from my work one day during the Crusade, I found a lady with a little girl at my house. She at once told me her story, so common, so old, as to have ceased to excite attention. When she told me her name I remembered her, though she was not aware that I knew her. Her family was one of the oldest and most respectable in the county. It seemed so few years since I had seen her, a bright, happy young lady, standing before a large audience delivering her graduating address. I had not seen her since. Here she was, scarcely the shadow of her bright, young self. Nothing in her appearance to recall the proud-spirited, gay young girl, but instead, a broken, emaciated woman, broken mentally as well as physically, old before she had reached her noontide.

As her story ran, she had married with fair prospects of a happy future; no indication of the terrible habit even then fastened upon her husband. Her father, a man of wealth, gave her a nice farm, and there they started on life's journey together. But as the years went on the old, old story of the drunkard's wife became hers; and, as she thought, in exaggerated degree.

She had, finally, through his abuse, became afraid for her life,—had gathered a few articles of clothing, and taking her child by the hand, through the assistance of a friend she secretly stole away, reached the railroad and fled, leaving the husband—now the terror of her life—in peaceable possession of her home. But whither should she turn her steps? She had heard of Mother Stewart as the friend of the drunkard's wife, and she had come to her in hope of refuge and safety. She would do anything, would go out to domestic service if only she could find shelter for herself and child. Reason was so nearly dethroned, and the fear that the husband would come and rob her of her child—the only possession she had—that if the bell rang, or she heard a step on the veranda, she would clutch the child and hasten to a place of hiding.

It may satisfy the reader's curiosity as to what became of her, to say that after all this, she was induced to "try him once more," but soon found herself obliged to seek a legal separation.

'WOMEN DON'T WANT TO VOTE."

About this time last year I had taken my seat in the car for home, after having held a series of meetings in a town in the eastern part of the State, when a little, pale-faced, sad-eyed woman came in and sat down by me. She had not been at my meetings, but knew me all the same, and proceeded at once to unburden her heart to me. Yes, she was a drunkard's wife, and the

same old story,—how many hundred times have I heard it? Will it never end?—of neglect, poverty, abuse, the night-long vigils, lest her life—which he threatened repeatedly, and for which purpose he kept his razor under his pillow—should be taken. Hiding all in her own heart, even from her own parents, she bore it for eight terrible years, till health and endurance failed, then she took her two little children and once more found refuge and protection under the parental roof.

She closed this recital with the sentence: "Oh, if women could only vote, how soon would the liquor dens be closed and all this suffering ended."

Oh, friends of humanity, how long? And how many more shall go to fill up the long list?

NEED OF HIGHER LICENSE.

When in my old home, McArthur, in my Crusade work, I was making some calls with one of my former pupils, and as we came near an old, dilapidated building, she remarked: "There is one in here you will like to see," and led the way into the house.

What a picture of squalor and want was that which met my sight! A couple of children in dirty rags, with matted hair and unwashed face and hands;—two or three others had made the effort to hide by crawling under the bed. On the bed—if that spread of soiled and ragged bedding might claim so dignified a title—lay a

wan, sad, prematurely aged woman. Could it be possible? Yes, it was Mary C——. When I knew her, among the brightest, prettiest, and most tidy of her associates; active and industrious. What! what had wrought this unaccountable transformation?

She had married a young man, apparently correct in his habits, with a good trade and application to business. The outlook for the future was full of bright promise; but the occasional dram was indulged; then, in time, the frequent; then, of course, neglect of business, reverses, poverty, confirmed drunkenness, and abuse of wife and family. I do not know the stages through which the wife and mother came to the pitiable condition in which I found her. She had been high spirited and ambitious, but it seemed that with the crushing mortification her spirits and health had given way, and there she lay, a bed-ridden invalid. The pinching poverty, the neglected, squalid condition of her children, nothing had power to arouse her. The neighbors—after a sort—attended to the needs of the family, but there had been times when their wants were not supplied till she and children were nearly famished, and so broken had that wretched mother become that she would beg her neighbors to keep the children away till she could appease her own hunger.

The husband? He had simply left his family to their fate, and was finding a lodging and food with a disreputable woman. I was shown the

deep cut in the door-cheek where a hatchet, aimed at his wife in one of his drunken rages, had struck, barely missing her head. Perhaps a high license might have met this case.

"MOTHER STEWART, LET THE SONG GO ON."

I was, during the Blue Ribbon movement, working in one of the Western States. Upon reaching one town a gentleman and lady met me, and, as they drove me to their home, they told me of a gentleman in which they felt a deep interest. He was a lawyer, a man of high literary attainments and of polished manners, and had, during the war, represented the government at an important post abroad as consul.

There, in the social life with which he was surrounded, he had acquired a love for the glass. This had been a great source of sorrow to his many friends. He was a gentleman of so many superior qualities, they could not bear to see him fall before his insidious enemy. The Good Templars had thrown their arms around him and set him on his feet, and he had recovered his manhood, his self-respect and the respect of others. But now he had fallen again, and was continually under the influence of liquor. It was such a great grief to his family, especially to his eldest daughter, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, whose grief over the fall of the father she idolized was undermining her health. I said I wanted to see that gentleman. "Very well," said my friend, "I will try to arrange it, but I will

have to try to get hold of him very early in the morning, before he goes out." In the morning he hastened down into the city, but too late, his friend had gone. However, he found him in the afternoon in his office, sleeping off the effects of his morning drams. Brother P—— came to our afternoon meeting to say he had found him, and would stay by him till he awoke. After our meeting, Sister P—— and I went to the office. Our friend had just awakened, and when told that Mother Stewart had called, he met me at the door and greeted me with the grace and suavity of the polished gentleman. That he was making a desperate effort to hide the indications of his infirmity, I could see. We had a long and, to me, very interesting conversation. I presented the pledge and asked him to sign it in the name of Jesus. "Oh," he said, "I do not believe in Jesus, I believe in God." For a time I felt my props, my foundation were swept from beneath me. What had I to offer this soul that was in such peril, if he rejected the only refuge I had for him.

But he signed my pledge and promised to come to my meeting that night. And he came. I had a very sweet singer helping, and as was our custom in that work, I called some reformed men to the platform to give their experience. I invited my new friend, and the people, I could see, were very eager to hear him, but he was not yet quite sure of his self-control. He declined to speak, but added, "I have a speech here," placing his hand on his breast, "to deliver some-

time, but not to-night." My singer, by my request, sang two stanzas of the "Ninety and Nine," and I was about to proceed with the exercises, when my friend said, "Mother Stewart, let the song go on." Ah! yes, though he thought he did not believe in Jesus, he did want to hear of the tender Shepherd who went out onto the mountain, bleak and wild, to bring back the wanderer to the fold.

"DIDN'T MOTHER STEWART GET 'EM?"

My esteemed Brother, Rev. W. D. Milburn, the very efficient and successful gospel and temperance revivalist, has been in the habit, after opening up his work, of sending to me to come and help him, and I always made it a point to answer the call if not otherwise engaged, for I felt sure there was work to be done. On one such occasion I hastened to him and found he was having crowded houses and much interest, with a blessed atmosphere which seemed to say, "The clouds are big with mercy;" but for some unaccountable reason the showers did not descend.

We held several meetings, but could obtain no signers to the pledge, though there were many who needed to sign. At length the impression came to me that the fault must be in the Church. Accordingly, at the close of our addresses that evening, I told the audience I was going to make a request, a thing I rarely did of my audiences, but I felt impressed to ask the members of the

Church if they would oblige me by rising to their feet. Of course they very cheerfully complied. I thanked them and asked all who had signed the pledge to please be seated. Very few took their seats, and the trap was so unexpectedly sprung that the delinquents had no chance of retreat. I went right on, saying that was all right, now would those standing just come forward at once; friends would please open the passage. There seemed to be nothing else left for them, and they started forward. I then, with exclamations of thanksgiving, exhorted *everybody* to come, now the ice was broken. And they did throng forward; the Church had got out of the way. Sister C—'s little, white-headed, wiry son, Guy, though so young, seemed to be taking it all in. As the Church members came forward, he sprang up and dodged around to where his mother sat in the chair, and crawling under the seat came up by her side and whispered, "Didn't Mother Stewart get 'em?"

THE LITTLE MARTYR AND HER MONUMENT.

In telling of my visit to the Washington County Children's Home, I intimated that I hoped to give, further on, an account of the origin of this model institution. This I have in part from the benevolent founder, Miss Catharine Fay (now Mrs. Ewing, a classmate and dear friend of the long ago, when students in the Marietta Seminary), and partly from a very deeply interesting account from the pen of the

Rev. J. H. Jenkins. Mr. J. says, "To find the beginning we must go back at least to the year 1853. On the then far-off frontier of Arkansas a New England mother lay dying. Deserted by a drunken husband, she had stood alone amid the storms of that winter, fighting against starvation and for the protection of her five children. She sank at last, exhausted. Her eyes had closed in death, it seemed, when the sobs and cries of the desolate children recalled the mother to consciousness. Clutching the physician's hand, she said, with a voice husky and weak, 'Oh, doctor! will you not see that they find homes?' He promised. Her eyes closed wearily. She was dead. Homes for all but the youngest were soon found. Taking this little girl, then two years old, on his horse, the kind-hearted physician crossed the border, and committed her to the keeping of a young woman connected with the mission among the Indians. The child was delicate and must have been rather remarkable for pensive beauty. Speaking of this occurrence afterwards, the young missionary said: 'As I took that dear, motherless child in my arms, I felt such a love as I have never since felt—a love, I believe, implanted by God for future good.' "Can I not keep her?" was my eager question. Days were spent in planning; nights in prayers and tears. But it was of no avail. I was but a poor teacher, and many hundred miles from home.' A home for the child was at length found and the time for parting came. Then it

was that this young guardian found that her love for the helpless little one had become a controlling passion. She endeavored to console herself with the thought that it was her duty to give the child up, and that it could not be otherwise. But her great love would not be answered, and out of its restless yearning grew a vague purpose that sometime she would make a home for such children. But in all probability, left to itself, this laudable scheme would have in time passed from her mind. It seemed, therefore, laid upon that mite of humanity to do a deeper work. While the young missionary was striving to conquer what she esteemed a sinful sorrow, to forget the anguish of the last kiss, when with gentle force, she parted from round her neck, the arms of the babe clinging as with instinctive dread of the dark fate before it, news came that the child was dead. In a drunken quarrel between her adopted father and mother she had been accidentally killed. This intelligence fell like a crushing blow upon that loving heart, already so sore. Her health gave way under the combined power of sorrow and self- reproach. Being so advised by her physician, she returned to Ohio, and arrived home weak in body but strong in her purpose to devote her life to the establishment of a children's home."

Her health came back and she bent all her energies to the one purpose of her life. She taught school for several years, saving every cent of her salary till she was able to buy twelve acres

of land. Then buildings must be erected, the little stray lambs must be gathered in, provided and cared for, and all this my friend did out of her meagre earnings, and through her own labors and personal supervision, with very little help, except as God would, in answer to her cries to Him, put it into the hearts of some of the more benevolent people to bring her aid.

The recital of the toil and trials, even persecutions, that my friend endured while working out the problem to which she had set her life, would, if space allowed, read more like the creations of a highly imaginative brain than the hard realities of a most practical life. But these, all beautified and made glorious by her faith in her mission and her trust in God, culminated, after the long years of single-handed effort, in the realization of her hope—a home for the homeless and a fitting monument to the Little Martyr of the Drink Curse.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

I have given so many sad and pitiful incidents as the result of the liquor curse, that I am glad to give this little love story as a sort of silver lining to the sombre cloud of sorrow and misery.

I was engaged by the Ladies' Union of a pleasant university town for a series of meetings. On Sabbath evening I addressed a fine audience of young people, and at the close of my lecture called for signers to the pledge, and quite a number came forward. But the President, with whom

I was stopping, told me after meeting that there was one young man at the meeting who had failed to sign, though some of his friends had seen with much concern for a good while that he was, unaware to himself, passing the danger line in his social habits, and they had hoped to see him take the much-needed step. He was of good family and very popular, and of course there was that night, as he stood in the choir, one by his side who was very quietly, but with prayerful interest, watching him. As soon as the meeting was over she hastened to the President and unburdened her heart. She had noticed his agitation as the truth had seemed for the first time to flash upon him, that he was already in the breakers, with weakened power to contend against them. She said while he could not be induced to go forward, he stood there as one transfixed, gazing intently at the speaker, while his knees perceptibly trembled under him. The President of the University announced at the close that I would address the students at chapel next morning. The young lady invited her friend to go, saying she would be there, and he promised her he would. When the hour came, it found our young friend there, and the young lady sat near him, though without any words, simply in that way testifying her intense interest on his behalf. At the close of my address I invited the students to come and sign the pledge, and let me pin on the badge of blue. I think all, both gentlemen and ladies, who did not sign the evening before,

came up and took the pledge. After they had hurried away to their classes, I was standing, talking with some of the Professors, when a lady touched my arm and in a low tone said there was a young man in the hall who wished to talk with me. I went to him and found him with his head bowed on the seat before him, weeping and manifesting much agitation. I talked to him as well as I could, urging the importance of his taking the decisive step at once by signing the pledge. At length he exclaimed, "*Oh, my stubborn will!*" Said I, "My son, if you have a stubborn will, thank God for it. If properly exercised it will be your salvation in helping you to resist temptation." We knelt down and prayed over it. And having a card in my pocket with my own name on it, I handed it to him and asked him to put his name down by it, and he did so. I met him at the depot a few hours later and had an interesting conversation with him while we were waiting for our respective trains. I told him upon parting, that when I reached my next place I would make and send him a badge, which I did, and promptly came a manly letter in response. He said, "I shall not attempt to say how greatly pleased and gratified I was when I received and read your letter this morning. I hasten to acknowledge its receipt and say that I believe the best way for me to show my appreciation and express my thanks for the interest you have taken in me, is by wearing each day the badge you have kindly made and

presented with your good-will and prayers. I accept it with due acknowledgement for the honor, as I consider it, and shall *now* certainly hang my banner on the outer wall,—that is, I shall as soon as I get to my home in ——, and you will, I know, pardon me for thus waiting, when I tell you that it has been requested of me by a young lady at home, that in the event of your sending it to me, (and I knew you would), she should be allowed the privilege of 'nailing fast the colors.' You can very easily imagine the reply a young man would give to such a request. I begin to realize that henceforth it is to be with me a continual fight with my own nature if I hold fast to what I have pledged myself. Yet, I have never for a moment regretted the step I have taken."

I had advised him to put himself further out of the reach of temptation, by at once going to work in the interest of the cause. He says, "I have already done a *little*. (He was in the U. S. Mail service.) Our coming election in our State, for Governor, is hanging on the result of a strong fight being now waged by the temperance and anti-temperance men. Last week I proposed to my partner in the Mail Service, an Ex-Senator and a very strong temperance man, that I would do his work for three days while he went to his county and worked for the temperance party. He went, and it is now clearly shown that by his efforts the sentiment, which before had been strongly in favor of the whisky party, was so

changed that the county voted to send a temperance delegate to the State Convention, with the help of which the outlook appears quite hopeful. Now, I think I helped the cause *just a little*."

Their candidate was elected. I heard from my dear, brave boy occasionally afterwards, till at length came these beautiful wedding cards, that I have kept as a sweet reminder of my cherished young friends ever since. These were soon followed by a paper giving a glowing account of the wedding, with a long list of beautiful and useful wedding presents.

CHAPTER XXII.

Work in Virginia—Waterford—Lincoln—Hamilton—Leesburg.

THE first year of active work and exciting scenes had passed, but, though so much had been accomplished, and the women so aroused, we began to take in the fact that it was only the beginning—the conflict must stretch out into the long years.

The form had changed, but the work must be persistently prosecuted. A large army of earnest lecturers and organizers were entering the field. The work was spreading throughout the land—throughout the Northern States, I should say with more exactness—and my calls still were coming from all directions. I wish I might tell of the calls and work done in all the prominent cities of New York, many of the towns and cities of Western Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Iowa, in the years succeeding the "Uprising." The limits of this volume, however, forbid it. But I had long since seen that the call was to the Christian women of whatever name or nation. How could those of other lands than our own be reached? I had bethought

me of a committee to be appointed by our First National Convention, with instructions to prepare a letter of invitation to our sisters of all Christendom to join us, but for some reason it failed of accomplishment,—perhaps the right time had not come. But the burden still lay on my heart, and I was crying to the Lord to make a way possible for me to go and carry my message to my sisters across the seas myself, when, at the National Temperance Convention in Chicago, in 1875, I met Mrs. Parker, of Dundee, Scotland, and Mrs. Watson, of London, England, who were here as delegates to the R. W. Grand Lodge of Good Templars, that had just closed its session in Bloomington, Illinois. These ladies invited me to come and help them open up the work in their country.

The result was a visit to that country,—a warm-hearted reception, and co-operation in inaugurating the work of the British Women's Temperance Association. But the purpose and limit of these pages will not admit of the history of these few months of abundant and happy work, though if life and health shall not fail me, I hope to give it to my friends ere long. But a great field in our own beloved land was still unoccupied, and now my heart was going out to my sisters of the South land.

It is true that Mrs. Wittenmyer, our first President, had, in 1876, visited some points in the South and organized a few unions, but the Southern ladies did not as yet look upon the work with favor.

They had taken the impression that the Crusade was some sort of unwomanly demonstration that they could not endorse. The sectional prejudices had in the past kept us apart and given each section erroneous and exaggerated ideas of the other, and the war had intensified these sentiments into bitter hate. Neither could believe any good could come out of the Nazareth that contained everything that we considered wrong. Then the political "reconstruction," and the forever harping on the "bloody shirt" and "lost cause," in every political campaign, by unprincipled leaders, was serving to increase the hate and widen the breach. Years had gone since the war troubles were proclaimed as "settled, and we once more a whole, united people," yet there was no unity or community of interests; nor could there be while the demagogues from year to year continued to deliver their harangues and excite the ignorant rabble of both sections, and thus seek to carry the election for their party and their own personal interests. Must this go on forever? The Lord showed me by the teaching of His Holy Spirit that He had given it into the hands of the Christian Temperance Women, with the watchword and battle cry, "For God and Home and Native Land," to reach out the olive branch of Christian sisterhood and to pour the oil of peace on the turbid and forever seething sea of political strife and sectional animosities.

And again was I crying to Him, "Here am

I, send me," when an invitation, unsought on my part, came from the Good Templars of Loudon county, Virginia, requesting me to come and give them a few weeks' work. I gladly hastened to respond, and spent a month in the spring of 1877, in that delightful section of "Old Virginia," working with the Good Templars and Friends. By the aid of Mr. J. Edward Walker,—one of the Lord's noblest men—Mrs. N. A. Beans, the Misses Steares and others of Waterford; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Jewett, and Dr. Stone and lady, of Lincoln; Dr. Susie Gore, Mr. Thomas Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Hoag, and Yardly Brown, editor of the *Telephone*, Hamilton; and my young friend, Charlie Hanford, of Guilford; and indeed, by the co-operation of the temperance friends all over the county, I was enabled to put in a month of active and, I think, profitable work. We formed a W. C. T. U. at Lincoln, Mrs. Jewett being made President. Mrs. Jewett was a sister of that saintly man, Rev. Samuel M. Janney, whose home was in Lincoln, and who became an honorary member of the Union, and a sympathetic and valuable counselor. He has since gone up to sit among the Elders in his Father's house.

We also formed Unions at Waterford and Hamilton. The sisters at once took up the work among the children, and soon after I left they joined the brethren with great earnestness in the Local Option campaign.

It was my pleasure to organize the first colored

Blue Ribbon Club in the South (as far as I have any knowledge), at Waterford. They seemed to possess much more intelligence and thrift than the colored people generally through the country; the secret being that two sisters — devoted young Quaker ladies, the Misses Steares—had opened a school for that unfortunate people as soon as it was made possible by the fortunes of the war, and had continued their Christian work till the results were seen in the community enjoying a degree of education, morals and prosperity very much in advance of the generality of the freedmen. But no one who has not been in the South can understand the trials, the ostracism, experienced by these young ladies, or any, who attempted to reach out a hand to help those poor, liberated slaves.

While in Virginia I was told of a young Quakeress of very superior education and refinement, who came from Philadelphia as soon as it was possible after the emancipation, and opened a school in one of the towns in that region; but while every one saw and acknowledged that she was a lady in the highest sense of the term, and a superior educator,—saying they wished they could only have such a teacher for their own children,—yet they would not give her recognition any more than if she had been the lowest nameless woman on the street. No one would speak to her; of course no one would give her boarding,—she was obliged to take a room adjoining an old colored woman and board with her. Oh,

what an army of moral heroes and heroines will answer to the roll-call of the Master in that day of assizes, and with wondering gladness hear the blessed, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

But my Blue Ribbon Club, how grateful they were for the interest I showed them.

At the close of my address the aged men and women arose one after another, and with a peculiar sort of courtesy, and simple but feeling language, expressed their thanks.

Among the sunniest memories of my life are those delightful, leisurely drives with Dr. Susie Gore, to the various appointments, over the beautiful roads and among the stately old homesteads of old Loudon. In one of these—"Oatland,"—I was hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Carter and Major and Mrs. Minnegerode. This beautiful estate was a "crown grant" way back in old colonial times, and had never since passed out of the Carter family.

These dear friends were on the Confederate side in the war, but ready to join now with might and influence with the Northern Crusader against our great common enemy. Major Minnegerode was one of the finest specimens of southern young manhood I had ever met; tall and finely proportioned, a genial, warm-hearted gentleman, a son of that eminent divine, Dr. Minnegerode, of Richmond. He was in Gen. Lee's army, and it was his misfortune to receive the last shot on Appomattox battle-field, only

some twenty minutes before the surrender, which laid him on his back for two years. I sometime since saw a statement that Major Minnegerode, being in Boston, attended the theatre, taking a box. In a few moments another gentleman was ushered in, and looking up he saw the surgeon of the Federal army who came to his assistance on the battle-field and tended him with a brother's care, saving his life. The recognition was mutual, though long years had intervened, and the eager embrace of those two men told of an undying friendship formed on that battle-field, though one wore the blue and the other the gray.

My last meeting was in the old, aristocratic, rebel town of Leesburg. It took a good deal of management on the part of the temperance ladies to get the door sufficiently opened in this old, conservative place to get a hearing for our cause, but perseverance and strategy won, and our meeting was announced for the court-house, and a large audience was gathered, my friends from the other towns escorting me in. It was very discernible that, though the audience was composed of the best class of ladies and gentlemen in the town, it was more of curiosity to see and hear a "sure enough" Crusader than interest in the cause that had called them out. As I took my seat upon entering, an elderly gentleman came forward and shook hands, giving me his name and saying he understood that I was a Methodist, and added that he was also. I

expressed my pleasure and said I had now been a Methodist for forty-six years. He answered that he had been something longer; so we started off the best of friends. He took his seat in front of the platform to assist in the singing, being a very fine singer. Lawyer Janney presided, and our meeting started off in fine style.

It was just after that wonderful contrivance to cheat the simple Christian people and please his Satanic majesty, the "Moffett bell-punch" had been introduced, and I felt called upon to pay my respects to it, and also to the nine "respectable" men who had been endorsed by good worthy citizens as competent to wield that curiously contrived death-knell, very probably by good church members. I turned suddenly to my Methodist brother, saying: "My brother, has any member of the *Methodist* church signed the petitions of these 'respectable men?' If he has, report him to the minister and have him turned out; he has no business in the Methodist church." Why, mercy! What had I done!

That audience fairly screamed, and drowned my voice, so that I had to stand there speechless. I could not see any such exciting point to that little advice, and became greatly alarmed lest the people had in that way decided to silence me. But I stood with as composed a countenance as possible, till there was a moment's lull, then I quietly thanked the audience for their appreciation of the point that seemed to have been made, but explained that my meetings were always in

the nature of religious services, and I hoped they would observe the same decorum that they would in the sanctuary. From this out there was respectful and silent attention. Upon turning to my Good Templar brethren for an explanation, at the close of the meeting, I was informed that my dear Methodist brother, who was also a Good Templar, was renting one of his houses for a saloon, and there had been a very serious time about it. Sides had been taken, and it had resulted in nearly causing a split in the Lodge. One gentleman brought his hand down on Brother Taylor's knee with startling vehemence, saying he would not take five dollars for that. But I have been a little careful since about "selling out" my Methodist brethren.

On my return I took in Washington, and by invitation of Rev. Rankin, of the Congregational church, who was carrying on a Blue Ribbon revival, I had the pleasure of assisting him in a few meetings.

I also made use of my prerogative, while at the Capital, as an American citizen, to call on our Chief Executive, and for lack of anything at hand worth saying, I remarked to the President that I wished him to understand that I was not an applicant for office, and had no axe to grind, and yet if he had anything in the way of a consulate, or something of that sort, I should certainly very gratefully accept. "Well, now," said he, "I am sorry to hear you say you are not seeking an office, for Mrs. Hayes is just now

in correspondence with the Queen of Madagascar —you know they have the Maine Law there. She complains that while the representatives of all other governments respect her law, our consul disregards it, claiming by virtue of the commercial treaty the right to enter liquors into her ports. "Now," said he, "if it is found necessary to recall him, I am sure you would respect the law."

I thanked him and assured him I should most certainly respect the Queen's laws. If I failed to get my appointment, my luck was not worse than that of several others.

The Blue Ribbon movement followed in the wake of our Crusade and gathered in thousands of men that otherwise would have filled the drunkard's grave. We were glad to give it our most earnest support and assistance. I had the happiness of being the first to carry that work across the Mississippi into Iowa, where it was taken up with much enthusiasm and many cases of "saved" I could recount if admissible. In our own city it was introduced by Col. Richard Realf, that brilliant orator, poet, journalist and brave soldier. My heart aches and the tears will well up as I recall that wonderful, generous and genial friend, "son," as he asked me to call him.

What a remarkable and eventful history was his. An Englishman by birth, who showed unusual poetical genius, even when a boy, and by his productions attracted the notice of literary

people, among them Lady Byron, who took him under her patronage. But his enthusiastic nature became enlisted in America and her political struggles. Coming to our country, he at once espoused the anti-slavery cause, and seeking out that old martyr, John Brown, became his secretary, and only escaped his fate by having gone for the time back to England. But returning, he made his way into the extreme South and commenced a lecturing tour, when he was discovered, taken prisoner and had a thrilling experience, barely escaping death several times at the hands of the infuriated Southern mobs that surrounded him and his escort at the different points on their way to Washington.

At one place he was taken from the hands of the officers by the mob, a rope put about his neck, and hauled up, once, twice, and again they were about to draw him up for the last time, when a gentleman who had just arrived on the train stepped forward and shamed them for cowards, and ordered them to desist. Said he was a Southern man, a Virginian, was coming to find a home in the Southwest, and was in sympathy with them, but he would not see an unarmed man set upon in that way, and the next that touched the rope would receive the contents of his revolver. They released him, and being taken to Washington, it was found that he was not guilty of any overt act, and so he was set at liberty. He then enlisted in the Federal army and fought bravely, coming near, at different times, to

being taken prisoner, where he knew very well he would have had no hope of mercy. He brought from Chickamauga a testimony of his bravery and loyalty to his adopted country in a bullet wound, the effects of which he carried to the grave. But he added one more to the long list of conquered by drink.

But when Francis Murphy opened his wonderful work in Pittsburgh, Col. Realf signed the pledge and at once took the platform, and brought all his earnestness and eloquence into the cause and did a grand work. If only Francis Murphy had made use of such an opportunity as never was given to another man in this country, and taken a stand for total prohibition at the ballot box and exhorted his army of reformed men to do the same, I am honest in the belief that the result would have been seen in the great advance of prohibition all over the country, and the shielding of many of those poor slaves of appetite who were struggling for deliverance against such fearful odds, and who did go down again. Like many another, he failed to see and grasp the great opportunity of his life.

As an instance of Col. Realf's power to turn even small things to account, I am reminded that upon calling on me after his arrival, he at once noticed and remarked upon my various souvenirs that I had as memories of my visit to his country. I told him I had something else that he would recognize, and brought a little primrose that I had cherished, having a solitary blossom

remaining, and put it into his hand. He was almost overcome by the sight, and with heaving bosom exclaimed, as he held it up and looked at it, "There is a primrose from dear old England. Mother, I'll steal it." "No," said I, "my son, you shall not, I have saved it on purpose for you;" and before he started for the hall, I pinned it onto his lapel. I was not able to be present, but was told that in the course of his lecture he called the attention of the audience to the little, pale flower and at once burst into a strain of eloquence, recalling the scenes of his childhood, "Merrie old England," with her green fields, laughing little streams with mossy banks, hawthorne hedges with the primrose, daisy and harebells nestled under, the lark and nightingale, home, sweet home, and mother. It was said there was scarcely an eye in that audience that did not look up at the orator through a mist of tears.

But alas! alas! the demon was not to be thwarted of his prey. He had years before, while under the influence of liquor, through a mistaken sense of gratitude, made a fatal marriage that blasted all his life, and finding no way of escape, he, in a moment of despair, caught his medicine that sat on the stand by his bed, as he lay very ill, drained it to the dregs, and quenched forever that strangely eventful life. As a mother mourns for a beloved son, so do even now my tears rain down for Richard Realf. I have no other apology to offer for introducing here this imper-

fect reminiscence of that remarkably gifted man.

Though busy in whatever phase of work I found to do, organizing and lecturing for our Unions, Gospel Temperance, Blue Ribbon or Prohibition, I did not lose sight of the Southern field, to which my heart continually turned, and for which I was still praying the blessed Lord to give me an open door. At length, by request of Sister Scott, of Louisville, and other ladies from the South, I was made chairman of Southern work at our National Convention held in Indianapolis in 1879.

Miss Abby D. Munroe, Miss Jennie Smith, Mrs. L. M. Chase, Mrs. M. M. Clardy, Mrs. A. M. Linville, Mrs. Dr. J. C. Thomas, being my committee. It was some weeks before I received my notification of the fact. But I went to work with a glad, eager heart, and in ten days had the following circular on its way to all the prominent papers, secular as well as religious and temperance, in the South.

To the Christian Ladies of the Southern States, Greeting:

BELOVED SISTERS:—At our Women's National Christian Temperance Convention recently held at Indianapolis, a Committee was appointed whose duty it should be to open correspondence with the Christian ladies of the South and invite their co-operation with us in the work of promoting Christian Temperance.

We feel that the Lord hath called the Christian women of our land to a great and holy work, by using their influence as followers of the Lord Jesus to stay the tide of Intemperance, whose waves are every year engulfing so many thousands of souls for whom our blessed Savior died.

That fell destroyer is blasting more lives, destroying the peace and happiness of more homes, causing more poverty, sorrow and crime, and ruining more souls than all other forms of sin combined.

This influence woman can use in her own household by banishing the wine-cup from her table, the intoxicating beverage from her sideboard, by practicing the principles of total abstinence herself and teaching them to her children.

And by such blessed example and teaching in her own home she does become an influence in her own community for the right Again, by combining our influence and our prayers we strengthen ourselves and each other and become helpers, co-workers with our ministers in promoting Temperance and our holy religion among the people.

In our work we usurp no other's prerogative. Ours is emphatically and simply woman's work. Neither is there any sectarianism or sectionalism in it.

The beauty of it consists in bringing the women of all denominations together on one broad platform of Christian benevolence and philanthropy. The only condition, a desire for the welfare of humanity and the salvation of souls.

I am most happy to say that the Convention did me the honor of making me Chairman of the Committee; I say most happy. for my heart has long been drawn toward the South; and I have been devoutly praying that the Lord would open a door of communication for me with the Christian ladies of the South, on this vital question. I therefore receive this commission as from His hand, praying that He may give me access to the hearts of the sisters of the South. and I most earnestly solicit your prayers, my dear sisters, that we may be able by some means to bring our united prayers and efforts to bear for the destruction of this mighty foe to the church and to the peace and welfare of our country. I also respectfully solicit a free correspondence on the subject. In the bonds of our blessed Gospel. Yours,

MOTHER STEWART,

Chairman Committee.

Springfield, Ohio, Dec. 15th, 1879.

I also addressed personal letters to the editors, asking their endorsement, hunted up and wrote to many prominent persons, especially my acquaintances. The editors did, very kindly, publish my letter, and many wrote very kind editorials commending my work. Among the various responses called forth by my circular letter was one from Mobile, claiming to be written by a Jew, which, for its peculiarity, I feel disposed to copy here:

"DEAR MADAM: – I have seen your circular addressed exclusively to the *Christian ladies* of the South, and I consider it most appropriate. Christianity, in its long years of preaching a single doctrine of Christ and Him crucified, has overlooked the evils following in the wake of the missionary; the greatest of which being the evil you are laboring, where others have in vain labored, to eradicate. The savages of America knew nothing of poisonous drinks till Christian civilization planted it among them. Christian efforts, as I before said, are so blinded in one direction, that honest and true believers in Christ overlook the essential teaching of the Savior. Christ lived up to the essence of Moses' laws. His last hours were spent in celebrating the Passover; showing he was a good Jew. Go to work and teach people to live up to the sanitary teaching of old Moses. You can do it, and not sacrifice Christian doctrine. Ask your Jewish neighbors to explain their mode of living and you will learn how to cure drunkenness. As I am a sober person and belong to a sober race, your appeal does not concern me beyond the natural inclination to live in a community, whether Christian or heathen, where morality is the rule instead of the exception. And as I live in a so-called Christian community, where we have drunkards, murderers, thieves, etc., I shall glory in your good work."

He tells of his good, sensible wife and eight children, all sober and home-keepers, making a

very interesting picture of the Jewish home. I confess that for several reasons the letter was interesting to me. It seems that with too much reason we have it ever thrown into our teeth by Jew, Mohammedan and Heathen, that drunkenness is the Christian vice and curse, and that wherever Christian civilization and commerce go, the inevitable curse follows in the wake, side by side with the missionary and the Bible.

I considered my unknown friend's communication of sufficient importance to be answered and wrote the following :

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 29, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR: — Among my mail forwarded and awaiting my arrival here, was your most welcome and deeply interesting letter. I have been from home now three weeks, traveling and working in the cause for which you so kindly express your sympathy. This is the reason I did not receive your favor sooner, and my apology for not having answered it more promptly. I had, indeed, intended to answer at once upon reading, but as I was to meet the temperance friends soon, I decided to wait and read your letter to them, first, and ask them what answer I should give to—I wish I could in truth say this "scoffing Jew,"—upbraiding is the word I am obliged to use instead, with too much reason.

The friends said, Tell him we admit there is too much truth in his charge; we deplore it and are working to induce a change. They, however, requested me to say, while not all the followers of our Christ live up to His blessed precepts, neither do all the sons of Jacob live up to the God given laws of Moses. Man is sinful and prone to evil as the sparks fly upward. And the friends further desired me to say we are glad to work with you and glad to have you work with us for the extinction of this great evil—curse, indeed, upon our country.

We can unite thus far, at least, for the sake of bet-

tering the community in which we live, and we all should be interested, because the effect of eradicating the liquor is at once to put a stop to drunkenness, murder, theft, and nearly the entire catalogue of crimes. I thank you, my dear sir, for the statement that Christ lived up to the essence of Moses' law, and I may add, (and I know you will agree with me in this), that if we all would live up to His precepts—"all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the Prophets," (or the fulfilling of them),—if we all would observe this rule, there would be no need of this call that I make to the women to help, nor for my going to and fro among them, to try to induce them to see the need of cleansing their own homes and teaching their own households the principles of total abstinence.

Great, oh, great, is the need of education on the subject. I am prepared from what I know of your people, to admit your statement, that ye are as a rule a temperate people. I understand also that the hygienic laws of Moses, which to so many seem but arbitrary precepts, are indeed for the governing of our lives, that our health and happiness may thereby be promoted. I am also prepared to give witness that Sarah's daughters are keepers at home, wifely, motherly, virtuous. And in regard to the home enjoyments and keeping, I have in my mind now a family, once my next neighbors, who were very beautiful exponents of the principle. I esteemed them as most valued neighbors and friends. I wish I had time to tell you of a very dear friend I have in Glasgow, Scotland, a daughter of Abraham, but who has accepted Jesus as her promised Messiah. The Temperance ladies sent her with me to some other towns, and when I introduced her as a daughter of Israel, the audiences would listen with breathless interest, while in her low, sweet voice and foreign accent she would try to persuade the hearers to a life of total abstinence, making her arguments the stronger for her copious quotations from the law and the Prophets. I wish, too, that I could tell you more than I have time now of a friend of mine who believes and is teaching that Jesus the Christ, is coming very soon, "looking for His appearing" daily.

That He will come to Mount Sinai first and there call His elect from the four winds, will meet His enemies on His way to Jerusalem, and will conquer them. Going up to Mt. Zion, to His own, who are already gathering—all the political movements in the East indicating that ere long the Jews shall be in possession of Palestine and waiting His coming—and will receive Him, for then He will come the Conquerer and King of nations. But beholding His hands and seeing the prints of the cruel nails, they, with wonder and astonishment, will cry out, What! art thou Jesus of Nazareth?" And being revealed to His own they will receive Him, the once lowly, despised Nazarene, now the Holy One of Israel, of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. Oh, I would like to live to see the glorious day!

But I was assured that to make my work effective, I must go and carry my message to my Southern sisters. But an expense would necessarily be incurred, and there were no funds for such work. Blessed be the Lord, who in my extremity came to my aid, and placed friends as I needed in my way. Rev. R. D. Black, of Franklin, Ind., one of my "boys" of old Ohio University, called me to help him in a protracted revival meeting, and this carried me on my way towards Louisville, where I proposed to introduce my work. I also found Brother Frazier, of the Christian church, in Franklin. He was preaching in Alliance, Ohio, when the Crusade began there, and had been baptized by it into a more earnest devotion to the temperance part of a whole Gospel than ever before, and had suffered not a little because of it, too. But the Lord was honoring him here in the love and co-operation of his people. I not

only found him a strong ally to help me forward, but, by invitation of himself and people, I had the honor of being the first woman to occupy his pulpit. I also had the pleasure of giving aid to the Temperance Reform Club, and held several blessed meetings; hall full, gallery full, entry crowded, stairs down to the street crowded, over a hundred—don't remember how many—signed the pledge, and started on the up grade in search of their lost manhood.

At one of these meetings, an inspiration, may be an impulse, seized me. The platform was quite low, and sitting in front and near were a respectable looking young couple, with a very sweet, little mite of a baby, about a year old, that in its baby restlessness would slip down from mamma's lap, and toddle up to the platform and clamber up. The mother seemed a little disturbed lest it should annoy me, but I assured her it did not. When we came to call for signers to the pledge, I caught up the baby and pinned a blue ribbon on its little shoulder, and holding it up, appealed to the crowd of young men in the gallery, on behalf of the baby, to come forward and sign the pledge and work henceforth to protect this "daughter of the regiment," and all others, from the curse of rum.

It was received with loud applause, and in a few moments the father arose and very gravely came forward and signed the pledge. It need not be said that the mother very soon followed. At the close some of the friends came to me and

said in undertones, "Mother Stewart, that was a grand victory you won. That young man was, seemingly unawares, drifting into the whirlpool, though his friends had been watching him with much solicitude." Praise the Lord, the baby saved him.

Another man signed the pledge the same evening, who was so under the influence of liquor that I felt much concern lest he would not be able to keep it. Some years afterwards I met a lady in G——, in my own State, who said she lived at that time in Franklin, and asked me if I remembered the man who signed the pledge for me when under the influence of liquor, and added, he remained steadfast, very soon sought the Lord and united with the church, and night and morning at the family altar prayed for Mother Stewart, and has taught his children to love her next to their Savior. Blessed be the name of the Lord for his many mercies. I know I have been sustained in answer to such prayers.

I was taken to a beauftiul country church, "Mount Hope," two miles out of town, by the pastor, Rev. Black, Presbyterian, a Southern man, who had not before heard the message given by the mouth of a woman, and felt quite sure he did not want to; it was not as he had read Paul. But how thoroughly he indorsed and helped me, and we were able to open a grand Gospel Temperance work in his church, his wife, as the wife of Rev. R. D. Black, a helpmeet in the true sense of the word.

To Ebinburgh for a few meetings, then, furnished with letters from Brother Frazier to Rev. B. B. Tyler, of the Christian church in Louisville, and to Rev. Hamilton, of Little Rock, I hastened on to Louisville, where I was met by Brother Tyler; that royal, good fellow, "Tom" Demarest, Worthy Chief Templar of the State; Mrs. Carley, my life-long friend, and her daughter, the beautiful Mrs. Chess; Sister Scott, with other ladies and gentlemen. My reception was of the kind that makes one feel that they are among friends, and every lecturer knows how much the reception has to do with the success of his work. A committee was formed at once. Brother Tyler, who had seen just enough of our Crusade in Ohio to make him enter with enthusiasm into my movement, put his church, the First Christian, at our service, and by his unbounded influence with his people they were largely enlisted.

The Good Templars, of course, co-operated, as they have everywhere, with me. I feel that I have never in such fitting words as the case demands, expressed my obligations, my sense of gratitude, to my Good Templar brothers and sisters. I simply can't. I have not the words. Everywhere in my own country and across the sea, how grandly have they helped and made the otherwise impossible, possible for me. God bless the Good Templars! I shall have withheld a part of the truth if I fail to say that my honored brother, G. W. Bain, whom all the world honors,

had, through the *Good Templars' Advocate*, years before introduced me to his Southern readers. He at once indorsed and warmly vindicated the Crusade, even in the face of some of the eminently pious but conservative divines who felt called upon to preach and warn the Southern ladies against such unwomanly demonstrations. I cannot forget—don't want to—the warm grasp of his hand the first time I met him, as he exclaimed, "Oh, Mother Stewart, my people in the South all know you; I followed you all through Great Britain and wrote you up in the *Advocate*." Giant and leader of the platform that he is among his fellows in the great army, doing such valiant battle for humanity, he richly deserves the renown he has won. And his charming wife, so timid and shrinking then, is to-day the leader of her enthusiastic sisters in Kentucky.

Here, to help now, were Brother "Tom" Demarest, editor of the *Advocate*, and Charlie Swift, his associate editor. The secular press also generously sustained me. We had wonderfully interesting meetings. Revs. Lawson and Lewis, of the Methodist Church South, also put their churches at my service and gave me valuable assistance. It was a scene that was too much for the gravity of the pastor and other gentlemen, when the Crusader quietly stepped onto the platform—never before desecrated by female sole leather—and invited her co workers, the ladies, to take seats on it near her, while they sat demurely in the congregation. They had never

seen it on this fashion before, and hardly knew whether they had fallen upon good or evil times, but hoped that a new day might be dawning. I said to myself, What a grand town Louisville will be for a National Convention! Less than two years from that time, Louisville entertained the National Convention in royal style. The various churches of the city were crowded with eager and enthusiastic audiences, to hear Miss Willard, Ellen Foster and others.

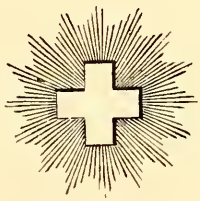
We formed the first union, with Mrs. Christopher as President, and she with other ladies formed a second union in Portland. These ladies at once went to work with good methods and zeal, to advance the women's work in their city. I must not forget to say that I had only entered upon my work, when a telegram came from Brother Hamilton, of the Christian church at Little Rock, Arkansas, to Brother Tyler, saying, "Come, bring your wife and Mother Stewart. Our State Temperance Association is in session and I have advertised Mother Stewart for Sabbath, at my church." Oh, dear, what could I do? I hastily called a council of some of the friends. Was it possible? There was a door already swung wide open way in the Southwest. I would came back. But the decision was that it could not be. I was already advertised for the Sabbath in Louisville, and a disappointment would be fatal to my work. Did you ever see a naughty child yield just because it had to, and could not help itself? Why couldn't I be in two

places at once, just for that occasion? I learned afterwards that I had personal friends in Little Rock, who went to trains and hotels hunting me.

I must not leave Louisville without mentioning a very happy incident, though I give it in my English experiences. At one of my meetings in Portland, or West Louisville, a lady was introduced to me as the mother of a gentleman who was a fellow voyager when I crossed the ocean. Why, who in the world? "Alf. Mullett's mother!" The mother of that great, big-hearted man who had taken charge of me, as if I had indeed been that refined gentlewoman before me. And had told her, upon his return, so much about Mother Stewart, that, having just arrived from her home in Washington to visit another son, and hearing that I was in the city, had come from the east end of the city to see and make the acquaintance of Alf.'s Mother Stewart. I was invited to her son's to dinner, and so had the happy aftermath to my acquaintance with my always affectionately remembered fellow traveler.

My next point, working my way with meetings in my own State, was Chattanooga, Tenn., where our son Theodore resides, and here was Rev. S. Tinker, of the M. E. church, ready to assist me, first insisting upon my helping him in his revival meeting that was in progress. Our audiences were large and the interest very manifest. If many came out of curiosity to hear "a woman preach," a few at least remained to pray. By invitation, I met the ministers in their Monday

morning conference meeting, where they made me welcome and manifested much interest in my mission, and pledged themselves to support me and to bring the subject before the ladies of their respective churches, and to arrange for a meeting with the ladies on my return. The city editors very kindly requested me to let them know in what way they could serve me, and gave me most flattering notices.



CHAPTER XXIII.

Atlanta, Macon, Chattanooga, Bloody Copiah, Retrospection and Summing Up.

THE next town visited was Atlanta, Ga., which has since come to be known the world over for its great battle, two years ago, and victory for local option, and its more recent defeat on the same issue. I was here welcomed by those faithful and true workers, J. G. Thrower, Worthy Chief Secretary of Good Templars of the State, and his excellent wife, who took me to their hospitable home, and aided me in every way in their power in introducing my work.

I have elsewhere referred to the aid that our Good Templar friends have always been so ready to give, but I fear our sisters have not known of or appreciated their services at their true value. And I will take this occasion to add that I am also under many obligations to the Sons of Temperance and the National Temperance Association, to whose Secretary, my valued friend, J. N. Stearns, I am a bankrupt debtor for his unswerving and always helpful kindness, through all the years of my labors.

As I sat in my room the next morning after my arrival, in deep thought and not a little solicitous as to the success of my visit to these very conservative ladies, and wondering if Christian people, and especially the ministers, could be enlisted, a carriage drove to the door and two ladies entered, one bearing a great tea-tray banked up with such gorgeous roses, lilies, pinks, jessamine, mignonnette, etc., as are to be found only in that Southern clime, a token of welcome, brought by that charming little woman, Mrs. Edw. M. Hammond, author of *Georgia Sketches*, that had recently attracted so much attention in the *New York Tribune*. How my heart leaped and how the tears wanted to help give expression to my feelings for such unlooked-for kindness! Mrs. Hammond was an earnest, active Christian as well as a lady, who had already acquired quite a reputation as a literary writer. Her husband, son of Judge Hammond, of the city, was a rising young lawyer, devoted to his wife, as well he might be, and ready to assist her in all her benevolent movements. I found them my strong and efficient supporters. I have taken a latitude in speaking of my dearly loved friend, as I feel sure she from her modesty would not have permitted if living, but she has long since gone to join the angels, her beautiful life cut off just as she had entered upon what gave such rich promise of usefulness. And so has that other dearly beloved sister, Mrs. Howes, after many years of devotion to her Master's cause, passed

over to her reward. How wise, how sympathetic, were these two ladies, and how valuable their assistance. While the tears will fall as I write, I am comforted with the assurance that they, with so many of the dear ones who have gone on before, are waiting and watching at the beautiful gate for me. Not many days hence we will clasp hands again, on the evergreen shore.

Yes, one minister, Rev. Virgil Norcross, Mrs. Howes' son-in-law, called to say that his congregation of the Second Baptist, had requested him to convey to me an invitation to address them on Sabbath evening.

My first reception was tendered me by Mrs. Thrower's Winona Lodge of Cold Water Templars, of which Mrs. Thrower had been superintendent for ten years. She had already sent out many young men whom she had trained in that Juvenile Lodge, with the principles of total abstinence firmly engrafted on their characters. That reception is among the dearest memories of my Southern work. The ceremonies are quite similar to those of Good Templary. I was taken into the ante-room, to wait while Sister Thrower opened the Lodge, and they transacted the necessary business.

When they were ready to receive me, the Worthy Marshal, a young gentleman, possibly eleven years old, small even for that age, came and offered me his arm, and escorted me into the hall and in front of the Worthy Chief's desk, and in a neat little speech presented the visitor, with

all the dignity and gravity of a judge, to the Worthy Chief. That dignitary, who may have been fourteen, in appropriate language, delivered a welcoming address, and the Marshal was instructed to escort me to the platform—*and—I sat—down—and—cried.*

A part of the exercises of this meeting was the induction of a new member. This was a little miss of nine summers, to whom, of course, the ceremony was entirely new, yet she performed her part with the utmost decorum. I never saw any lodge of grown people go through the various exercises of the lodge room with more precision and seriousness than did these young people. To add to the ordeal, the officers had recently been elected, and this was the first time they had served. After several speeches, a name was called with request for a speech, when a large man of English type arose in the back part of the hall, so full of emotion that he could hardly command himself enough to speak, but exclaimed, while the tears flowed down his rugged cheeks, pointing to the Chief, "Oh! if I could only have my way, I would say to my boy, *Stay there forever.* If I could only have had the opportunities my children have, I might have been a very different man. But my father was a drunkard, and through the drink he ruined himself and ruined his family, and I followed in his footsteps. But thank God, through the prayers of dear friends I am to-day a saved man,

and my feet are planted on the Rock, Christ Jesus."

When I read, with so much interest, two years ago, of the one thousand young men that marched the streets of Atlanta, and helped to win that glorious victory over the saloons, I remembered my young friends of Winona Lodge and felt sure that Mrs. Thrower and her Cold Water army held a place of honor on that battle field.

I cannot take leave of my young friends without giving the following, which was told me as taking place a short time before: A commercial traveler from Philadelphia arrived in the city on Saturday evening and put up at the Kimble House. On Sabbath morning he felt, as usual, the need of his morning dram, and sought the bar, but it was closed. He went out onto the street to find an open bar, but not one was to be found in the whole city. What did it mean? Why, those wicked rebels did really make a show of more reverence for God's holy day than we of the North are doing.

Had to do without his accustomed dram, poor man. He picked up his paper and in looking over it noticed the announcement of Winona Lodge, at Good Templar's Hall, at three o'clock. What was that? For lack of anything else to do he concluded he would go and see. He witnessed those children's exercises and became strangely interested. And when they called for signers to the pledge he went up and signed, and some little fingers pinned on the blue ribbon, and he went forth a pledged abstainer.

My first public meeting was held in the Trinity Methodist, Dr. Hight's church, on the same Sabbath, at 4:30. Governor Colquitt had been engaged to preside, and introduce me, but being unexpectedly called from the city, he sent his "next best man," Professor Lumpkin, in his stead. Before me is the report of this meeting, as given next day by the *Atlanta Constitution.*

It tells of the very fine and intelligent audience, and speaks of her who had come to their city to commend the W. C. T. U. and its work to the Southern ladies, in very kind and flattering terms.

Mrs. Gov. Colquitt was unanimously elected Honorary President of the first Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Georgia, and in the full list of officers before me I find Mrs. Dr. E. Q. Fuller, Acting President; Mrs. Judge Hammond, First Vice-President; also a prominent member from each of the fourteen churches and the several Temperance lodges as Vice-Presidents. Mrs. E. M. Hammond, Rec. Sec. and Treasurer; Mrs. M. E. Osborn, Cor. Secretary.

Something over two hundred names were given at our first meeting, to our Union, and at Brother Norcross' church over one hundred more gave their names. I nowhere ever formed a Union of more competent and earnest women. "We can state," says the reporter, "that the movement has among its leaders some of the first Christian ladies of the city." Mrs. Colquitt

very kindly threw open the drawing rooms of the Executive Mansion for our conference meetings. Dr. Hight was absent in Savannah, helping the pastor of that city in a revival meeting. But on the following Sabbath he was in his pulpit, and in such precious words of commendation indorsed the work and the worker that my heart was greatly cheered, and I cherish the memory still.

On this same Sabbath evening Brother Norcross took me to his church, where we had a crowded house. At the close of my address, we called upon any who wished the prayers of Christians to arise, and fifteen or twenty respectable appearing young men arose to their feet.

In a letter to the *New York Tribune* my little friend, Mrs. Hammond, spoke of this meeting and gave this incident: "A poor woman had long prayed for her husband, that he might be saved from his appetite for strong drink, but had become discouraged. He could not be induced to go to church, and the case looked so hopeless that she had quit praying for him. But when Mother Stewart came she picked up heart again. He went to hear Mother Stewart and signed the pledge. And it was not long after that he sought and found Jesus, united with the church, and is now providing bountifully for a happy family." In closing, she said, "Is not this worth living or dying for?" And I said, as I read it through my tears, "Amen, worth living or *dying* for."

I was taken by Brother Thrower to the Storrs' Institute for the colored people, and addressed several meetings, and formed a W. C. T. U., that devoted Christian teacher in the Institute, Miss Lizzie Stevens, being made President. The other officers were colored students or graduates, and seemed to be as competent for their respective duties as any white ladies. This was the first colored W. C. T. U. formed in the South.

I respected the conservative feelings of the ladies, and their prejudices against our Crusade, so much as not to refer to it until they finally asked me to tell them about it in one of our social conferences. How glad I was of the privilege and as I talked they sat and wiped the fast falling tears, and insisted upon my telling them more, *more*. And I remember, too, that in a conversation with two of the most intelligent ladies on the great problem of how to overcome the liquor power, one of them remarked that she believed in giving the women the right to vote it out, but because of the bitter prejudice on the subject she thought it best not to express her views. The other lady responded, "and so do I."

As a sample of the practical methods of work entered upon by the ladies at once, I give the following circular that was distributed everywhere; in the stores, for merchants to put in packages of goods, on the seats of street cars, and on rail coaches going out of the city:

TO ARRAY OUR ENTIRE SEX AGAINST THE SALE AND USE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS;

To create a universal and moral sentiment against the same, and in favor of sobriety, total abstinence, and virtue; to impress upon the YOUTH of our day the GUILT of selling intoxicating liquors, to be used as a beverage, and the fatal danger as well as GUILT of drinking them, and to inculcate positve sentiments and principles against both, as a preparation for the temptations and responsibilities of future manhood and womanhood; and to endeavor to aid and elevate the inebriate, his children and family, and throw around them sympathetic and Christian influences, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Atlanta, will religiously employ all the means God places within its reach!

As I have said in regard to the "Cold Water" army, so, I feel certain, to the faithful, energetic and practical work of the W. C. T. Union of Atlanta is largely due the victory in that contest at the ballot-box with the liquor men. And if the Christian women could have had the same privilege that was given to the keeper of the lowest doggery in the city, or to the lowest, vilest, drunken sot, black or white, Atlanta would in the election of 1887 have maintained the immortal renown she so gloriously won two years before, as "the first prohibition city of its size in the world."

While nearly all the ministers in the city indorsed our work—even some of those "Southern Brigadiers," occupying churches at that time, invited me to unite with them in their revival meetings, I am obliged, in the interest of truth, to mention an exception, though with the deepest

sadness. There was one church having two congregations in Atlanta that did not indorse my work, disapproved of it. Which, however, was not unlike the attitude of that church, North as well as South, with rare, though blessed exceptions. I remember that a lady belonging to one of these churches, who was noted for her piety and active Christian work, gave us her name and we hoped much from her aid and influence. But it was not long till she withdrew; her pastor did not approve of such work for women. In the other charge of the same denomination the ladies were very busy preparing for a spectacular entertainment, "Paradise and the Peri," to be given for the benefit of their church. Something like a dozen young ladies of prominence were engaged to appear on the stage in special costume. It was attracting much interest, and they were expecting a large audience of the elite of the city, and a handsome sum as the result for their church. I did not hear that either of the rectors expressed any disapproval of ladies appearing in public under such circumstances. And I am not expressing any opinion of my own, am only narrating a fact. I had gone on farther South when the first matinee, or rather afternoon rehearsal, was to take place preparatory to the public entertainment. The ladies were enveloped in ample, flowing robes of white tarlatan, with wings of cotton batting standing up from the shoulders to represent angels. As they moved about in the robing-room back of the

stage, the wing of one of the ladies swept a gas jet that was burning. The heart-sickening details of what followed in a moment, as given by a reporter who was a witness, is at my hand, but too horrible to repeat here. The whole city was plunged in gloom by the terrible tragedy. Before my return one or two of those ladies had already been laid in the grave, while several others will carry the scars and shock of that fearful experience while they live, as will several gentlemen who heroically rushed to their rescue at the risk of their own lives.

After taking leave of the Atlanta Union, the following letter was, without solicitation, forwarded to me:

ATLANTA, GA., April 30, 1880.

DEAR MOTHER STEWART:—We wish that we could go with you through Georgia and urge other women to arouse to help you in your good work amongst us. It has occurred to us to send after you this, our earnest endorsement of your efforts, and the expression of our warmest sympathy and fullest confidence, and the few of us who can conveniently meet to-day send this, trusting that they may be trusted as speaking for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Atlanta and the ladies of the city in general, although we have taken no time to seek signatures to this paper. We commend you to all our friends in this and other Southern States, and to Christian men and women everywhere, and we hold you in grateful remembrance for the good seed sown in our society here.

Cordially yours, MRS. A. H. COLQUITT.
MRS. M. E. HOWES.
MRS. E M. HAMMOND.
MRS. B. Y. SAGE.
MRS. D. H. SELLS.
MRS. M. E. OSBURN.

My next point was Griffith, where I was again warmly welcomed by Mr. Geo. R. Niles and others. But my spirits, in spite of it all, were alarmingly running down as I sat in my room alone, realizing the greatness of my undertaking and fearing that the dear women, remembering all they had suffered—and I could see too plainly everywhere what the terrible conflict had cost them—would not feel that they could co-operate with one whose people were responsible, as they claimed, for the ruin of their country, when a servant entered with such a beautiful tray of those sweet Southern flowers. (I wonder how the ladies could know that nothing could touch my heart as those delicate tokens of welcome and hospitality.) On the top of the flowers lay this card that I love to look at as I write:

To Mother Stewart,

With compliments of

Mrs. Wm. R. Hanleiter.

How soon were my anxiety and home-sickness dispelled. Dr. Kendal, of the Methodist Church, called on me at once, and bade me welcome, and though in the midst of a protracted meeting, he introduced me and my work to his people, saying: "This is just what I have been praying for." Our meetings were well attended, and by the Doctor's urgent request I remained a week longer than I had intended.

Rev. Mr. Mundy, of the Baptist Church, also took me into his pulpit, and pledged himself and

people to my work. We formed a Union, making Mrs. Judge Stark, President. The revival work in Dr. Kendal's church went on after I left, and many souls were gathered in.

At Macon I found Mrs. Angela C. Davis, formerly one of our most enthusiastic Crusaders, and who has since made for herself a record as a very popular lecturer. She had prepared the way for me, and Dr. Key put his church at my service and gave me valuable assistance, he, too, saying, "This work is just what I have been praying for." We organized a Union, making Mrs. Dr. Key, President, and Mrs. Davis, Secretary.

My health began to fail me now, and I found it necessary to turn my face towards home. But I stopped at Forsyth and held a series of meetings, with the aid of Rev. J. D. Hammond, Dr. Moore, and other gentlemen and ladies. Brother Hammond was another son of Judge Hammond, of Atlanta. He was a scholarly man and an earnest, devoted minister. If half the labors and sacrifices, with meagre salaries, of those southern ministers, after the war had swept over the country with its blasting and mildew, could ever be told, it would make a wonderfully pathetic and touching story. In referring to the two divisions of the Methodist Church, Brother Hammond said he should never cease to feel glad that a three-years' sojourn in a Northern college and association with Northern Methodists, had proven to him that Methodism, whether North or South, was one and the same.

I was growing so ill that I could only go to the church and deliver my address, and then, leaving the meeting in the hands of the friends, hasten to my room, fall on my bed and lie there till the next meeting. We formed a Union, with Mrs. Col. Adams as President.

On the evening of my last meeting I noticed a very respectable audience of colored people in the gallery, and expressed my regret that I should not be able to give the colored people a meeting, as I had so much desired to. In a few moments a very neatly written note was sent down, thanking me for my interest in them and expressing their sympathy in my work.

The next morning a lady came to the depot as I was about to leave, saying she could not let me go without coming to ask me if something could not be done for the colored people. They were, she said, being ruined by the drink. Only a day or two before, as she passed a grocery, she saw the keeper literally kick a colored woman, who was drunk, out into the street, and she fell prone on the ground. I turned to Brothers Hammond and Moore and they assured me they would at once take the matter in hand, and they did. In connection with some colored Good Templars they called a meeting and organized a Temperance Association, and in reporting the work, Brother H. said the colored organization was working with more enthusiasm than the white Union.

If the pretended friend of the colored man

would take half the pains to wipe out his deadliest foe that he does to secure his vote for "the party," he would prove his sincerity by helping him up into a better life and at the same time make a better citizen of him.

If the Southern politicians will stop long enough to seriously consider this momentous question of the colored vote, instead of forever seeking to defraud him out of his right as a citizen, he will see that the only solution of the whole matter is to wipe out the liquor traffic and give the colored man such educational facilities as shall make intelligent, thinking men instead of ignorant, debased, half human, half animal beings, that must be a continual source of solicitude, a heavy tax, and a menace to the community and the State. When will the men of this nation learn wisdom? The women of the W. C. T. U., North and South, have long since accepted this principle and as far as is in their power are acting upon it.

It was a source of inexpressible grief to me that I was obliged to abandon that interesting field just as the work was opening up with such hopeful outlook. But while I lamented sorely that I could not have gone on, I felt that I could afford to be sick for a season for the sake of what my Heavenly Father had enabled me to do.

I stopped at Chattanooga only long enough to meet the ladies, as previously arranged by the pastors. We organized a Union, making Mrs.

Loomis, President, and Miss Kate Lyle, Secretary. But I was obliged to leave them without giving the necessary instruction how to proceed with and carry on their work. The consequence was that they abandoned their organization, but I am happy to say a Union was long since formed under more favorable circumstances, that has been doing a blessed work. What a glorious record they, with the ladies all over the State, made in the campaign for Prohibition last fall (1887). Ah! Sisters, well-beloved; if you had been armed with the citizen's weapon on that day of desperate battle with the combined liquor power, North and South, you would have stood victors when the day was done.

I recalled other engagements and after our meeting took the next train for home.

Out of the many cheering letters that came to me from all parts of the South, I cannot do more than give extracts of the more important.

Two of my Committee, Sisters Chase and Clardy, reported from Arkansas. They were earnestly at work and accomplishing great good. Sister Chase, with her husband, had for many years been conducting an educational institution for the colored people at Helena, but not confining her labors to the college, she was traveling, lecturing, preaching and stirring the people upon the all-important temperance question, organizing, and out of her own means circulating large amounts of literature. Sister Clardy giving her whole time, seeking opportunities, and finding

them, too, to present her cause to educational, religious and political gatherings. In her report she says: "I attended the State Teacher's Association and had our Training School for Cookery and Temperance Text-book for Public Schools, referred to the Executive Committee. I also attended the Convention of United Friends of Temperance, July 15th, near Hot Springs, and made two addresses. I was present at the Democratic barbecue at Prescott, August 12th, and was allowed twenty minutes to address three thousand people on the blessed cause, being introduced by the Methodist minister. On August 14th, at the same place, I had a similar opportunity at an immense Greenback barbecue." She reports seven W. C. T. Unions formed, sixteen weeks of incessant work in the heat of summer, *less* than a hundred dollars received, nearly every cent. of which she paid for traveling expenses, stationery, literature, etc. Sister Chase's report was similar in labors and results.

How cheering were the letters of these dear sisters, also those of Sister Jennie Smith, though busy in her own special work as evangelist for the railroad operatives and their families, and she and her colleague, Ada Sherman, have been busy ever since, and have been the blessed instruments in the salvation of thousands. I found Sister Abba Munroe in Mt. Pleasant, near Charleston, S. C., where she had been for twelve long years at her post, faithfully training those

poor, ignorant, neglected colored people, and fitting them for citizenship and for the Master's use. She explained what I was well aware of, that her position as a teacher of the colored people precluded any possibility of her helping me among the white ladies.

Read her report in a paragraph: "My warmest sympathies are with you, and be assured, anything I can I will gladly do, but my duties keep me constantly employed. I am principal of a day-school and superintendent of a Sabbath-school. During the season we succeeded in bringing to consummation the building and dedication of a small chapel for the little church with which I worship, and the care of it all, from the driving of the first to the last nail, devolved on me, and it was a great tax upon my time, though an untold pleasure to witness the delight of the people at the realization of their cherished hopes. We started a Band of Hope last winter among the children and young people, and this, of course, absorbed a great deal of my time."

This is one of New England's educated and refined Christian daughters. Here is her photograph before me, conveying the idea of a brilliant, magnificent woman,—or it would, if she were found in fashionable society, instead of in the position of a despised teacher of colored people. Of such the world is not worthy, but I dare not trust my pen lest it shall say some bitter things. I hope and trust that the W. C. T. U., North and South, will utter their em-

phatic protest against such silly, such wicked ostracism of the most self-sacrificing missionaries in the world.

Another such, though not of my committee, Miss Ufford, near Concord, N. C., wrote: "I should very much like to form a prayer union, but my time is now nearly all occupied with teaching the children. Then, I have a Sunday-school to conduct on Sabbath morning, a prayer-meeting in the evening, and a meeting on Wednesday evening." Besides these, she had organized and was superintending a live Band of Hope, and was doing what she could for temperance among the men and women. Why did not some one quote Paul's injunction to these elect ladies? "*Let your women keep silence in the churches.*"

One lady wrote me from Mississippi: "When I saw your circular in the Vicksburg *Herald*, I was so struck with the magnanimity of the Northern people that I was stimulated to make another effort in the temperance cause, although I had seen enough to dampen the zeal of one less despairing than myself."

She tells of riding a hundred miles on horseback, to circulate papers I had sent her, and obtain subscribers, but with sorry success. Many declared they *would not take, or read, a paper published or edited by a woman!* Well, thank the Lord, the day is breaking.

From Edwards county, Miss., Mrs. Jamison wrote that she and her husband went to work

upon receiving my circular and temperance literature, and organized nine Sabbath-schools into Temperance Societies, numbering 600 children. At one of their temperance meetings 300 adults and 48 children signed the pledge—nearly a thousand as the result in that county.

"BLOODY COPIAH."

I have been very much interested in reading in the papers, from time to time, of the remarkable fact that Copiah county, Mississippi,—"Bloody Copiah"—was actually a prohibition county, where there was no liquor; and as a matter of course, crime, of whatever shape, had almost entirely disappeared. But I said the world did not know that it was the transforming hand of a Crusader that was laid on "Bloody Copiah" and changed it into "Prohibition Copiah."

In opening up my Southern work, I was glad to remember that one of the first and most helpful ladies that came and stood by me in the first days of my work, our dear Mrs. A. E. B. Ridgely, was now living in Hazelhurst, Copiah county, Miss. I hastened to write to her, sending my circular, with the request that she send it to her county paper, indorsing it with an article from her own pen.

She answered at once, but said, while she saw the great need of enlisting the women of the South in the temperance work, the whole thing loomed up before her such a mountain of difficulties that her heart fainted. "But life is a

succession of overcomings." It was such an unheard of thing for ladies to take part in any such public work, that she had little hope of any consideration being given the subject. But she sent the appeal to the paper, with an article of her own, and wrote me, "The editor of the *Copiahan*, our county paper, published your circular and a short article of my own very promptly, and called attention to the article in a short paragraph. The *next issue* contained a letter from Dr. Rowan, of Beauregard, (in this county), calling upon the people to rise up and take action in regard to the liquor question in their county. (There was no reference, however, to the article of the week before.) Quite a heated discussion followed, then a meeting to issue a call for a County Convention. The Convention was held; the ladies had been particularly invited; there were not many in attendance, but they were invited to sign the constitution and to *vote* upon questions before the house. No word, however, acknowledging the origin of the movement."

But said my friend, "I thought if they would only do all that might be done, you would rejoice in that fact, satisfied to remain an unknown promoter of good measures. *I* felt that *I* would."

I sent *Our Union* and other papers, which Mrs. R. judiciously distributed. A petition was circulated against granting the application of the saloon-keeper in Hazelhurst for a renewal of his

license. It was not long till "Bloody Copiah" was heralded to the world as "Prohibition Copiah." I do not claim for my Crusade co-worker, neither does she for herself claim, more than that "solitary and alone she put the ball in motion."

I have felt all through the penning of this history of my Southern experience, that I ought to apologize to my sisters who are to-day doing such marvelous work in all fields, for making so much of this year's work, for I am sure, to them it looks hardly worth the attention I am claiming for it. But I would beg them to remember that this was in 1880 (eight years ago). It was the beginning. I went by call of the Master, carrying the olive branch of the W. C. T. U., and the people—women and men—gave me a warm welcome and cordially co-operated with me in planting it in that warm, Southern soil; and while it was watered with many a tear and watched with almost painful solicitude, in that day of small beginnings, I am to-day filled with rejoicing that Miss Willard, our President, and others have followed and been able in the years since to do a blessed work, with the assistance of Mesdames Sallie Chapin, who has come to her kingdom for such a time as this, Lide Merriweather, Mollie McGee Snell, with a whole regiment of like faith and work. These, our Southern sisters, are pushing the battle to the gates of the enemy, and are, by their untiring zeal and practical methods, often giving us hints we would do well

to act upon. While thus working for their own beloved South land, they have gladly joined us in bridging the chasm of sectional hate, and in pouring the oil of Christ's blessed Gospel of peace and good-will to all mankind on the troubled waters. And so are we once more a united people,—united through the loving mission of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

On the 4th of October, 1887, the Ohio State Union held its fourteenth annual convention in Springfield, where it was organized thirteen years before. I deem it appropriate in closing this story of the Crusade, to copy a few extracts from the address of welcome I had the honor of delivering to the delegates on that occasion :

Thirteen years ago Ohio organized the first State W. C. T. Union of the world, little knowing whitherto it would lead. We had come to see that such an organization was imperatively needed to systematically and continuously prosecute the work to which we had consecrated our lives. Days of beginnings were these,—of laying foundations and opening up highways for woman's feet to tread, in fields hitherto deemed inaccessible to woman.

To day, as we naturally cast a retrospective glance back over the intervening years, we exclaim, "Behold what hath God wrought — wrought by the hand of woman !"

In every State and Territory in our beloved land, from the State of the midnight pine to the golden gate, from the far Northwest to the Keys of the Land of Flowers, we are fully organized and actively pushing forward our work. Women hitherto separated by sectional strifes and prejudices, growing out of that other great national sin and conflict, are to-day side by side in most loving harmony, vying with each other in zeal and good works for home and native

land. But not to our own shores was the blessed work confined,—the sound thereof has gone out into all the world.

I shall never forget the emotion that thrilled my breast as, standing addressing a ladies' conference in Belfast, Ireland, on the 21st of April, 1876, a telegram was handed me from Mrs. Parker, of Dundee, Scotland, dated New Castle-upon-Tyne, announcing the glorious news of the organization of the British Woman's Temperance Association there. This had been the burden of my mission to that country, and together, she and I had matured our plans, and parting at Glasgow, she going to New Castle, and by the aid of the Good Templars, whose Grand Lodge was at that time in session there, to put our purpose into execution; I, to Belfast, by invitation, to speak at the annual meeting of the Irish Temperance League.

And thus Great Britain gladly clasped hands across the ocean with us in this holy war. Now, in the Queen's possessions, on which they boast that "the sun never sets," they are emulating us and provoking us to good works.

When, as fraternal delegate from our National W. C. T. U., I attended the meeting of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Good Templars in Saratoga, last May, I was made very happy by meeting Mrs. Denholm, then of London, the Secretary of the first Union I formed in Great Britain, now of Cape Town, South Africa, and Vice-President of the World's Union for the dark continent. And one of our own, a gentle-spirited Quakeress, Mary Clement Leavitt, is sweeping around the world laden with the good news of the W. C. T. Union for God and Home and ALL LANDS, winning victories and accessions to our cause everywhere. Think of it! In Japan, in China, countries whose gates were only so recently barred to woman, and to attempt to enter which would have cost her life; in India, Siam, holding grave counsel with crowned heads in the interest of our blessed work. And thus, to-day, the world is girdled with a band of *white ribbon*, and the white-winged dove of *prohibition*, *prosperity*, *purity* and *peace* shall ere long perch upon our banner.

What has this phenomenal broadening of woman's field brought to her as an individual? Oh, so much, beyond the power of the most vivid imagination to have forecast. A spiritual and intellectual development of which we had no previous conception. Women, not in the least conscious of the rich gifts and powers with which the Father had endowed them, having, as their several talents were laid at the Master's feet, been called into this great army, have astonished the world with their ability to devise, plan, organize, thrill and sway great audiences with burning words of eloquence, write books, edit and publish newspapers,—our *Union Signal* being a witness of which we are justly proud.

The Secretary reports thirty-eight States, six territories, and the District of Columbia, under organization. Forty various branches of benevolent work, some of which we had been in doubt as to the right or expediency of women entering upon, have we taken up in the interest of humanity, and for the amelioration of the sorrows of this sin-laden world.

A mighty force is this W. C. T. U., influencing and winning the profoundest respect of municipal, educational, corporate and religious bodies and legislative assemblies—even of the Executive of the Nation. It would seem, indeed, as if the blessed Lord were saying to us by the tokens of his favor, "Oh, woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee as thou wilt."

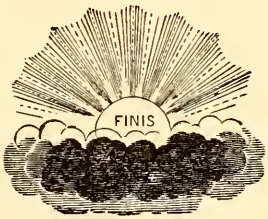
What has it brought to the Christian world? An awakening of conscience and agitation on the drink question of which we have no previous record in history.

To the home? An enlightenment and education that shall give to the world a generation of strong, brave men, and true, devoted women, who shall grasp the standard from our hands as they shall fall palsied in death, and bear the colors of Temperance and Total Prohibition aloft, and will push the battle to the final overthrow of the reign of King Alcohol, and usher in the day of gladness for which our eyes are growing dim with the watching.

What to the victims of the dread curse? Restored manhood, happy women, glad, shouting, little chil-

dren, bright, happy homes, where God is reverenced and worshiped. What woman does not, to-day, remembering all the way He hath led us, exclaim from the depths of a heart surcharged with gratitude, "I am glad I am in this army?"

We have not attained the end of our hope—the total annihilation of the curse. Ah, no! But, stimulated even by the apparent defeat we have experienced in the past, through intriguing politicians, bribery and fraud, procured by the liquor-dealers' gold at the ballot-box, and even in legislative halls, we renew the conflict day by day. We know the victory *must* come. Everything that defileth, everything that can hurt in His holy mountain, shall be destroyed; for the mouth of the Lord God Omnipotent hath spoken it.



ADDENDA.

A Wreath of Immortelles.

I AM happy after some pains of inquiry to present each reader of the preceding pages with this living Boquet of Immortelles that shall continue to distill the sweet odors of Christian love and charity, and shall increase in marvelous beauty as the years roll by. These names of the heroic women who meekly, but bravely, bore insult and imprisonment, not counting their lives dear unto them, for the blessed work to which the Master had called them, shall be conned with reverence by the coming generations, while with amazement and indignation they will ask if it can be possible that there was a time in this land of boasted freedom when Christian women were insulted, and even imprisoned, for trying to save their husbands and sons from that scourge of mankind, the liquor saloon.

Cincinnati contributes to the wreath the forty-three arrested May, 1874, — as Mrs. Leavitt the leader puts it, for "praying on the street," with age and nationality, all according to law!

Mrs. S. K. Leavitt, leader.	Mrs. A. F. Whitman.
" W. Whitridge.	" L. M. McKenzie.
" W. I. Fee.	Miss Ella King.
" C. H. Payne.	Mrs. Mary Frances.
" Anna McHugh.	" J. E. Massey.
" D. H. Baldwin.	Miss Mary Talbott.
" Dr. Carter.	Mrs. Kate M. Warden.
" C. H. Folger.	Miss Jennie Forbes.
" Sarah Shipley.	" Helen Russell.
" Mary White.	Mrs. Susan Sutton.

Mrs. Mary Whittaker.
" F. French.
" Mary A. French.
" Maria Stevens.
" Olive Roseboom.
" A. V. Crum.
" Lottie Oldrieve.
" H. Robinson.
" Lizzie Hervey.
Miss Lottie Nunn.
" Mary Scott.
Mrs. E. B. Dalton.
Miss Anna Nunn.
Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins.
" I. R. Squires.
" Fred. Hambold.
" M. I. Mansfort.
" Mary Warren.
" Ellen Henson.
" E. H. Mann.
" Wealthy Fisk.
" S. R. Elstner.
Mrs. C. H. Taylor.

Pittsburg brings the following thirty-two names arrested May 22, 1874, to add to the boquet:

Mrs. A. W. Black, the leader, with her son, Mr. A. W. Black, who always walked by his mother as her protector.

Mrs. Van Horn
" Mrs. Matchett.
" W. W. Morris.
" Sarah Moffett.
" Alice Gillchrist.
" Macken.
Miss E. B. Carmichael
" A. A. Starr.
" Pearl Starr.
" Lee Starr.
Mrs Youngson.
" M. B. Reese.
" John Foster.
" Mary Caldwell.
Miss bessie Black.
Mrs. J. S. Collins.
" Johnston.
" M. Gray.
" J. I. Logan.
" Grace Hopefull.
" M. E. Tutell.
" A. Hill.
" Samuel Allinder.
" W. M. Gormly.
Miss E Beeson.
Mrs. D. N. Courtney.
" Jane Nelson.
" Martha Woods.
Miss E. J. Foster.
" McClung.

Properly enough, Springfield brings her gift of two ladies to add to this unique boquet, Mrs. Charity Little and Mrs. Nancy Pearson, who were arrested on April 13th, 1874, charged with obstructing the sidewalk while quietly sitting near Mitsche's saloon. The charge was not sustained, though some tremendous swearing was done to effect it. It was in this saloon that a murder had been committed only some weeks before, the owners being implicated, causing much excitement. Here, however, was the saloon still doing a "lawful business," while these Christian ladies were arrested for keeping guard over it.

Some of Our Publications.

SENT POSTPAID UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

THE WORST FOE,

A thrilling Temperance Story. Tenth thousand. 400 pages. Cloth. A handsome gift.....$1.50

INEBRIISM,

By Dr. T. L. Wright, is a discussion of alcoholism from a medical standpoint. Habitual use of alcohol disqualifies for all important transactions. Cloth $1.25. Paper.....50c.

NOISE IT ABROAD,

Or, BITLER AND HIS METHODS, by Rev. Chas. Creighton, is a work on revivals. Interesting in matter and full of valuable suggestions. Cloth.....$1.25

MARY M. MILLER'S POEMS,

With portrait of the author. Cloth.....75c.

LECTURES BY W. G. HUBBARD,

One lecture on "The True Secret of the Nation's Progress," and one on "Capital Punishment." Bound together in paper.....20c.

DIVINE HEALING

Is a tract by A. H. Hussey, giving Scripture to show that God has promised to heal the sick in answer to prayer. Per hundred,.....50c.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

One of the very best collections of 132 songs, words only, in paper 10c., in cloth.....15c.

THE LOSING SIDE,

A Booklet, beautifully bound in leatheret, contains a Temperance Poem and a Temperance Dialogue, both splendid for public entertainments. Price.....10c.

THE GIFT OF POWER,

By H. W. Bennett, D. D., published by unanimous vote of Pastors' Union of Columbus, O. One of the best papers on the subject. Per hundred, $1. Per doz.....18c.

DRUNK AND SOBER.

Autobiography of G. W. Calderwood and some of his Temperance Lectures. 174 pp. in paper cover.....50c.

WM. G. HUBBARD & CO.,
COLUMBUS, O.

Notice to Authors.

The undersigned make a SPECIALTY of manufacturing books for AUTHORS. This gives the author all the profits there may be in it, instead of the mere pittance of a royalty. Authors will do well to communicate with us.

W. G. HUBBARD & CO.,

AUTHOR'S PUBLISHERS,

COLUMBUS, OHIO.